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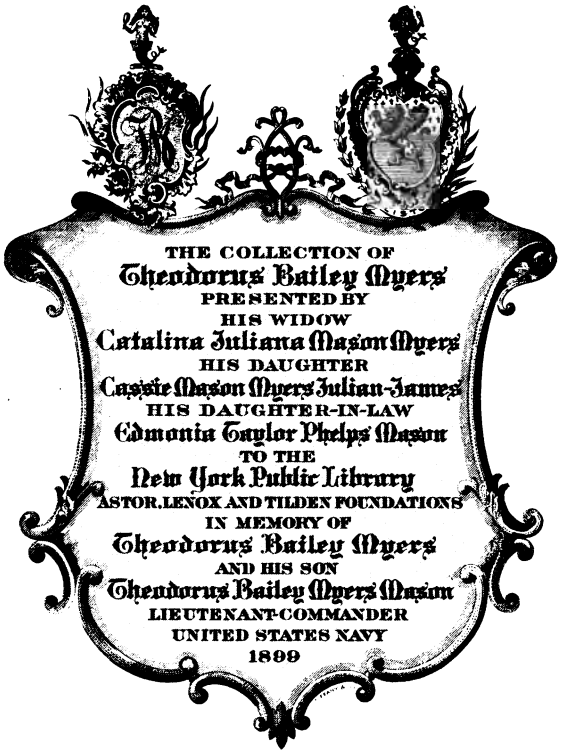

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MY FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE:

OR, SKETCHES OF

SOCIETY, SCENERY, AND ANTIQUITIES,

IN ENGLAND, WALES, IRELAND, SCOTLAND, AND FRANCE.

BY

ANDREW DICKINSON.

Author of "The City of the Dead, and other Poems."

From the blooming store
Of these auspicious fields, may I, unblamed,
Transplant some living blossoms to adorn
My native clime. *Akenside.*

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PREFACE.

To those who deem it necessary for a writer to appear before the public with a laboured Apology in one hand and his book in the other, the author of these sketches has nothing to say. Unconscious of aught but a desire to please, he is not aware that such an effort, however humble it may be, requires more than a word of explanation—a knock at the door of his friends, not a herald of formal and mistrustful approach.

Those who object that enough has been written, do not consider, that Europe is like a vast mine; the more it is explored, the more inviting it becomes. Gems of beauty, ruins, or scenery, present an ever-varying phase to the eye of travellers, because never viewed from the same point of light. Thus minds, like mirrors of different shape, reflect a hundred images of one object. Who does not love to look often at pictures of friends and favourite scenes?

That the field from which these unpretending sheaves are brought has been often gleaned, who knows not? Yet it is the fertile field that feels the frequent sickle. Freshness, not variety, gives value to the grain. Besides, did the reaper bear his burden to a foreign mart, to unsympathizing strangers, he might well tremble lest his little load might find no buyer: but now he brings the harvest home, where, few though the sheaves may be, they are

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welcome, because gathered by his hand, and laid by him at friendly feet. Far be it from him to refuse a welcome from the stranger; but he has no wish to intrude: and is thus armed with hope on one side, and with confidence on the other.

With suffering body and dejected mind, he set forth on a pilgrimage over the sea in search of relief. And now that he has found the lost pearl in more than its former lustre, and so many added treasures of delight, he feels that it would be ungrateful indeed, to make no effort to impart to others a taste of what was so freely granted to himself. To those who are willing to accept in sympathy what is offered in good-will, the writer proffers his book, without a single sigh for fame. And as its merits are not likely to subtract from the stock of approbation reserved for the few select spirits, so the faults of this little work are not worthy of that severe censure which the failings of more ambitious authors sometimes deserve. The praise which the writer covets is that of generous minds, whom he has ever found more liberal of approval than those critics, who, like quack doctors, are always certain to kill or cure—alternatives more satisfactory to patients than to authors.

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FIRST VISIT TO EUROPE.

CHAPTER I.

The Voyage.

Creation's heir, the world, the world is mine!—*Goldsmith.*

Old Hercules, farewell! Though mighty in ancient fiction, and far stronger now, when embodied in the shape of a New-York steamtug, thou art no deity of the seas. Resign us, then, to the God of these swelling waves, not Neptune, riding on a car, fished from some slimy bed of the deep, but Him who once walked the waters, and holds the sea in the hollow of His hand. Return, then, to the city smoke and noise; and while my country's hills grow blue before Night curtains the doors of ocean, now flung wide open before me, let me bid farewell to shores behind, and look forward in fancy to those of another world!

Adieu, my country, for a little while!
I go to seek, in a far distant clime,
The genial skies of England's beauteous isle,
Hygeian gales in Summer's glorious prime,
And gather memories of olden time.
Mighty Atlantic! o'er thy rolling deep,
Bear up my barque when toss'd on waves sublime:
But, should thy billows rock my life to sleep,
Some cavern of the sea my slumb'ring dust shall keep.

My God will wake me on that wondrous morn,
When boundless Ocean shall give up the dead,
To beatific beauty then reborn!
Then why reluct at thought of such a bed?
The Resurrection and the Life hath said—
I will illume the darkness of thy tomb!
Light shall flash up and scatter all his gloom,
And in the Vale of Death immortal flowers shall bloom!

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Imagination wings my ardent flight
To the green land of bowers and gilded streams:
And gorgeous landscapes dance before my sight,
Castles, on whose old battlements soft gleams
The Autumnal sun. Yet more my heart esteems
The Heaven-illumin'd Christian brotherhood!
If aught were lovely, such my judgment deems,
Who cheer the sick, and generously good,
Ne'er let the stranger pine in grief and solitude!

O Heaven! if thou wilt send me prosperous gales
To waft me home across the western main,
As friendly breezes fill my pilgrim-sails,
My heart shall swell amid thy solemn fane,
And holier bliss much more my heart enchain:
O! I will hail with joy each whitening spire
That upward points from hill and peaceful plain,
All gilt at Sabbath morn with trembling fire,
While thoughts too big for speech my raptur'd soul inspire!

How easy would it be to make more than one chapter the record of feelings that crowd upon a stranger to the ocean. But the only reward of such a recital would be a smile from the reader at emotions with which nothing but similar experience could create sympathy. Let us leave sea-sickness as a tribute unwillingly paid to old Neptune, and hasten on deck for a breath of reviving air. Look out upon the ocean, not from some hill-top, but from the uneasy deck of a ship that rides the waves like a restless steed. The clear and almost cloudless sky, the circling horizon, shut down all around by the light blue curtains of heaven, upon the dark water, the exhilarating breeze, the majestic heaving of the ocean, with a cheerful and thankful spirit, are no small compensation for the waves of adversity that roll between one's home and himself, the lonely centre of a boundless hemisphere.

I cannot forget many little kindnesses of several passengers, especially an English lady, who prepared many little articles of diet during extreme illness, which the cabin table did not afford.

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The first Saturday night at sea was ushered by a terrific thunderstorm. Far away to the south-west, as momentary flashes lit the horizon, a black belt showed that Ocean was girding himself in earnest for the battle. Far off at first, the thunder muttered angrily and low, but soon broke awfully overhead, while lightning glared all around, diving incessantly into the black water. All night successive thunderstorms broke over the ship. It was fearful and sublime; but though nervous from long disease, and weakened by seasickness, I was strangely free from fear, both then and during the whole voyage.

During the voyage were many beautiful days. One of these was the Sabbath—delightful resting-place in the voyage of life! The sky was clear, and the ocean a mirror; and as we lay motionless in the midst of this vast watery prison, the soul would spring away, and take almost boundless range over the vivid landscapes of home, where the breeze, loaded with fragrance of opening flowers, wafts the mellow harmony of village bells, calling unnumbered worshippers to join the organ in the solemn hymn of praise. But the murmuring ocean, like the whispers of angels upon the waters, was all the music I heard; though at times the "floods clapped their hands," and the watery hills were "joyful before the Lord." But who can paint the opal tints of an ocean sunset, as the crimson clouds lie piled up in solemn pomp, bordered with flaming gold, in strange magnificence!

Should the reader imagine that the strain thus far indulged gives promise of a sentimental journey, rather than a narrative of interesting facts and observations, he will please to recollect that three weeks upon the ocean give time for thoughts and feelings very different from those which arise amid the crowd. The novelty of the ocean wears quickly away, and then the mind turns within for food which it cannot find without. There were other pas-

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sengers, it is true; but, for the most part, I preferred my own society to theirs. Their principal employment was carousal, drinking punch, singing queer songs, and card-playing till after midnight; recalling the scene of Gil Blas in the robbers' cave, when "all spoke at once, and made a hellish noise." There was, however, but one instance of malignity and pugnacity. A German physician, of unpretending air, proved himself a skilful practitioner by curing the maladies of all on board but mine, too deep for medical skill, the hated dyspepsia. This excited the jealousy of a certain personage, inflated with self-importance. Detraction and vituperation on the part of this Sangrado were omens of a sea-fight—a knock-down argumentum ad hominem. But the other quickly tested his pretensions by challenging his knowledge of Latin and Greek.

Sometimes a school of grampuses, or bottle-nosed whales, would career around the ship: at other times the petril, that beautiful bird with bright golden vest, would flit around us, and then pass away "like the swift ships" that now and then whitened the horizon. Sea-gulls, too, in search of food, often settled like ducks upon the water, and then gracefully balancing themselves in the air, sailed quickly out of sight. When we were about five hundred miles from England, a number of small larks fluttered round our ship, and one of them that ventured on board was so tame and tired that he came and sat upon my hand! They had no doubt been driven out to sea by the northeasterly gale of the 21st and 22d of May. This touching incident reminding me of my own sojourn on the ocean, I pencilled the following while stretched out on the deck in pensive mood:

THE LOST BIRD.

Thou weary wanderer o'er the trackless sea!
O tell me whence and and wherefore thou dost roam?
I see thee lone, companionless, like me—
Seek'st thou in other realms a happier home?

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Fear not to rest on me thy weary wing,
Thou little fainting one, distrest and lost:
Welcome! all day thou here may'st sit and sing,
No more by winds on stormy billows toss.

Ere I would do thee harm, perish the hand
Whereon thou sitt'st—thou joyous talisman!
I'll take thee, lost one! to thy native land,
That bounds the distant orient horizon.

Hast thou long wander'd o'er the surging main?
Come to the sheltering ark and find sweet rest,
Found nowhere, though sought everywhere in vain:
Welcome! poor weary one! a welcome guest!

When I heard the steward cry "Land, land in view!" it was so affecting to a weary pilgrim of the ocean, that my whole frame shook with indescribable tremor. I rushed on deck, and beheld the Waterford lighthouse. The fog was so thick that we came very near running on the coast of Ireland. At daylight next morning, on looking out of the bull's-eye window, the mountains of Wales, in all the green glory of spring, stretched as far as sight could reach. We were off the isle of Anglesey. The steward obtained eggs, milk and chickens, which disappeared with magic quickness. As we lay becalmed all day, I had a fine chance to sketch the highland coast of Wales, Anglesey and Flintshire. A thunderstorm of warm rain, smelling fresh of the land, passed over the ship, in the afternoon. The reverberation among the mountains was awfully grand; and as the black thunder-clouds came booming over from the north-west with "loosened, aggravated roar," the lines in Thomson's Summer, probably written amid the same scenery, were brought to mind with triple power. How impressive the coincidence! All the points described by the poet were in view at once. "There is Penmanmaur," said the pilot; "and there the top of Snowden's peak is just visible above and beyond."

At midnight I saw a long range of lights on the Mersey. It was Liverpool in the distance. Before daylight I was safely moored in the Victoria Dock.

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CHAPTER II.

Liverpool—Birkenhead.

She stands
Fair beckoning at the hospitable gate,
And bids the stranger take repose and joy.
Thomson.

In England! Alone, in the land of the Druid and the Saxon; of chivalry and arts; philosophy, poetry, and Christianity—our fatherland! Such were the transporting emotions which took possession of me, passing from the ship Centurion through the crowded streets of Liverpool.

The buildings looked as though they were built a thousand years ago, and would stand a thousand more. Many of them have much architectural beauty; but an American will be struck with their dinginess from the prevalence of coal smoke. The streets are helter-skelter, and reminded me of an ill-constructed spider's web.

An English beef steak at the Rotunda, near the Waterloo Dock, was relished none the less for being the first breakfast on terra-firma for three weeks. Right glad was I to see this land of beef and beer, pudding and poultry. Apropos of poultry—we had them now and then on ship-board, it is true, embalmed in grease by the sable ruler of the roast; tough customers they were—near of kin doubtless to a certain fowl that crowed in St. Peter's time.

After breakfast I was in better trim for delving through the city. Letters of introduction procured kind friends, who devoted their time and attention to me. With a good map I was able, after much practice, to thread my way through the long, labyrinthian streets, changing their name every now and then, and making confusion worse confounded.

It is amusing to a stranger to see little donkeys trotting

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hither and thither, harnessed to small carts, making a most grotesque appearance by the side of huge draught horses, here in general use. These animals were originally from Andalusia, and will draw three tons. Their hoofs are as large as a man's head. But their slow motion renders them unfit for other uses.

Although Liverpool is comparatively a dirty city, yet its principal streets are cleaner than those of New-York. Some are M'Adamized; others paved with square stone blocks; and the "busses," as the English call them, roll over the pavement as smoothly as over a plank road.

The police are dressed in blue uniforms, with military buttons, black belt, and white gloves. Their extremely neat appearance attracts the attention of strangers. They march in file to their stations, morning and evening, and are found at almost every corner. English habits and manners differ in many respects from ours, as might be expected. The mists of inveterate mutual prejudice are moving off, and objects erewhile distorted by a bleared vision, are assuming a more regular shape.

English hospitality is proverbial. I make no invidious comparisons, but it will always be delightful to recall my experience when a stranger in Britain. To no people on the face of the earth are the Britons more obliging than to Americans. I was invited to dinner almost daily by strangers, who could have no other motive but natural goodness of heart. An order was sent me for admission to view St. George's Hall, now erecting, the largest edifice in England, except the two houses of Parliament in London. This huge building is of Yorkshire stone, of a drab colour. The immense interior columns of Scotch granite are polished by a recent discovery, as bright as those of the American capitol. A ticket was also sent me, unasked, to a great national meeting at the Liverpool amphitheatre, for the protection of British industry. Five thousand were present,

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including delegates from all parts of the kingdom, and about three hundred noblemen. The Earl of Wilton, Lord Stanley, Rev. Dr. M'Neile, and many other distinguished gentlemen, made speeches. Hundreds were unable to get admittance.

The first Sunday morning in Liverpool rose peaceful and glorious. England had put on her brightest Summer robes to greet the God of this day of rest. I turned toward Prince's Park in the beautiful suburbs, a couple of miles from my lodgings, desirous to hear the far-famed Rev. Dr. Hugh M'Neile. The music of a hundred chimes greeted me on my way, and I felt a strange, romantic delight, which not even the beauty of such a day at home could impart. Gradually rising, I caught a view of a wide landscape—the city stretching over pleasant hills, covered with costly structures; the sun glittering on the river Mersey; and far, far away, the blue hills of Cheshire. I could not forbear saying aloud,

> "Thou mak'st all Nature beauty to the eye,
> "And music to the ear."

It is said of Mahomet, that he refused to stay at Damascus, lest its bewitching scenery should make him forget the heavenly Paradise: but not being a Mahometan myself, I am never troubled with his scruples, and can rejoice at such types of the Paradise of GOD; and I could have lingered for hours, but the spire of St. Jude's was in sight—a tasteful structure of brown stone, in the pointed Gothic order. I heard the thunder-tones of the magnificent organ at a great distance; and as it was my first Sabbath in England, it will not create wonder when I say, that what the lightning could not do in the ocean tempest, that heavenly music did—it unmanned me! One of the beadles in black gowns placed me in a good seat. The congregation was immense, some three thousand, and the music rapturous. Service was conducted by one of the curates, and the Rev. Dr. M'Neile preached. He is tall and dignified, and his style flowing,

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natural, graceful, and terse. The doctors in divinity wear a red scarf over the clerical dress, and the collegiate degree may be known by the colour of the scarf. The sermon from the words, "Sell me this day thy birthright," was chiefly in support of the law of primogeniture, against which many popular objections are raised. It was too eloquent to be described, and too deeply tinged with political prejudice to be logical to an American ear. He gave a transparent statement of objections, and then proceeded with equal skill to build up his own theory. He had no notes—only a little bible in his hand; and when he referred to it, I saw hundreds of bibles fly open: a beautiful novelty, and not one that disturbed my peace. The beginning of his discourse reminded me of a pile of lumber: what is there pleasing in such a sight? At length the fabric rose in graceful proportions, like the one in which I sat. Like a stream that runs through open and barren fields, and then suddenly leaping and turning, hurries through luxuriant foliage, he concealed his argument under a veil of illustration too rich to allow its nakedness to appear. Primogeniture was divinely instituted: were it abolished, all motive to exertion would be destroyed, and universal pauperism result. If the world were one dead level, there would be no fertilizing streams pouring down the mountains—there would be no mountains. But God would not have it so. Then, in allusion to Victoria's coronation: "There was not one of the congregated thousands of all ranks on that occasion that sought any honour for himself: it was to do homage to the right of primogeniture in a little girl just emerging from childhood! O 'twas beautiful!" said the preacher, carried by enthusiasm into the kindred current of loyalty. Aye, all this was beautiful; and so, methought, is our own country, where primogeniture is no better known than pauperism and stagnant society; where industry, enterprise, and activity, are like the rivers, mountains, and cataracts; lofty, impetuous, and sublime!

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After church, while gazing forgetfully at the landscape from the verge of Prince's Park, I observed a gentleman approaching. "I beg your pardon, Sir—are you not from the United States?" "Yes, Sir; I came from New-York for health, and to see your beautiful country." "Well, Sir, I have been in your country, and was so well treated, that I desire to return that kindness. Come home with me to dinner." A tear stood in my eye, at the thought of finding Christian brethren, when lonely, and so far from home: I thought GOD sent him to me, and it would have been wrong to decline such singular hospitality. On entering Elm House, Prince's Park, I was struck by the luxurious beauty around. Mr. Maples introduced me to all his family, and their social grace relieved me from all embarrassment. So different is true politeness from the formal stiffness, hauteur, and pretension, rife in some places it would be easy to name. Mr. M. said the Rev. Dr. Tyng preached at St. Jude's, and the congregation were so delighted, that some of them asked the Rev. Dr. M'Neile to invite him to preach again the same day, which he did. I mention this to show that our clergy are "set by" in England as much as theirs are with us. After a sumptuous dinner in English style, and a delightful hour, Mr. M. accompanied me through the magnificent park, and we took leave. The reader may tax his imagination—think of serpentine walks, lakes, slopes, lawns, dingles, shrubbery and flowers in every variety, roses, lilies, yellow broom, and "laburnum rich," holly, and hawthorn, red and white, the glory of all England; and then—go and see it: a voyage would be well repaid.

Having an invitation to tea and church with Mr. Farmer at Bootle, I passed on with all possible speed, often asking the way, always kindly directed; but after wandering two hours, ready to drop down with fatigue, and finding myself two miles farther from the church than when I left Prince's Park, I entered St. Matthew's Church, Old Scotland Road.

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The picturesque scenery of Cheshire and the fresh air often invited me over the Mersey. One fine afternoon, while admiring the shrubbery in a private park at Birkenhead, the gardener said, "If you will come with me, Sir, I will show what will make you open your eyes." We walked on a couple of miles, and entered St. John's Park. Here Art seems to rival Nature with success. Beautiful diversity! Here were lawns, level, soft and clean, hills, ledges of rock, ponds half seen through openings of rich foliage and pensile boughs, bridges spanning the winding stream, that like a modest maiden, made its beauty more bewitching by seldom displaying its charms; flowering hawthorn, wild hedges, and variegated flowers, making many a luxurious nook for lakelings, that here and there nestled so quietly, bearing on their bosom snow-white swans, and inhabited by multitudes of fish. Every now and then some historic or poetic effigy, at a sudden turn of a winding walk, surprised the sight—a shepherd with his dog by his side, and a little way on, a shepherdess and her lamb. One might mistake them for life itself, had he not all the while an indefinable feeling that he is wandering through a place of enchantment. There is a warrior fallen from his horse, struck down, doubtless, by the magician of the place, just as he was about to pass yonder bridge: his face wears a severe expression of pain; but different from the ineffable grief of this beautiful female resting on the knee of another. Do you see yonder jolly fiddler rasping away with all his might upon one string? Well done! He is no doubt the Comus of this garden. And there is a fine statue of Sir William Wallace. All these are in fine marble, and the cost of the whole garden must be enormous. This immense park is free to all.

One day I came suddenly upon an old ruin near Birkenhead. It was an abbey and priory of the thirteenth century. Here was something for Old Mortality. As this was the first ruin I had seen in England, the reader will make some

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allowance for my boyish enthusiasm. Ivy as large as a man's wrist had twined through the crumbling old walls and buttresses. In the crypt stone pillars supported arches on which the edifice rested. On an oblong brown stone was an inscription round the border: "Here lyeth Thomas Rainford, the good Prior of this House, who died May,[supposed 1400] on whose soul have mercy, O GOD." The date was scaled off. The stone had been taken from the floor and placed in the outer wall for preservation. Mr. Breresford kindly gave me one of the triangular earthen tiles with which the floor was paved, which he said were much prized. From the tower of the modern Gothic church the view was glorious. Below was the roof of the old abbey covered with tall grass and gooseberry bushes. Over the Mersey, about the width of the Hudson at New-York, is Liverpool, reaching to the utmost point of sight; New-Brighton lighthouse, towers, and windmills; and forty miles off, half veiled in bluish haze, were the pyramid mountains of Wales. The birds were singing responses to the breeze that rustled through the churchyard grove that partly hid the abbey and priory.

In passing through this beautiful town I stopped to look at some excavations, supposing the stone to be the foundation of some immense feudal castle; and was surprised to learn from a gentleman standing at his gate, that it was a quarry. The stone were cut out in vast blocks, so smooth that the remaining part looked like a well built wall. On asking the gentleman if he could direct me to a coffee-house, saying I was an American, he replied, "O yes, there are several: but perhaps you can't do better than to take dinner with me?" I assured him I never thought of fishing for an invitation. "I know it," said he: "but you will be welcome to our roast mutton and rice pudding." So I rested for a pleasant hour with him. The name of my entertainer was Brown, a Scotchman, who said he had been in America.

Having missed the way while wandering over the fields,

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I asked a gentleman among the hedges, the way to Oxton, a lovely swell above and beyond Birkenhead. He said he was a bit of a trespasser himself, and would show me. We ascended the highest point of observation, where we remained an hour, drinking in the glorious and exhilarating scene. Parks, wide lawns, gardens, groves, and villages, decorated the boundless landscape. There were the azure mountains of Denbighshire, thirty miles away. On yonder high peak of Moel-Fammah, in Wales, is the Jubilee Column reared in 1814 to commemorate the fiftieth year of the reign of George III. and the French peace after the battle of Waterloo. The sun glows on the Irish Sea, and the Dee, famed in song, winds between Hillbury Island and the main land. The rich estates around belong to the Earl of Shrewsbury, whose ancestors are styled in history "the proud Talbots." The stranger, on our return, asked me to stop at his house and rest; after which, thanking him for his kindness, he said, "Don't go yet—tea is ready in the next room." The fourth invitation in one day!

The enormous cost and solidity of the Liverpool Docks are amazing. Of these there are thirty or forty. A high massive brick wall runs their entire length. Officers are stationed at the several entrances, which are shut at night. They are named after great men and events—Nelson, Wellington, Canning, Clarence, Victoria, Trafalgar, Waterloo. Parliament was in vain petitioned to prevent the building of docks at Birkenhead, which bid fair to eclipse (but not with smoke) those of Liverpool. Birkenhead possesses many advanges for persons trading in Liverpool, being remarkably picturesque and salubrious, the prevailing westerly winds driving away the Liverpool smoke. Bebbington, Tranmere, Woodside, Liscard, and New-Brighton, stretch along the shore for miles, in beautifully undulating slopes. Numerous powerful iron ferry-boats ply to various points. They look black and smoky; and though the engines are below deck, yet for beauty, are unlike our aquatic palaces on the East River.

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CHAPTER III.

Chester.

The shades of time serenely fall
On every brokon arch and ivied wall.
Rogers.

Let us go to Chester. It is only fifteen miles from Monk's ferry, at Birkenhead. The Roman antiquities will delight and astonish you. Step into the railway carriage and take a seat. The porter swings his bell—there is a shrill whistle—the stout fire-horse gives a vigorous puff and a snort or two—whiff! phit-phit! and away he goes, at the top of his speed, breathing hot steam, smoke and cinders! We glide beautifully over the iron road; and the iron horse carries all before him. No; I am wrong: he leaves everything behind; for we hardly get a glimpse of the glowing landscape before it is far away out of sight. Why, the railroads in England are almost as good as they are in Yankeedom! Better; for the bed of the road is so hard with small stones, that no dust is raised; and the rails being underlaid with felt, the cars roll as smoothly as over a plank road. This June day is delightfully serene. All England is in full leaf. Hawthorn hedges are in bloom on both sides of the road, or deck the top of a sloping greensward embankment, sprinkled with red poppies and English daisies, for twenty to fifty feet above the road. Glittering towns on romantic slopes, tasteful Gothic churches with pointed spire and turret, villas, windmills, castles, prim and quiet homsteads, gardens, parks, with every feature of luxury and refinement, and every requisite of enchanting landscape, dance toward us and sweep by out of sight.

But here we are in Chester! a short and easy trip from the world of life to the old and buried past. Here, as a

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Roman pavement answers your tread, disturbing some pagan altar-stone, or some broken tile stamped with the name of an imperial legion, it would be no strange dream, were a tall warrior to start up, and leaning on his spear, gaze wonderingly at one so new and strange to his eyes, seeming by his wild stare to say, "Who are you, without a toga? America! In the name of Cæsar, where is that? America!—in a steamship—three thousand miles in one week! Ye gods! let me return to Pluto's place of realities! I dare not stay in a world of mysteries?" Good bye if you will go!

A gentleman passenger in the railway takes me by the arm, and offers to show me some of the antiquities of Chester. We will therefore make a flying visit through this wonderful spot, and leave the Roman spirits to their meditations. The many natural advantages of Chester, with its water privileges, made it a favourite spot with the Romans. A Roman legion (the XXth) encamped here before the birth of Christ. My courteous friend passed with me through the principal streets, giving the history of whatever was called up on the way. "Look!" said he: "do you see the inscription in large black letters, running across that old house? 'GOD'S PROVIDENCE IS MINE INHERITANCE.' That was the only house in Chester not visited by the plague in 1666." This line is itself a book of history, poetry, and religion! To look was not enough. I entered, to realize more fully its awfully interesting associations.

Our next visit was to the celebrated Chester cathedral, that time-worn fabric that has triumphed over a thousand years; the wonder of ancient and modern times. It is in various styles of Gothic, and is much decayed from the perishable nature of the brown stone. The effect of the light from the large windows is very beautiful. The carved devices in British oak, and the Gothic tracery of the interior, are perhaps unrivalled for beauty of design and deft-like finish. My polite friend copied from the wall, and handed

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me, saying it would be of interest to us New-Yorkers, an inscription "To the memory of George Clarke, Esq. of Hyde Park, who was formerly Lieutenant Governor of New-York, and afterward became resident of this city. He died 1740, and was buried in this church." The bishop's throne is superbly ornamented, and is said to have been the ancient shrine of St. Werburgh. Who is St. Werburgh? My ecclesiastical knowledge needs posting up! The cathedral has a splendid modern built organ. Four piers support the great central tower. One of the transepts has an ornamental roof supported by angels, holding emblems of the crucifixion. The arms of Cardinal Wolsey are at the intersection of the roof beams. In the wall on one side are six semicircular arches resting on low pillars of early Norman masonry. These denote the burial-place of six Norman abbots. Part of the cathedral wall was shown me as the original Roman wall of the city, built in the fourth century by the Emperor Maximus.

Let us now go up on the walls and pass round the city. They are the only perfect remains of ancient fortifications. Those of York are comparatively modern. Many suppose the Chester walls were built in the year 73: others assign them an older date than Rome itself. They are of soft free stone, with an excellent promenade, kept perfectly clean; and a stone parapet runs their whole length. The classic Dee winds around the city, and the sun glistens on its distant waters stealing along the fat vales, like melted silver; the rich landscape stretching far off into Wales, fairly entrancing the imagination. An elevated moss-covered stone fabric called the Phœnix tower, is a prominent object. From this tower on the northeast angle of the walls, Charles I. saw his army defeated in the plain beyond, while marching to the relief of the city in 1645. Narrow apertures three feet long, just allowed arrows to be shot at the enemy to advantage. The battle was between Sir Marmaduke Long-

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dale and the Parliamentary forces under Gen. Pointz. That night the king fled into Wales. Now, after the lapse of two centuries, instead of Rowton Moor covered with thousands of soldiers, we behold highly cultivated farms, villages sprinkled over the landscape, peaceful homesteads—the blessed effects of peace! Close under the walls is the Ellesmere Canal, cut out of solid rock; and a short distance from this point may be seen the magnificent railway buildings. The romantic view of the Water-tower baffles description. Its towering, circular form, hoary with age; its broken battlements enwreathed with ivy, called up associations full of strange delight. I dated my existence a thousand years back, but soon awoke as from a strange dream, hurried back to 1850. A short distance from the Northgate, an arch over one of the main streets, is Morgan's Mount, from which there is a glorious view of the windings of the Dee, a light-house on the Point of Ayr, the town and castle of Flint, the Jubilee Column on Moel Fammau, "the Mother of Hills," in Wales, the Clwydian hills, and the castle and church of Hawarden. Rich and unrivalled picture! Some minds look at brilliant things with silent wonder; others break out in rapture. For my own part, though I am a mixture of both, I should be ashamed of myself if I should keep still at such sights. No, no: I am not Quaker enough for that. I never insult an artist by a silent admiration of his master-piece. We pass the Training College in the Tudor Gothic style, and the Museum of the Mechanics' Institution, containing many ancient and modern curiosities, to take a sight through the Camera Obscura, displaying the whole surrounding country in miniature! All moving objects pass under the eye: while patches of rich green landscape, or the sun shining on the Dee, present pictures of delicious and magic beauty. At the top of this antique tower is a telescope, which, on a clear day like this, reveals a world of beauty and glory! Look through it! There is the Great Ormshead jutting out into

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the sea at Llandidno, in Caernarvonshire, Jubilee Column on the summit of Moel Fammau, and the entire range of Clwydian hills from Cwm, by St. Asaph, Flintshire, to Llangollen in Denbighshire. From this commanding eminence you can seen the railway trains flying between Chester, Holyhead and Shrewsbury. I would go all the way to Europe to see this picture again! So you can set me down for an enthusiast at once. Across the Dee is Brewer's Hall, where Oliver Cromwell planted his cannon, and battered away at this very tower during the siege of Chester. On one fond of romantic pictures like these, the effect is bewildering: it is difficult for the mind to retain its self-possession. The Watergate is another beautiful stone arch. A century ago the tide flowed up to these very walls, and vessels floated on the present site of Paradise Row. I pass the Roodee, an extensive velvet lawn, having the appearance of a splendid amphitheatre, large enough to contain 100,000 men at the periodical races. Our walk round these walls brings us to the famous Castle built by William the Conqueror, in 1066, since whose time it has undergone many changes. There is nothing very peculiar about its appearance, but the old embattled walls. The grand Grecian Doric entrance is much admired for its resemblance to the famous Athenian Acropolis. The castle is a royal fortress with a governor and 30,000 stand of arms. Grosvenor bridge, a splendid stone arch, is seen to advantage outside the castle walls. It has a single span of 200 feet, and rivals everything of the kind in the world. This magnificent bridge was opened in 1832, on the occasion of Victoria's visit to Eaton Hall. The Shipway was an ancient Roman gateway through the walls. Opposite is a ford leading to Edgar's Field, where stands an old sculpture of the Diva Armigera Pallas, which the Roman soldiers are supposed to have carved for their amusement. Near this odd-looking figure is a large hole in a rock, called Edgar's Cave. In 973 King Edgar was triumphantly rowed

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from his palace by eight kings to the monastery, now St. John's Church, on the banks of the Dee. Over the door of a house, I was shown a rude painting representing that singular event. I suppose it was the site of his palace. Traces of a camp have been found near this spot. Doubtless they are authentic; at least I found no trouble in yielding my tribute of faith. Yet the similarity of the scene to one in The Antiquary, did not escape my mind. Oldbuck carried some virtuosos to see a supposed Roman camp; and on his exclaiming, at a particular spot—"This I take to be the Prætorium!" a herdsman who stood by cried out—"Prætorium here, Prætorium there; I made it wi' a flaughter spade!" The great Roman road into Venedotia, or North Wales, is near this ancient monument. An altar was dug up in Foregate street in 1653, and is preserved among the Arundelian marbles at Oxford.

From the top of Bridgegate, a handsome stone arch with two posterns, another brilliant picture opens—the romantic slopes of the Dee, an old bridge, the suburbs of Handbridge, and a milk-white waterfall, tumbling over the causeway. This bridge of seven arches leading over to Handbridge, is supposed to have been built by Edward the Elder in 1250. The sun never shone on a lovelier landscape. The decayed old tower of St. John's lifts its venerable form skyward in gloomy magnificence, a prominent waymark from a great distance. This church contains more remains of Saxon architecture than any other in England.

The walls do not include half the present populous city. Many beautiful massive stone arches span the main streets, which extend far beyond the old Roman walls.

After these rapid glances my kind conductor took leave, saying he would be glad of my company to Birkenhead in the evening, but falling in with another friend, I was prevented from seeing him again. It was with a feeling of grateful respect that I shook him by the hand.

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During a stroll about the city, I saw many queer-looking objects. The gables of all the houses are turned toward the street. The tip-top fashion a thousand years ago was ornamental painting of the gables in black stripes with diagonal intersections, presenting something of the appearance of a leafless pine-tree. Some of them have dates in long black figures—1001, 1003, 1006. The houses looked as if they would tumble into the street, and everything was in keeping with their antiquated appearance. The rows, galleries, or terraces, are a strange yet convenient peculiarity. People walk along these rows over the shops in the street, under the second floor of the houses. It is as if the second story were drawn a dozen feet forward; thus forming two lines of stores along the entire street, with a broad terrace-walk. The terraces supported by old oak posts afford a capital protection from the weather. This style has been in vogue ever since the city was founded by the Romans. Every feature of antiquity is carefully preserved: no modern notion of utility is allowed to interfere; although forty years ago scarcely a glass window was to be seen. Huge hanging shutters on hinges are fastened to the ceiling of the terrace in the daytime, and let down at night. The streets laid out by the Romans are rectangular, and strange to say, were excavated out of solid rock, and the houses are some ten feet above the street.

The population had quite a miscellaneous appearance, and their wardrobe looked like a mixture of the fashions of ten centuries: dowdy-looking old women as broad as they were long; fish-women with baskets on their heads, and arms a-kimbo; hatless men and women creeping about; and labourers with trousers buttoned round the knee—certainly the whole town and its busy population was the drollest sight these eyes of mine ever witnessed. And then, the huge ungainly draught-horses with the tread of an elephant; little drab-coloured, long-eared donkeys, with wooden sad-

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dles, and tackled to rickety carts, trotting about the city, under the command of some wobegone charioteer, were enough to make one laugh outright. Strange sights these to a New-Yorker!

Observing a gentleman of plain appearance standing at his gate, I inquired the way to the best rural scenery in the neighbourhood. "I will show you," said he, stepping in to get his hat. I thought he would just cross the street and point out the road; but that gentleman was my agreeable companion till night. How the reader may regard this little adventure I cannot tell; but to me it seemed the strangest thing that ever happened in my whole life. Happened! It seemed all arranged beforehand!

An antique wooden building with the gable toward the street, and covered with gingerbread ornaments, my friend assured me was once the residence of Queen Anne. Could it be possible that should have been the palace of a British Queen? "Let us drop into St. Mary's Church," said he. Its age I know not: it looked as old as the very hills. Nothing much later than antediluvian times will interest me till I get away from Chester. A garrulous, ignorant old woman intruded herself as a guide, interrupting our conversation with her stereotype history of remarkables. My friend said he was positively ashamed of the beggarly English practice of making a commodity of everything curious, especially churches. This came with such a grace from an Englishman that I ventured to feel ashamed myself. However, a sixpence fairly choked the old lady, and after an obsequious courtesy, as if I were emperor of the globe, she departed. In one corner of the church was an inclosed pile, on which reposed the effigies of the father and mother of the lad of fourteen who concealed King Charles after his defeat in the battle of Rawton Moor. The lad sat at their feet in a recumbent posture. This boy was afterward mayor of Chester. I must enter that house where the king was hidden. It has

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no less than three thresholds from the main door, and I overstepped them all.

Giving myself in charge of my intelligent cicerone, we passed over the Dee, and soon after a neat chain bridge that trembled to the footstep. Our way was through Overlegh, an undulating, picturesque landscape, along a smooth, hard road, rising gracefully through a fine lawny country, agreeably diversified. Every trace of the rich scenery indicated a wealthy owner; but I was unaware of being in the park grounds of the richest nobleman in England, the Marquis of Westminster, whose park is thirty-six miles round! My companion said William the Conqueror gave it to his ancestor for services as a "whipper-in." A very handsome slice of this world! The broad gravelled avenues are lined with copsewood, luxuriant with red-flowering hawthorn, the pride of England, glossy-leaved holly, yellow laburnum, bending in beauty, and every variety of choice flower and shrub. Beneath the shade of the monarch of the wood, buttercups and daisies besprinkled the wide lawns; while many a beautiful villa peeped through the trees on some distant hill, suddenly revealed by opening vistas. Yonder is Beeston hill and castle, the seat of Mr. Tollermach, member of Parliament for Chester; Caergwrle in Wales, almost lost in the bluish haze; Batterfall and castle; and another fine view of the Welsh hills and the Jubilee obelisk. Looking back, we have a glance at the old city of Chester, with its hoary towers, embattled walls and castle, beautifully grouped. A three mile walk through such scenery brought us to the triumphal gateway. The castellated towers of Grosvenor Lodge a mile farther on, drew from me a burst of delighted surprise. I was in the land of romance, and thought of knights, squires, chivalry and tournaments, in the olden days of feudal lords; and found it difficult to check audible emotion. My friend saw this, and said it was all right! From a central square tower rises an octagon turret of some fifty

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feet, considerably above the main edifice. The pointed Gothic archway, is enriched with skilfully wrought foliage. The middle story has two Gothic windows, and in a central niche are the Westminster arms, in full relief. Over the windows are grotesque heads and fretwork; the whole surmounted by rich battlements. A few travellers who affect to set the fashion in taste, and can see no beauty except in an old ruin, express contempt for modern grandeur as contrasted with antiquity—Eaton Hall, for instance, compared with the Chester cathedral: all which is sheer affectation.

On asking the mistress of the Lodge for a glass of water, it was brought after some delay; but as it was unfit to drink, I ventured to ask a cup of milk for myself and friend, there being no hotel nearer than Chester; and finally a tumbler of execrable buttermilk was brought, such as English dairymen give to their pigs. I thought of Æsop's fox in the brambles, and so made a virtue of necessity by quaffing it instanter. For this I paid his Lordship the Marquis of Westminster one penny sterling, which will doubtless help to swell some such charitable fund as the Blue Coat School.

But yonder is Eaton Hall, half revealed through the huge oaks, whose big, straight, branchless trunks tower to a prodigious height. All around the park were grazing herds of beautifully spotted deer that had cast their antlers; and though this is no novelty in England, it was a pleasing one to me. Eaton Hall resembles a series of palaces, and is exceedingly magnificent: the most splendid modern specimen of pointed Gothic. Its numberless lofty towers, buttresses, niches, and pinnacles; its fretwork, foliage, pendants, heraldry, and elaborate carvings, and especially the rich embattlement, made me wonder where all the cash came from to build such a mighty structure! In fact, this stupendous pile has never been finished. A large number of workmen were busy outside with mallet and chisel.

We entered the lower part of the palace, but were unable

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to find the steward, or any one who could tell his whereabouts. There were bells which communicated with Lord Westminster's library, Lady Westminster's drawing-room, Lady so-and-so's dressing-room: but these bells were to call up spirits from the vasty deep. What magic is there in a republican knock, or pull at the door-bell? None!—for his Lordship is not at home, and all his servants are—somewhere else. Farewell to the noble mansion of the most noble the Marquis of Westminster! I admire thy magnificence, but have no opportunity of paying the same tribute to the hospitality which I did not find here, or at the Lodge yonder! Let us look abroad on Nature. Her castles are the blue mountains; her lodges, secluded dells and shady groves, whose floors are the lawns overspread with a green velvet carpet, wrought in her own magic loom. The blue drapery of heaven, fringed with haze, is let down all round our green earth. All these things are yours and mine—Nature gave them to no "whipper-in."

"Look, look," said my friend; "here's what I want you to see—this view!" Through a broad avenue of two miles, with giant oaks irregularly disposed, all in full foliage, I saw another garden of Eden:

> "And faintly smiling through the soft blue skies,
> "Like castled clouds the Cambrian hills arise."

Those "delectable mountains" are in Denbighshire. Our return was by another route along the banks of the Dee, which flows through part of the estate. A piece of an old carved stone turret lying on the ground, was duly pocketed as a curious memento. The scenery here grows charmingly beautiful, made up of dell and dingle, slope, lawn, and grove. At some sudden turn of the path, we caught inspiring glimpses of the distant landscape: in another moment we were hid in rural wilds, shrubbery and flowers, of the richest variety. We stopped at a romantic cottage at the foot of a hill, where a magnificent iron bridge, painted white, be-

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strides the crystal Dee, with a single span of a hundred and fifty feet. A gentleman informed me it was reared to prevent the Marquis' sons from swimming the stream, which they often did at imminent risk in hunting excursions. He said a young lady of the cottage would be perfectly at home in sketching it for me, only, she was—not at home.

Reluctantly quitting these enticing grounds, we had a fine view of the eastern front of the prodigious palace. This paradise of lawns and parterres was Victoria's playground when she was a child, while on a visit with her mother the Duchess of Kent at Eaton Hall. A neat iron fence runs all along the river bank, leaving room enough for a footpath, according to law. Neat mansions of light red stone, occupied by the tenantry and servants of the Marquis, were sprinkled over the estate. Vast quarries of this stone abound in Cheshire and Lancashire. Near the bank is a ledge, out of which a grotto was scooped, straddled by the roots of a glorious old oak, forming a handsome depressed Gothic arch, under which there is a seat for travellers. I really felt obliged to the Marquis for the accommodation. By the way, it was not his fault that we could not boast of dining with him that day.

It is impossible for imagination to conceive a picture more lovely than Christleton village, with its tasteful Gothic church and rectory on a romantic hillside, half concealed in a grove of immortal green. We gazed at the landscape till the sinking sun hung over the distant hills. In the corner of a spacious meadow, screened from the sun by thick holly and hawthorn, was a group of cows; and a kind-hearted milkmaid refused pay for a drink of milk.

After this weary yet delightful jaunt, I took leave of my pleasant friend at Chester, returning to Liverpool that night.

Falling in with two such gentlemen, who contributed so much to my enjoyment in one day, is too remarkable not to create emotions of grateful astonishment.

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CHAPTER IV.

Conway and Castle—Bangor—Holyhead.

Here naked rocks and empty wastes are seen;
There towering cities and the forests green;
Here sailing ships delight the wandering eyes;
There trees and intermingled temples rise;
Now a clear sun the shining scene displays;
The transient landscape into smoke decays.

Pope.

After arranging some difficult and important affairs, by the advice and assistance of George Wright, Esq. an American merchant of Liverpool, I took a route through North Wales. The generous sympathy of that gentleman is another among many green spots to which it will always be delightful to revert. Leaving Liverpool on the 8th of June by railway through Chester, (perambulating the walls a second time,) I took the train in the afternoon, and swept by a number of pretty towns, the largest of which are Rhyl and Holywell. The view all along the river Dee is very fine; and after it empties into the Irish Sea, the ocean scenery on the coast of Wales, Flintshire, Denbighshire, and Caernarvonshire, is an ever-various blending of beauty and majesty. Villages are sprinkled along the steep, green banks of many an estuary of the sea, with a background of lofty and ragged mountain peaks. I expected to see every peak surmounted by a goat; but was informed they had been banished from the country long ago, from the injury they do to the trees. They might now be recalled from exile, as there are very few trees left to be girdled. Sometimes the train ran close along the beach for miles; then gradually wheeling, we lost sight of the sea for a little while, as the snorting fire-steed swept madly through a narrow valley, the wild mountains of this "Switzerland in miniature" rever-

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berating with his shrill scream, calling on all animated nature to get out of his way! All at once a vista would open out on the boundless Atlantic, as the low sun flung a broad, dazzling sheet of flame over the watery waste. The big orb hastens to dip himself in the ocean, and before I am on the Irish Sea, he will shine on the mountains of my native land. See how his departing glory trembles on the softly murmuring expanse! The bright villages of the hills and narrow vales winding between steep mountains, are gorgeously lit up by the rich, mellow tints of departing day!

At nine in the evening I reached Conway. As twilight in Britain lasts till about eleven, it may be inferred that such a wonder as the famous Conway Castle in ruins would be improved. I was quite amazed by its grandeur, and went round and round, scanning the ruins from every point. The inside walls of one spacious, roofless hall, was all covered with green English ivy! The soft twilight falling among these crumbling, lonely, deserted walls, made that scene one of awful beauty. How I wished some American friend could have shared my delight! I bought a few views, but determined to engrave them on my own mind; and so climbed the peak of many a romantic mountain. I stood on the very scene of Gray's Welch Bard,

> On a rock, whose haughty brow
> Frown'd on old Conway's foaming flood.

From this lofty eminence the river, with its beautiful suspension bridge, the distant hills and undulating vales, and the town and its castle on the slopes below, afford a picture of unrivalled sublimity. The mountains have all sorts of fantastic shapes—bold, broken, abrupt, gloomy, sublime. Dr. Johnson, writing to a friend, said he had seen a castle in Wales that would contain all the castles in Scotland. The Doctor probably meant this for a dry hit at the Scotch, and must have meant Conway Castle; for what is there in all England like this? One cluster of ruins consists of eight

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or ten towers apparently a hundred feet high, and three times the width, occupying vast acres. Portions of the massive battlements and arches were here and there decayed and broken, and flocks of crows were flying in and out of the numerous holes in the moss-grown walls and ivy-mantled battlements. To depict the solemn grandeur of these gray ruins, the stupendous monuments of old Time, would be like an attempt to paint a clap of thunder. These are the crumbling remains of feudal glory. The haughty baron that held the villain in thraldom is departed. No voice of power; no music, mirth, and festal banquet—all are silent! It might be a question whether the lords temporal or lords spiritual held their subjects in the completest vassalage. Like these old castles and priories, the one-man power in Britain is in ruins—a splendid wreck of the Past. Yet even now there is a stamp of mind on the strong castle which still looks out upon the soil where repose the bones of its ancient masters.

Next morning, long before daylight, I clambered a barren and almost inaccessible mountain,

"While all the world below was lost in sleep."

My feelings were like the gloomy solitudes that reigned all around the mountains—melancholy enough. Excitement kept me alive, and curiosity kept me in motion. I wandered, or rather stumbled on, leaping mountain streams, climbing high hedges interlaced with briars, the stones tumbling down after me with angry velocity, crashing every sapling in the way, while the mountains echoed with the strange noise. This caused me some alarm; for, would I like to be fired at or seized as a depredator? Pray, what were you doing there? Why, I wanted to see the country; but found no sign of a path, and so had to make one! I placed my cane firmly in the ground at every step, to prevent a tumble-down head over heels. In this wild though innocent ramble, the

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barking of a cottage dog at the sound of my footsteps while crossing a corn-field, made me feel more forcibly than ever, the truthful beauty of Beattie's rural gem,

The cottage curs at early pilgrim bark.

The next specimen of animated nature I encountered seemed inclined to receive me with more hospitality. It was a huge hog issuing from his pen at four in the morning! His physiognomy showed extreme solicitude and disappointment. It was amusing to see him steadily gaze at me with nose upturned till I was fairly out of sight. Poor fellow! he gained no more by abandoning his pen than some authors do by sticking to theirs!

Returning to the town, weary and dejected, I sat down by the riverside, admiring the surrounding scenery. A Welchman, observing that I was sad and lonely, took me to his humble cottage, and—blessings on him!—gave me some medical assistance. I knew not a single soul in all the Principality; and those who have never been in a foreign clime, thousands of miles from home, alone, and ill, can never enter into my feelings. Tears would start, but I must brush them away, and banish all thoughts of home as a religious duty; for thousands of miles and many months intervene.

I remained an hour by the Welchman's fireside, and fell asleep from fatigue. The summer season in Britain is often chilly, and even with winter clothing I was not always comfortable. My entertainer muttered the word "chapter," and I was pleased at the thought of his reading the Bible; but it was not till he had repeated the word, that it dawned on me that he meant his attendance at the chapter, and that he was a Welch Catholic. I thanked him, and withdrew.

When the sun was up, the whole circling horizon was unspeakably glorious, viewed from a neighbouring mountain. Between the ruins was the blue Irish Channel; in the dim distance was the Great Ormshead; while cattle were grazing

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on all the green hills glowing in the cheerful morning sunshine! A bright and beautiful lesson to the heart!

In an hour after leaving Conway, the railway set me down in Bangor. Like many Welch towns, it lies in a narrow valley between mountains. Bangor is a bishoprick. It was once defended by strong walls, and had an ancient monastery with 2,400 monks! The Welch have been for ages celebrated for their bold and sweet music; and the ancient bards were in such high esteem that their influence was completely sovereign. An amusing anecdote was told me of Welch pride of pedigree. A lady was tracing her family through a remote period, when a wit said, "Madam, do begin with Adam!" "O, he was a fellow of yesterday!" was the reply. The Welch pretend they have documents coeval with the incarnation.

St. Daniel's Cathedral, is a long, low, antique edifice, without the least beauty. One end is for the Welch, the other for the English service, which begins when the first is ended, at eleven o'clock. One of the several beadles in black gowns stowed me away in one corner of the cathedral with an air that seemed to say, "Sit thou there!" From this remote point I could study poor human nature to advantage. The beadles with all their honours thick upon them, were dancing attendance on the fashionables, piloting them to the best seats, with great obsequiousness. It was not their gowns I disliked—by no means; for that custom is appropriate and convenient. It was their ineffable vanity and foppery that disgusted me. I saw nothing like this in Britain—far otherwise. At Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, London, all are treated alike. At Bangor, appearances are decisive. Wo to any unlucky wight who loses his keys, (as I did,) and therefore cannot unprison his Sunday requisites! The organ was a very fine one; and the full cathedral service, a novelty to me, well executed. The sermon—what of it? A tolerably good style and delivery

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make small amends for erroneous doctrine. It was too one-sided and dogmatical for truth and candour. Fatigue and illness made me what I abominate, a drowsy hearer; and it is charitable to suppose I can never know my loss. A few dignified sneers may have great weight with such as are too indolent or deferential to their minister to analyze for themselves. In this way, much wear and tear of brain is saved the preacher and hearer. It was St. Daniel's Cathedral, but the Rev. Mr. P—— was not a "second Daniel come to judgment." The graves in the churchyard have a coffin-shaped border of long, smooth, strips of slate, of uniform thickness, projecting a few inches above, forming a neat but gloomy picture.

The women with masculine faces and large bell-crowned men's hats, tied with a blue ribbon, made an odd appearance. They seemed a kind of compound of the sexes—not Amazons, for these had beauty—but a centaur race, in which the equestrian was exchanged for a feminine ingredient, while the upper portion remained still unchanged, presiding over the inferior half. This uncouth image must serve for a better.

On ascending a mountain to get the fine air and a sight of the country around, I was surprised at its fertility and beauty. A little beyond was the Bay of Beaumaris, which narrows into the Straits of Menai flowing into Caernarvon Bay, thus forming the Isle of Anglesey. The grand tubular Britannia bridge, the last wonder of the world, was to be floated near Bangor the next day; but illness prevented my being present. On a mountain I saw for the first time a field of lucerne, a species of grass suitable for cows. A farmer said he raised four crops a year; but I was more surprised, on asking him for a drink of whey, to hear him say he never heard of such a thing! I wondered the more, as he spoke pretty good English. It was lucky I did not try to pronounce the word in Welch, as my jaws might have been dislocated.

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The gentleman who so kindly conducted me to Eton Hall increased my debt of gratitude by arranging to accompany me to the enchanting vale of Clwyde the following week; but I was obliged to forego the visit. Near the beautiful vale of Llangollen are the picturesque ruins of Valle Crucis Abbey, clad with ivy, and shaded by ash trees. Near this is the site of the famous Owen Glendower's castle.

From Snowden's peak may be seen twenty-six lakes and two seas, the Wicklow mountains in Ireland, the Isle of Man a hundred miles north in the Irish Sea, Cumberland, Lancashire, Shropshire, part of Scotland, all North Wales, and Anglesey! The mist covering the head of this monster is called the night-cap. Near the bottom of Snowden once lived the great Llewellyn.

In 916 the Ostmen of Dublin wasted Anglesey with fire and sword. There are many Druidical remains. Holyhead derives its name from having been the chief seat of the Druids. St. Kibius, to whom a church on a rock near the sea was dedicated, appears to have been the patronymic saint, called in Welch, Caer Cuby. Holy Island is formed by Holyhead Bay, over which a bridge leads to the town.

But I must now leave this land of mountains and Druids, goats and bards, with their "white locks streaming in the wind," and hasten on to Ireland. A railway officer advised me not to go to a hotel, and kindly provided a comfortable sleeping-place at the office.

At midnight I was flying in the railway carriage to Holyhead, the station for the government steam-packets. It was a moonless though starry night; and I saw nothing of the town but its long rows of lamps, as the coach rolled rapidly to the steam-ship, which is now buffeting the Irish Channel. To-morrow morning I shall be in the Green Isle!

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CHAPTER V.

Dublin—Kingstown—Clontarf.

"The mountains showed their gray heads; the blue face of Ocean smiled; the white wave was seen tumbling round the distant rock."

About daylight our ship approached the Kingstown harbour, plunging majestically through the foam-flecked waves, the white feathery spray dancing with gay triumph around the ship. It were impossible to tell one's feelings on getting the first sight of a country like Ireland. My pleasure was like that of Columbus. I had discovered a new world—it was nothing to me that millions had seen it before. There is the isle, "in sight like unto an emerald." That beautiful image, "the Emerald Isle," does not disappoint me. There are the verdant hills swelling far away, till veiled in the light blue drapery of the heavens. The beautifully white mansions of Kingstown stretch along the shore, and glitter in the rising sun. Yonder is the Dublin Bay, sister to the Bay of Naples, with the bending bosom of a queen of the waves, girt with a mantle of hills. Those are the Dublin mountains; farther to the right are the Wicklow mountains, rising in blue majesty "above all hills." Romantic rocks, castles in ruins, magnificent villas, plantations, and luxuriant parks, are spread along the hills in splendid panorama. I viewed this rich picture with a thrill of perfect rapture, and felt that a few bursts of surprise were quite in order. Well said! Ireland is indeed the Green Isle! Whoever can look on such a landscape with the staid visage of an Indian, is fit for his savage society.

Kingstown, a populous and favourite watering-place, is only seven miles below Dublin, where the railway dropped me in twenty minutes. Among other letters, I had one from

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friend Mr. Robert Flanagan, of Williamsburgh, New-York, to Charles Gaussen, Esq. a highly respectable and influential solicitor of Dublin, and a pious member of the Established Church. The loss of my keys in Wales was extremely vexatious and embarrassing, now that I was in such a place as Dublin. What a dilemma! But there was no time for deliberation. I thought of the warm-hearted hospitality of the Irish, and boldly resolved to go directly to Mr. G.'s house, and introduce myself. An Irish jaunting-car set me down at his house in Gardiner's Place, Mountjoy Square, where I left my luggage with a servant, till the family were up. In an hour I returned from a stroll about the city, and my explanations were received with such respectful Christian courtesy, as drew from me a tear. Yes—I own I was not less affected than surprised at this warm welcome. Nothing could exceed the generous sympathy of the whole family, in anticipating every little comfort. In five minutes I felt as much at home as if intimate as many years. As soon as a smith had operated on my trunk locks, a speedy transformation took place in my wardrobe—a change which would perhaps have procured me a seat in one of the stalls in the Bangor cathedral! If anything on earth could make me happy in a foreign land, it would be a residence in such a family. A daily drive in the family jaunting-car was a novelty. Of these there are two kinds. The outside car is an open carriage with two small wheels, drawn by one horse in which passengers sit back to back, facing the street. An inside car is just the reverse, and the company sit face to face—the pleasantest mode. These cars are very easy and convenient, and will seat six persons besides the driver. An outside car in Broadway would be speedily demolished. The Irish jaunting-car is said to resemble the Russian carriage called the droshka.

A day or two after my arrival, Mr. G. met the Rev. Alexander King in the street, and informed him I had a letter of

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introduction to him from Rev. Dr. C—— of Brooklyn; but before I had time to call on him, he called on me. On expressing obligations for this unexpected courtesy, he said, with great enthusiasm, "I shall never forget the kindness I received when I was in America, and the very sight of an American makes me stand right up!" I acknowledge this compliment to my countrymen from an Irish Christian gentleman. Here was true Irish character—full-hearted, warm, generous, impulsive—and, let me say, politeness, too; which is an infinite remove from the frigid stiffness of hollow-hearted fashionable etiquette. Next day he would call with his carriage and take a drive with me around the city and country; but after waiting half an hour, and concluding he would not come, I visited some institutions; and was greatly surprised and pleased, on coming out of the Queen's Inns, to meet him in search of me. How he found me was more than I could divine. So I took a seat in the carriage and went with him to dinner at his beautiful estate about three miles out of Dublin. He presented me with a token of his friendship, and I parted with this true gentleman and his amiable lady with more regret than the reader can imagine.

Dublin bears some little resemblance to Philadelphia, the dwellings being brick, and quite uniform and plain. To an American's eye they have a dingy look, from their antiquity and prevailing smoke; yet everything looked neat. Very few spires are to be seen. St. George's has a fine one, with a good chime of bells. St. Patrick's Cathedral is a venerable Gothic pile with a pointed spire. Christ Church cathedral is over eight hundred years old. It would be strange indeed if there were not several convents and nunneries. On inquiring the name of a tasteful Gothic church, one said it was a Catholic, another a Presbyterian, the next a Protestant church, the fourth knew nothing about it, and fifth and lastly, I received the astounding information that it was a

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church! and I concluded I could not do better than believe him. In Sackville street, the pride of the city, is Nelson's Pillar, in splendid Doric. Near this is the General Post-Office and the Bank of Ireland. There are seven or eight neat stone bridges over the Liffey, a small stream half the width of the Seine at Paris, which runs through the city. Many handsome squares were pointed out in my daily drives. St. Stephen's Green is a wilderness of beauty.

One of the most exhilarating drives in the world is through the environs of Dublin by the Circular Road. I shall not soon forget a ride to Clontarf, where Mr. G. has a country seat. A granite wall runs all along the banks of the blue sound; and the fine open road offers exquisitely beautiful and varied scenery. Along the Clontarf road by the strand you have most lovely and picturesque views. Across the bay are the Wicklow Mountains, bearing some resemblance to our Green Mountains, their deep blue colour impressing the soul with sublime thought. Immortal beauty invests those hills! It is just as impossible to forget how they look, as not to think of them with delight. Far away to the right are the Dublin Mountains and the glittering villas of Kingstown. Many splendid suburban seats are strewed along the left near the bay. Its soft-blue bosom is lulled in a beautlful sleep. Lord Charlemont's castle especially arrested my attention; a modern structure, with tower and battlement, arch and pinnacle, in castellated style, all embosomed in luxuriant green trees.

Clontarf is a brilliant spot in Irish history. While I stood gazing at the surrounding novelties in wondering forgetfulness, Mr. G. called to me—"Where we now stand, Brian Boru once lived. The Danes made frequent incursions into Ireland; and on one of those occasions Brian Boru defeated them in a pitched battle." Immediately, other thoughts possessed me—Ireland, as it was of old. Whoever has stood on Bunker Hill, or the field of Waterloo, and let

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imagination have full play, can sympathise with emotions that may not be described. Few more deeply thrilling associations are evoked than those on a battle-field. This was the Marathon of Irish history. It was here, in this very open plain, in 1014, that the good old king rallied his desponding countrymen, and like another father of his country, achieved one of the most glorious victories in Irish history; thus ridding his country of an ambitious foreign invader, though he himself fell on this bloody battle-field.

Having often desired to see a yew tree, we drove through the gateway of a beautiful estate. The porter at first refused admission, but was told "an American gentleman wished just to see that yew." I had been told the yew was only a small bush. Every tree was once a bush. A small bush, indeed! Here was a huge tree, goodly to behold, the growth of centuries, its trunk about three feet thick and some forty feet high, with branches spreading to as great a width, and forming a complete pyramid of luxuriant green. This remarkable tree is an object of much interest to all travellers—to none more than myself.

One day Mrs. M——, a wealthy Quaker lady of Wicklow, called, and I was introduced as an American. On learning that I wished to see the famous Phœnix Park, Mrs. M. immediately proposed I should jump into her car standing at the door. We all went. This Park contains eighteen hundred acres, and is seven miles round! For fine prospects and beautiful diversity, the Dublin people pronounce it the most magnificent city or suburban park in Great Britain, and not inferior to the Vienna Prater. Its wide plains were thronged with large herds of young deer, grazing over the almost interminable lawns. This, to an American, is a delightful novelty, though quite an every-day, commonplace affair in many parts of Europe. Nor was I less amazed at the sight of numerous groups of immense hawthorn, all in full bloom, and extending on for miles. A novice might

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have taken these large trees with outspreading branches for peach or apple orchards; but alas! Ireland bears few apples and no peaches. A little envy is not always a sin: at any rate, after so goodly a sight as these immense red-flowering hawthorns, I took a malicious delight in talking about our immense orchards bending with the weight of big, delicious, crimson-cheek peaches—yes, brought to our very door for a shilling a bushel, and far better than I had in Edinburgh for an English sixpence a-piece! They seemed to hear all this with wonder. But let us discuss peaches in their season. These hawthorns—it is strange they are almost unknown in our country.

A splendid quadrangular obelisk, like Cleopatra's Needle, called the Wellington Testimonial, more than two hundred feet high, stands alone in the plain. On this obelisk all the victories of the Duke of Wellington are inscribed; but a space is left for an inscription after the Duke's death. But will this wide space be enough? At the junction of four wide avenues is the Phœnix Pillar, a Corinthian column, erected by the Earl of Chesterfield in 1745. We got out of the carriage, and entered the Hibernian Soldiers' School. Three hundred boys of twelve years, in red coats, performing their military evolutions with steam-engine precision, was a novelty worth seeing. This school is for the sons of deceased soldiers. There are many such institutions in Dublin. On the way, one was pointed out where all persons in distress may apply for work; a much better mode than encouraging the business of sturdy, veteran beggary, which in our country has become a thriving nuisance.

Our return was along the wild sylvan banks of the Liffey, a less frequented road skirting the park. Descending a hill, we entered a most beautiful valley, and espied the romantic river, sliding between steep banks, fringed with overhanging wildwood; now fretting and roaring along in milky foam over rough rocky ledges, or winding between dells and high

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slopes adorned with wild groves; then rushing under some rustic old bridge, it murmured joyfully on its way to the ocean. This picturesque scenery reminded me of the falls of Schuylkill near Philadelphia.

While engaged in social converse, Mrs. M. recited many illustrative passages from her favourite countryman, Goldsmith, and was much pleased to hear me anticipate the alternate line, thus keeping up an amusing poetical dialogue. The reader may laugh—we did the same ourselves! On entering the city I had a fine view of the Four Courts Marshalsea, the high courts of Dublin. Among the confusion of attractive and beautiful objects, it would be altogether impossible to give other than such birdseye views as flying visits afford.

The kind lady just referred to invited me to remain a week at her residence in Wicklow, a few miles from Dublin, near the vale of Avoca, that enchanted and enchanting spot; and nothing but the sternest necessity could have prevented the acceptance of so polite an offer.

> Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
> In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best;
> Where the storms that we meet in this cold world should cease,
> And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Let us linger and dream awhile under the same green tree where Moore viewed the meeting of the waters, and caught its lovely images while inditing that immortal melody.

> There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
> As that vale in whose bosom the wide waters meet:
> O the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Everybody has heard of the lark; and though but one in ten thousand has heard his chirping song, I am one who have. No wonder the poets have engaged him to do the best parts of their minstrelsy. His song at daybreak, joyously poured out of his full heart, to me was more reviving than words can tell. "The cheerful man hears the lark in the morning;"

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and I needed not the song of "night's solemn bird" to repress exuberant gayety. My heart was too often pensive, and home was far away.

The Bank of Ireland was once the Irish Parliament House. This beautiful structure is nearly in semicircular form. The principal front has a noble colonnade of Ionic pillars; and the front on College street has a fine portico of Corinthian columns. On a clear moonlight night the effect is grand. The large old tapestry pictures in needlework, representing the siege of Londonderry and the battle of the Boyne, executed and presented by French ladies, are curious specimens of the skill and taste of those times.

My friends obtained an order for me to visit Lord Charlemont's ancient mansion, where I saw a large collection of statuary and paintings of old masters, interesting chiefly as the shadows of aneient days. Here were the blackish busts of Roman emperors, taken from the ruins of Pompeii—Julius Cæsar, Augustus, Nero, Caligula, Vespasian, Agrippa, Maximus, Antoninus, Aurelius, and a hundred other great ones. These are the renowned ghosts of antiquity, standing before me with countenances of dark and silent awfulness, like a congress of mighty "rulers of the darkness of this world." Many centuries are as one living age!

> "The melancholy ghosts of dread renown
> "All point to earth and hiss at human pride!"

Among a thousand and one curious things was a sword, dug up half decayed by rust, used by the Danes in Ireland. A gentleman said that a pair of antlers some twelve feet from tip to tip, doubtless were once the property of a huge animal belonging to a race that existed two hundred thousand years before the creation of the world! "But does not that hypothesis clash a little with the Mosaic?" said I. "By no means, Sir." "Well," I said, "that is an easy way of getting along: 'it is a first rate theory; for it cannot be refuted!" But on such geological speculations I mean to be

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non-committal. Two hundred thousand years back decidedly borders on the dark ages. We will leave "the cosmogony of the creation" to Mr. Jenkinson.

Trinity College, so famous the world over, is an imposing edifice in the Corinthian order, one of the finest collegiate quadrangles in the world. The interior is equally interesting. Behold those twenty joints of meat roasting before the huge Vulcan machinery in the kitchen! One might think dinner were cooking for another congress of kings! The fragrance thereof is provoking. Let us therefore quickly enter the examination hall, or theatre, where at least we shall enjoy an intellectual feast with great men, or see as we pass along, the lively shadows of Bishop Berkeley, Dean Swift, Queen Elizabeth, and Archbishop Usher. A beautifully wrought statue in the finest marble cost the library £20,000! In the chapel is a splendid organ with glossy black pipes, taken from the Spanish Armada. An Irish harp in the college museum is perhaps the oldest in the world. Its music might have been such as to "create a soul under the ribs of death;" but whether from its power of harmony or jargon, is a little doubtful. The mummy of an Egyptian king and his wooden coffin, who lived three hundred years before Christ, arrested my curiosity; but much more the real hand of Cleopatra! To see the shapely proportions of that jet black, delicate little hand with fine-tapering fingers, was enough. It was her right hand, and the tip of the fore finger was broken off. The pleasing certainty that it was her hand did not prevent me from asking a lady, if there was anything apocryphal about it. She replied, "The historical evidence is very satisfactory." There—I know it now!—assurance is doubly sure! You may smile, but do you know it is not the same hand? After this it seems absurd to notice a twenty-six pound ball fired in the battle of the Boyne between James II. and William III.; and a huge lump of petrified butter found in an Irish bog, so late in the day as 1848!

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The quays are very beautiful. On asking a stranger the way to the custom-house, a very superb edifice, though somewhat familiar with Irish brogue, it was not till I had given an Irish accent to the vowels, that I puzzled out that "Aden Key" meant Eden Quay!

An introduction from the Rev. Dr. S——, of Brooklyn, to the Rev. John Greg, of Trinity Church, Dublin, was inducement enough to accompany Mr. G.'s family to church. The morning service begins at the late hour of twelve, and the sermon was on being in Christ. Although my expectations had been raised, I was seized with amazement at his flood of eloquence—deep, clear, and terse; with those characteristics of Irish oratory—nervous enthusiasm and impassioned persuasiveness: sometimes like a broad stream just before it reaches the "shelving brink," slow and placid; the next moment thundering rapidly down the mountain, and shaking the whole country around. "That little word in!" every time he turned it round, shot a stream of brilliance over the surrounding darkness. He is a thoroughly original and natural preacher: his whole soul is on fire with burning zeal; and I "remembered that it was written, 'the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up.'" Though he had no studied rules—good in their place—it would be difficult to imagine anything more chaste and beautiful. In the evening I went again, instead of gratifying an innocent curiosity to visit some other attractive churches.

The next morning I was deeply affected on bidding farewell to this excellent family; and in reply to thanks for their hospitality, Mr. G. kindly replied, "We are glad to have the opportunity;" handing me letters of introduction to their friends in Belfast. "Long may such goodness live!"

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CHAPTER VI.

The Boyne—Castle Blaney—Armagh—Belfast.

'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand,
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Goldsmith.

The reader's company would be pleasant on the way to Belfast, through the north-eastern part of Ireland. The railway leaves the palace-like station, Talbot street, at ten, for Drogheda. The train rumbles over the Royal Canal iron bridge, beautifully and firmly constructed on American principles. I should be glad to see many more things in this country on American principles. But ah! the prosperity of Ireland seems to be sadly on the decline. An Irish gentleman remarked to me, "Our country is going down, and yours is going up." "I hope both are destined to rise," I replied. Cart-loads of books have been written about the causes of poor old Ireland's misery and degradation. Why should any more fuel (and much of this great pile is good for nothing else) be added to increase the blaze of strife? No one can remain a week in Ireland without forming some opinion. One hour in Ireland is worth more than years of noisy talk. In my progress through the country, thoughts like these would rise: Why all this difference between Ireland and England? Are not the hills of Ireland as green and fertile as England? Is not Ireland the green Isle? What makes prosperous towns in some parts, and mud huts with denuded inmates in others? Has the diffusion of knowledge anything to do with the resemblance of Scotland and New-England? Is the animosity between Ireland and England fiercer than it formerly was between England and Scotland, now united in one destiny? These questions need no partisan

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answers: they almost answer themselves; and indicate some deep-rooted disease—a worm at the root. When that worm is dug up, the tree may revive, and even flourish. "O," says one, and another, and another, "every one knows all this!" Very likely; but a knowledge of the cure is quite another thing. Every quack may know as much in medicine: but it takes a man of science to administer the cure. This disease is strangely overlooked by those who pretend to reason from cause to effect. The remedy is at the bottom of the well—hard to reach. Poor Ireland has been doctored almost to death, and then turned out to die like an old worn-out-horse, whose labour has fattened his master. Poor Pat has committed many grievous sins; but one can hardly believe they will all be visited on him alone. Naturally honest, confiding, and easily led, he has too often been the dupe of mere demagogues, who had their ends to serve by fleecing him for his special good; and repudiating the culture of the soil by their advice, what must follow but beggary and starvation? Who is to be scape-goat is not for me to say. Somewhere will fall a heavy vengeance.

But as sure as I live, here we are in Drogheda in an hour and a quarter! We must get out here and pass the Boyne waters by coach, from the windows of which I view the field where the famous battle of the Boyne was fought in 1690 between James II. and William III. This battle, with a loss on both sides of 2000 men, decided the fate of James. The field has undergone some changes. It looks like any other field, covered with the grass of summer; yet I could imagine the "confused noise and garments rolled in blood," and the awful clangour of battle. But look at that group of half-starved, hatless tatterdemalions, with no covering but a few ancient rags dangling from the knees and elbows! Was ever such a picture of wretchedness seen in my native land? They shout incessantly, "'ape'ny! 'ape'ny!" A few half-pence are thrown from the coach-top and windows;

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"but what are they among so many?" Besides, it aggravates the misery of the wretched sufferers who get none in the desperate scramble. Ah! why was I born in a land that floweth with milk and honey, while these fellow-beings almost "perish with hunger?" Our coach rolls over the bridge that crosses the Boyne: they follow imploringly; but their voices are drowned by the rattling of wheels. In the brief interval of taking seats in the railway, their deafening shouts are renewed with despairing energy. They run after the train, but alas! the modern railroad improvements have not improved their condition—they are distanced! Poor fellows! Their voices are annihilated; we hear and see them no more! Look at those princely castles on the hills! All around are luxury and refinement; and amid all this overgrown wealth, gross ignorance and gaunt beggary in mud huts! Overcome by this heart-rending scene, I was for some time unable to enjoy some of the richest scenery in this lower world—the very prototype of green Eden. It seems as if some parts of this country had escaped the primeval curse; but the poverty of the working classes tells a true tale of the first and last curse. Dunleer, Dundalk, and many smaller towns, sweep by us with American railroad velocity. At Inneskeen, I saw them cutting bogs with a slane or spade, about four inches broad, with a steel blade the same width, at right angles with the edge of the spade. The turf is cut in the shape of bricks, and stacked in pyramids so as to admit the air through the interstices. Turf is a capital substitute for coal. Large tracts of bog land have been reclaimed and made the best of arable land.

From Castle Blaney to Armagh it is fourteen miles by coach. During the half hour in getting ready for a start, another scene in the Beggars' Opera came off with some variations—a heart-sickening, tragical sight. A number of poor squalid creatures followed the coach full two miles, with yelling cries for a pitiful brass farthing or two, over

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which they luxuriated with mad joy, like some California gold-seeker, when he finds a whole mountain of the precious yellow dust. Their cries were very annoying; but they had the worst of it. Our way to Belfast was through the counties of Dublin, Westmeath, Louth, and Down; and in beauty often surpassed the vivid pictures imagination had drawn. Never was fitter name than the Green Isle; although this country, like England, is rather bare of trees. My eye rested on the hills and valleys of lively green with unceasing delight; and as the landscape glided from my view, the thought that I should never see those beautiful scenes again was painful.

Armagh lies on gracefully swelling hills. At a distance of ten miles, I could see its celebrated cathedral on a commanding height covered with luxuriant green, forming a beautifully picturesque landscape. On a neighbouring hill another splendid cathedral was erecting. From Armagh to Belfast is an excellent railway, equal to any in England. Along this part of the route the scenery is charming, the prospect being very extensive. Leftward, twenty-five miles off, is a splendid sheet of water, twenty-five miles long and half that width, and from its azure tint, might be mistaken for a strip of sky. On the right are the highest mountains in Ireland, stretching from Dundrum Bay to Belfast. At Lisburn and other places millions of yards of linen spread over the green lawns for miles, gave the country the appearance of winter. At six in the evening I reached Belfast, surprised at its beauty, extensive trade, increasing prosperity, and the comparative cheapness of many commodities, lower than I found them in England or Ireland. Here I was kindly welcomed by Mr. Gaussen, to whom I was introduced from Dublin. The city lies in a broad valley, the Belfast mountains rising in sombre grandeur around;

> "And where this valley winded out below,
> The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard to flow."

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An American introduction to the Rev. Dr. Edgar was very fortunate. That gentleman showed me many of the principal lions of curiosity in Belfast. At the very beautiful Botanic Garden I saw the mistletoe growing from the trunk of a species of apple tree. It also grows on the oak. The mistletoe thrush is supposed to drop the seed into the bark, where it vegetates. "You must see the Giant's Causeway by all means," said Dr. E. I told him with regret that my plans would not possibly permit a visit there, it being some eighty miles distant. He then seized a huge stone and broke off a piece from some curious specimens of the Causeway in the Botanic Garden, which I preserved among my curiosities. These stones were about a foot square, the convex fitting the concave. It is difficult to believe these nicely-fitting joints are natural formations; yet such they are. We then visited the Queen's College, a new and very magnificent pile, bearing some resemblance to Eaton Hall, in Cheshire, already described. The beauty and extent of this institution are surprising. In a splendid book was the Queen's autograph, placed there on her recent visit to Belfast. Prince Albert's signature was a mere circumstance alongside of the large, bold and beautiful name Victoria. I was invited to place my own name on the visiter's book.

My recollection of Ireland will always be delightful. Fancy me now on the deck of the royal steamer Thetis, without a place of repose, the rain drizzling through the open windows above for the whole cheerless night. But the vivacity of Hope cheers me on; and I shall be well paid for a few unavoidable discomforts if permitted in the morning to get a sight of the next object of my ambition, the hills of Caledonia!

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CHAPTER VII.

The Clyde—Glasgow—Dumbarton Castle—The Highlands—Loch Lomond—Loch Katrine.

> And here awhile the Muse,
> High hovering o'er the broad cerulean wave,
> Sees Caledonia in romantic view:
> Her airy mountains from the waving main,
> Invested with a keen, diffusive sky,
> Breathing the soul acute; her forests huge,
> Incult, robust and tall, by Nature's hand
> Planted of old. *Thomson.*

While twilight lasted I gazed on the receding shores of Ireland with melancholy pleasure. Holywood seemed a fit name for an angelic abode. A passenger pointed to an old castle on the coast, saying it was built before Christ; but an old monkish legend which he related connected with that locality soon faded from my mind; for my attention was all alive while taking my last look at the shores of Ireland. County Down and Antrim, and Carrickfergus, lovely to behold, were soon lost in the dim distance. Farewell Ireland! The glorious beauty of thy fat valleys cannot be greener than the memory of thy brotherly kindness!

At midnight I was in the Frith of Clyde, having passed the isles of Arran and Bute, and a number of smaller ones, some of them bald, barren and uninhabited. Neither the cold Scotch mist and drizzling rain, nor severe illness, could keep me in my bed; and for a good reason—I had none! I watched with a fluttering, romantic feeling that cannot be described, for the first glimpse of Scotland. About daylight we passed Greenock, twenty miles below Glasgow. Helensburg, stretching along the green sloping meads of the Clyde, looked like a strip of Paradise, the white mansions beauti-

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fully contrasting with the deep-green verdure. Along the Clyde is some of the finest table land in the world, sprinkled over with castles and wealthy seats. A few years ago, the Clyde was shallow enough to be waded; but it has been dredged so as to allow ships to pass up to Glasgow, which formerly came no farther than Greenock. Forty years ago, when a vessel of one hundred tons arrived from Liverpool, the whole city of Glasgow turned out to see such a novelty. Now, ships of a thousand tons come up. In this vicinity it is quite narrow and turbid; but the water being impregnated with iron, is very healthy. In the middle of the river, light-houses are erected a quarter of a mile apart for miles.

But what strange dream is this? Can it be that I am awake in Scotland—the land of romance and song—of Bruce and Wallace, Thomson and Scott? The peculiar physiognomy and enunciation—everything tells me this is no dream, however strange. Although aware that Glasgow was the centre of commerce for all Scotland, I was qulte astonished to see such a large and well-built city. The houses make a showy appearance, being built of a light-coloured stone, in a tastefui and ornate style. Among many handsome spires, that of the new Free Church in Argyle street is exceedingly beautiful. This long and splendid street is the Broadway—the Fleet street—of Glasgow. "Let Glasgow flourish."

Were one's impressions derived from Dr. Johnson, (and mine were in part,) he would suppose Scotland was a poor place indeed, with little better food than oats and barley. Scotland is the "land o' cakes:" the "soda scone" can hardly be excelled. The butter, as in other parts of Britain, is of the finest flavour, beef and mutton tender and juicy, and as for bread, scarcely anywhere in Europe did I get any that was really good, except in Glasgow and at Invernaid in the Highlands! The tough, puffy, tasteless trash called bread, is sad stuff. A very cheap and healthful dish is oatmeal stirabout. In Glasgow, a good substantial breakfast, with

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beef or mutton, may be had for eightpence sterling: in London the price is much higher. Still, from careful observation, with no special reference to Scotland, I should say the average price of living in the United States is about one half that of Great Britain. How the working classes contrive to live is beyond my ken. Many of them do not live—they only exist. Notwithstanding the difference of some parts, wherever I went it was my strong conviction that America is the country for the poor man.

But it is time to look out for some friends. Among a number of introductory letters I had one from Rev. Mr. B—— of New-York, to Mr. Godfrey Pattison of Glasgow, who would have been pleased if I could possibly have made his residence at Helensburg my home while staying at Glasgow. Another from Mr. George Wilkie of New-York to his brother Mr. Edward Wilkie, rendered my visit to Glasgow truly delightful. The hospitality of that gentleman to an American stranger is another bright spot to which memory turns with especial pleasure. The very remarkable manner in which a kind Providence strewed my way with flowers while passing tearfully along life's rugged road, seems like a dream, and fills me with surprise. There was an air of romance, with an occasional sprinkle of wild adventure, that made many of my journeyings in Europe stranger than fiction. When shall I see such days again!

My new friend, who went with me in my ramblings, pointed out the old Tron Church, in Argyle street, which so often resounded with the eloquence of Chalmers. We visited the great cathedral a thousand years old, standing in gloomy solitude and antique magnificence. Its outside walls, and the inside of those around the spacious churchyard, were covered with ancient tombs of costly workmanship, crumbling to decay. Old Mortality might chisel away for ever at these blind records of departed glory, without discovering many of the names defaced by the storms of ten centuries.

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The whole ground was covered with monumental stones of a dark colour, which gave this populous city of the dead a very melancholy and awful appearance. A "bridge of sighs" bestrides the valley to the modern Necropolis on the sylvan slope over against the cathedral. Among numerous white obelisks stands one surmounted with a statue of John Knox the Reformer. Death is robbed of half his sting by sights like these.

On leaving Dublin a beautiful copy of the Lady of the Lake was presented to me by an accomplished lady, with a charge to visit the Highlands. Scott has invested these magic lakes and wild mountain fastnesses, once the haunts of Rob Roy MacGregor, and the ancient Scottish clans, with all the beautiful drapery of poetry. If any one required persuasion to visit classic scenes so full of romantic lore, it was not me. Early in the morning of a lovely day in June, I left Glasgow by the steamboat for Dumbarton to the sound of the bagpipe. The banks of the Clyde were adorned with churches, towers, villas and castellated seats of noblemen—Lord Blantyre's castle, the smooth and green acclivities of Dumbuck, the parish church of Gaven, and a hundred fine sights. The Clyde divides Renfrewshire and Dumbartonshire. Far off to the right were the blue Campsie Hills. Green velvet lawns and groves of Scotch fir and ash, made another Elysium of luxury. Even those familiar with these lovely scenes showed enthusiasm, which a stranger must feel in a higher degree. Among the crowd of objects, how can all be noticed? "What is that handsome stone monument?" "That is a monument to Henry Bell, the inventor of steamboats!" "Oho! that will be news to us Americans: we shall be down upon you for setting up that claim. Robert Fulton—" The gentleman did not wait for me to finish, but added, "I believe it was Fulton!" Near Bowling, he showed me the termination of the old Roman wall, where stood an old fort. Many improvements are in progress—

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the Forth and Clyde Canal at Bowling, ten miles from Glasgow, a railway from Bowling to Loch Lomond, and others. Dumbarton, now in sight, is quite a place of activity, especially in shipbuilding. Opposite is Port Glasgow.

There is something worth seeing! That rock towering darkly over the Clyde, is the renowned Dumbarton Castle, and is like a bishop's mitre, from its contour and difficulty of reach. The steamboat passed close alongside, giving me an opportunity to survey this remarkable rock. From its steepness one would think it might stand a long siege; yet it is not large enough to hold a very numerous garrison. This was one of the strongholds of the Britons. Who has not read how Wallace and his indomitable band so gallantly withstood the forces of Edward I.? In the castle is kept the original sword of Wallace, five feet long, exclusive of nine inches broken off! A Scotch soldier told me it required his main strength with both hands to wield it over his shoulder. Tradition says Bruce was as big as two common men, and Wallace was as big as two Bruces! This sounds very much like tradition; still we can easily believe "there were giants in those days," with due allowance for Scotch mist, through which objects look large.

From Dumbarton to Loch Lomond it is six miles. Like all the British roads, this is as smooth and hard as M'Adam's best. An outside seat afforded a fine view of the glorious scenery; and I caught an occasional glimpse of Ben Lomond, towering like a pyramid 4000 feet into the clouds! At Balloch is a chain bridge, where the crystal Loch Leven mingles with Loch Lomond. Here the steamboat Water-Witch took possession of us; and pushing off with poles out of shoal water, in a few minutes we were on Loch Lomond! It is so clear that the bottom can be seen to a great depth. I was launched into a new world of supernatural beauty! Sometimes emotions that cannot be described may be imagined; but not so with mine. The enthusiasm of the whole party

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was up while gazing at the different points of sublimity and beauty. Along the lake are many splendid seats and modern castles. Yonder is Buturich Castle in ruins; and near the site of the ancient Balloch Castle, once the stronghold of the powerful Lennox family, stands a modern castle on the sloping margin of the lake. At Lennox Castle, the ancient seat of the Earls of Lennox, resided Isabel, Duchess of Albany, after the death of her husband the Duke of Albany, and her two sons and father, who were executed after the restoration of James I. in 1424. Here I saw Smollett's Castle, not less refreshing to sight than the memory of the world-renowned Tobias Smollett. Loch Lomond, "the pride of Scottish lakes," contains about thirty islands, large and small. Inch Murrin, the largest, is beautifully wooded, and is used as a deer-park by the Duke of Montrose. From the little island called Clar-Inch, the Buchanan clan took their slogan or war-cry. Inch Cailliach, the Isle of Women, was the site of an ancient nunnery. Inch Lonaig is another deer-park. Near Inch Tavagnah are the mouldering ruins of Galbraith Castle. Many of the isles seemed like celestial bowers forsaken by the occupants. Loch Lomond, "the lake full of islands," is twenty-five miles long, its greatest width five, from which it dwindles to a narrow, prolonged strip. At its greatest depth of a hundred fathoms, it never freezes. Let Scott in Rob Roy describe—"This noble lake, boasting innumerable beautiful islands of every varying form and outline which fancy can frame, its northern extremity narrowing until it is lost among dusky and retreating mountains, while, gradually widening as it extends to the southward, it spreads its base around the indentures and promontories of a fair and fertile land, affords one of the most surprising, beautiful and sublime spectacles in nature." From the top of the distant hills you can see Loch Lomond like a mirror framed in mountains; while every cloud and rugged mountain peak frowning above the margin, is reflected on its glassy bosom.

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The steamboat runs the whole length of Loch Lomond; but left a small party at Inversnaid. We paid a tribute of threepence to the lord of the soil, His Grace the Duke of Montrose, for the privilege of stepping upon his grounds. The price demanded for conveyance over the mountains to Loch Katrine was six shillings—a dollar and a half. They told us the distance was seven miles, and the road very hilly and rugged. "Then I will use my own private carriage!" said I. "But you will be too late for the boat," replied the passengers. This I feared. But it was a rule with me not to submit to extortion when I could help it; and I chose to walk for other reasons, when I could bear fatigue; and to be candid, my sovereigns were rapidly thinning off. When I had reached the top of the hill half a mile long, and of weary ascent, I walked on briskly over the mountain a couple of miles. Here the carriage overtook me, but passed swiftly by. A little discouraged, and very faint, I stopped at a Highland cottage near the roadside, as much to see something of Highland life as to get a little refreshment. The romantic novelty of my lonely situation buoyed up my sinking spirit to a pitch of delight. Ah! I cannot trust myself to spread out those speechless thoughts! The simple-hearted inmates of this humble straw-thatched cottage could not understand my object for some time. All I could get was "dinna ken." Finally, pointing to a cheese on the shelf, the gude wife smiled and cut me a piece, and also gave me some oatmeal cake. When I pointed to a churn of buttermilk, she gave me what I wanted, and offered me some whey, declining any pay whatever; and I gave a trifle to her child. I was deeply affected by her free-heartedness, and inwardly prayed that the good GOD would send her something better than I had to give. Since that time, I have often thought of the strong contrast between many a proud and stingy soul entitled "His Grace," and

"The short but simple annals of the poor."

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An intelligent "Highland laddie" of fourteen, on a visit to his parents somewhere on the mountains, had been my company, but to my regret, left me here; and I sat down by the rugged wayside, gazing upon the wild, jagged mountains of Dumbartonshire, Sterlingshire and Perthshire, rising all around me in gloomy majesty, with Ben Lomond 4000 feet high! Not a tree or hardly a bush could be seen for many miles; and little grass but heather, or any other green thing except Scotch furze, which keeps close to the ground, and bears very pretty bright yellow flowers. The storms of ages had worn numerous deep ravines in the barren mountain sides; and during the rains, the milk-white torrents rushed into the lake below with a dreadful roar. Here I am in the Highlands of Scotland, exploring Rob Roy's mountains all alone! O the thought is sublime! On inquiring of the only person I met how far it was to Loch Katrine—"Only about a mile," said he, to my agreeable surprise: and that mile was performed with Gilpin-like speed, for the steamboat was in sight, and the next moment the azure waters of Loch Katrine burst on my delighted view. You would have laughed as much to see me run down the mountain, as I did at the gentlemen who said I would be too late for the boat. I had a good laugh at them. We all laughed—and it did us good. They were gentlemen from the continent travelling for pleasure, and money appeared to be no object with them.

Our fairy steamboat Rob Roy, only about forty feet long and ten wide, wafted us slowly through the whole serpentine length of Loch Katrine, some ten miles. The ancient renown of Scotland, the magic loveliness of the lake scenery itself, and the great enchanter who gave the Lady of the Lake and the region she inhabited almost celestial beauty, all created a thrill of pleasure such as I would exchange for few earthly delights. From the window of the boat I dipped and drank the crystal water, and filled a small bottle which I drank the crystal water, and filled a small bottle which I brought to America. Like our Lake George, it is so pure

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that a very deep bottom can be seen. The ever-varying forms of the verdant hills were embellished with wildwood, and those spots without trees were dotted with clumps of low bushes and yellow furze, while steep crag and sylvan height threw their long grisly forms down into the nether sky, reflected all along the margin of the lake. I asked our captain how he got his little steamboat over the wild mountains to the lake. He replied, "It was brought here in in three pieces!" In 1843 a steamboat was placed on the lake, but the jealous oar-boatmen are supposed to have been the cause of its sudden and mysterious disappearance the very same summer. Nothing was ever heard of it. The captain announced every remarkable locality, as the boat rippled along, the softly dashing paddle-wheels throwing the fleckered waves behind, in gentle response to the monotonous whine and distressful wail of the Scotch bagpipe. Was not this romantic! The captain was what I call a very clever fellow; and his Gaelic enunciation was sufficiently mysterious for this romantic region. He pointed to the pass of Beal-ach-nam-Bo, a magnificent mountain glade overhung with birches, where they used to drive cattle during the rebellion and persecution. The Den of the Goblin is a deep upright gash in Benvenue, surrounded by prodigious crags, oaks, birches, and other wild trees. Near the upper end of the lake there is an isle exactly agreeing with the residence of Douglas, in the Lady of the Lake. Lady Willoughby D'Eresby built a cottage on it a few years since, which was burnt by accident. A number of islets bedeck the lake. Our captain, who was my only source of knowledge, showed me the Isle of Wisdom, where a farmer took refuge during the Highland wars, but while preparing it for his abode, peace was proclaimed. He asked me what I thought was the height of a rock he pointed to on the shore; and when I said twenty-five feet, he put my Yankee guessing into the shade by saying it was two hundred feet!

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But the Lady of the Lake Island, or Ellen's Isle, is the queen of all objects, to which every eye is attracted. There it is, rising out of the water, a little wilderness of sylvan beauty! From an eye measurement it appeared to be some two hundred feet diameter, its highest part about thirty. Opposite the northern shore of the isle is Beal-an-Duine, and in the defile of the great gorge in the mountain, Fitzjames fell and lost his "gallant gray," after he had chased the deer all the way from Callander. Here Ellen received him in her little skiff. I never could have forgiven myself for neglecting to visit Ellen's Isle; so I went ashore here, with the Lady of the Lake in hand—I was near saying by the hand—and read the description written in the midst of the very scene itself:

From underneath an aged oak,
That slanted from the islet rock,
A damsel guider of the way,
A little skiff shot from the bay,
That round the promontory steep
Led its deep line in graceful sweep,
Eddying, in almost viewless wave,
The weeping-willow twig to lave,
And kiss, with whispering sound and slow,
The beach of pebbles bright as snow.
The boat had touched this silver strand
Just as the hunter left his stand,
And stood concealed amid the brake,
To view the Lady of the Lake.
The maiden paused as if again
She thought to catch the distant strain,
With head up-raised and look intent,
And eye and ear attentive bent,
And locks flung back and lips apart,
Like monument of Grecian art,
In listening mood she seemed to stand,
The guardian Naiad of the strand.

Desirous of some memento of the island, I pushed my way vigorously through the thick bushes and thrifty birch saplings on the rugged hillside; and though I found one to my mind, my hands and face were like the cover of a school-boy's book, handsomely illustrated with cuts.

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Night coming on, and being far from any house, it was with great regret that I thought best not to go through the Trosachs, though now close upon this wild romantic pass of rocks; and I had to be content with Scott's striking picture in the Lady of the Lake. Near Callander Fitzjames had his furious combat with Roderick Dhu. In this vicinity are many ancient battle-fields. Indeed, one can hardly travel a mile in Scotland without stepping on a spot where some warrior was slain. Here the Scots fought bravely for their independence. Near Cambus-Kenneth Abbey, on a bridge, a dreadful battle was fought between Sir William Wallace and Edward I. Cressingham was slain; and was so detested by the Scots that they made saddle-girths of his skin, and Wallace had a sword-belt of the same inhuman material. In the village of Doune, nine miles from Sterling, is an old fortress, garrisoned by Prince Charles. Among the prisoners confined there, was Home, author of the tragedy of Douglas. A mile from the famous Stirling Castle, was fought, on Sunday, the 23d of June, 1313, the great battle of Bannockburn, the Marathon of the North, between the English army of 100,000—including 40,000 cavalry and 3000 in complete armour—under Edward II., and the Scots of 30,000 under Robert Bruce, when the English were defeated with the loss of 30,000. In this dreadful battle there were slain on both sides 27 barons, 200 knights, 7000 squires, and 30,000 of inferior rank.

But let us turn to something lovelier. One does not visit Loch Katrine every day. On our return, let Scott depicture the scenery:

> One burnished sheet of living gold,
> Loch Katrine lay before him rolled,
> In all her length far winding lay,
> With promontory, creek and bay,
> And islands that empurpled bright,
> Floated amid the livelier light,
> And mountains, that like giants stand,
> To sentinel enchanted land.

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High on the south, huge Benvenue
Down to the lake in masses threw
Crags, knolls, and mounds, confusedly hurled,
The fragments of an earlier world.

On our return over the lake, the sun was sinking behind the mountains, and everything looked lovelier than ever. "In sailing along you discover many arms of the lake—here a bold headland, where the black rocks dip in unfathomable water—there the white sand in the bottom of the bay, bleached for ages by the waves. In walking on the north side, the road is sometimes cut through the face of the solid rock, which rises upwards of two hundred feet perpendicular above the lake, which, before the road was cut, had to be mounted by a kind of natural ladder. Every rock has its echo, and every grove is vocal with the harmony of birds, or by the airs of women and children gathering nuts in their season. Down the side of the opposite mountain, after a shower of rain, flow a hundred white streams, which rush with incredible noise and velocity into the lake. On one side, the water-eagle sits in majesty undisturbed on his well-known rock, in sight of his nest on the top of Benvenue; the heron stalks among the reeds in search of his prey, and the sportive ducks gambol in the waters or dive below. On the other the wild goats climb where they have scarce room for the soles of their feet, and the wild-birds, perched on exalted trees and pinnacles, look down with composed indifference on man. The scene is closed by a west view of the lake, its sides being lined with clumps of wood and ample fields, the smoke rising in spiral columns through the air from farm-houses concealed by intervening woods; and the prospect is bounded by the towering Alps of Arrochar." This was the scene of Scott's spirit-stirring "Hail to the Chief," sung by the retainers of Roderick Dhu, while rowing down the lake.

It was nearly night when our boat reached the west end of Loch Katrine. From the mean appearance of the tavern there, I determined to push on over the mountains, and run

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the risk of getting something like a decent sleeping-place. The small lake Arklet, in the bosom of the mountains, forms a stream that runs several miles, and tumbles down the steep crags into Loch Lomond. In one of the smoky huts between the mountains may be seen a Spanish musket six feet and a half long, which belonged to Rob Roy, whose residence was in this lone vale; and hard by is the birth-place of Helen McGregor, Rob Roy's wife. Not wishing to proceed any further that night on account of the rain, I stopped again at the Highland cottage; but all my efforts to explain why I wanted to stay over night were useless: "Ye'll be better off at Balloch," was the woman's uniform reply. All this was the more mysterious, as I offered to pay for sleeping on the floor, and had been so well treated there before. "Ye'll be better off at Balloch!" How was I to get to Balloch, thirty miles off, when there was no steamboat till next day? As I had not the gift of second sight, these Highland mysteries must remain shrouded in Caledonia mist for awhile. Well, I must go on in the rain, and try some other place; but began seriously to think

"The heath this night must be my bed!"

At a small house some distance from the road I was kindly received, where I got some refreshment and rested. I told them I was a stranger from the United States in ill health, and offered pay to stay over night. The farmer said I could lodge there with great pleasure, if they were not strictly forbidden "to entertain strangers" by the Duke of Montrose, who owned nearly all Sterlingshire; adding, that his tenants were only servants. The "Highland mystery" at the other house was now all unravelled. Try again—there's nothing like trying. On the way I passed the ruins of an old fortress built to overawe the MacGregor clan. I reached Inversnaid hotel in the evening, well drenched, and had much pleasant conversation with the landlord, who was quite entertained

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with my romantic stories, and remarks about America. From the window of my princely lodging-room, the view was enchanting. A steep mountain close in the rear of the house was covered with green wild trees, through which a winding path led to the top. A foaming cataract, formed by the stream that wanders along the mountains for three miles, rushes down a steep ravine among rugged, shelving rocks and mountain wildwoods into Loch Lomond, the pebbly beach of whose blue expanse is within biscuit throw below the house. The strange things I had seen through the day kept me awake till a very late hour, though greatly fatigued. The soothing murmur of this romantic waterfall during the intervals of sleep, was not less charming than the picturesque beauty of the surrounding scenery.

Next morning, after a capital breakfast, what was the charge for this princely entertainment? Nothing! The Messrs. Blair surprised me by refusing anything whatever; and the mystery was increased by the captain of the Loch Lomond steamboat, who said he had been in America, and that I should go to Balloch "Scot free!" Inversnaid Mill was the scene of Wordsworth's "Highland Girl."

On my way back to Glasgow, I was struck with admiration at the sublimity of the overhanging mountains along the shore, near the glen of Inveruglas, and a milk-white torrent descending a mountain for miles.

I would not give those two glorious days in the Highlands for a hundred fashionable trips to Saratoga. How many squander as much cash in a year or two for senseless things, as would pay for a trip over the ocean! For five or six hundred dollars, with due regard to economy, they might see nearly every capital in Europe! This is said advisedly, and from data as sure as experience. It is needless to enlarge on the advantages of foreign travel. One may spend many months abroad, admire ten thousand things, and after all, come back American. Yes, the thing is possible!

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Paisley, seven miles from Glasgow, is noted for its manufacture of shawls. I took a seat in the railway one afternoon, and for a sixpence was whistled over the track in fifteen minutes. Wind and steam, though propelling in different directions, seemed to conspire which could do most mischief in a given time; for while a gentleman was standing in the car, the wind spitefully twitched off his hat, and before he could turn, like Gilpin's wig, it was a mile off "upon the road," in gay company with gloves, handkerchief, letters and documents. My letter of introduction, with some documents from my friend Mr. P. K. Kilbourn, of Litchfield, Con. to Lord Kilburn, Earl of Glasgow, were more fortunate in reaching their destination. So then you had a letter to a Scottish lord, had you? Yes, I had! I have as good a right to boast of it as other travellers! His Lordship is President Judge of the Scotland Court of Sessions, and in addition to his large income, has the round fat salary of £4,500 a year, equal to that of the President of the United States. His castle called Halkead, near Paisley, is in a secluded spot of luxuriant green, undulating landscape, with here and there a grove on the neighbouring hills. The wayside leading to this attractive scenery was adorned all along with roses, whose fragrant scent was inspiring. The butler of the castle received me politely, but I was not in luck this time, for Lord Kilburn had gone to Glasgow, where the documents were left for him. It was not from a vain ambition to get acquainted with a British lord, but the loss of an opportunity to see society in its widely different aspects, that caused a momentary disappointment at his absence.

While waiting for the railway, I took a survey of Paisley, an old, close-packed town of 6000, with dirty, up-hill-and-down streets, leading in all directions. The Abbey Church is the most prominent object. Its manufactures of gauze, silk and cotton shawls, plaids, Canton crape, Persian velvet, and the like, are famous the world over.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Linlithgow—Falkirk—Edinburgh and Leith.

> Stranger, if e'er thine ardent step hath traced
> The northern realms of ancient Caledon,
> Where the proud queen of wilderness hath placed
> By lake and cataract her lonely throne,
> Sublime but sad delight thy soul hath known.
>
> *Lord of the Isles.*

"HAVE you seen Edinburgh? It throws all you have seen into the shade!" This remark was made to me by George Catlin, the celebrated painter, to whom I had a letter of introduction, and who has an Indian Gallery at Waterloo Place, London. On entering Reid & Murray's, Glasgow, I saw with some surprise, his name on the office window. How very strange! If I had not seen him here, I should not have found him at all, for he was not in London on my arrival there, and his acquaintance was of great value to me. Mr. C. was agent for a British Land Company, and was delivering able and popular lectures on emigration to Texas, illustrating his lectures by large transparent paintings of American scenery.

The distance by railway from Glasgow to Edinburgh is forty-six miles, through several tunnels—one of them a mile. The country is more uneven than England, but under high cultivation, and reminded me of Connecticut. Here and there was a mountain forest or grove of Scotch firs. No gray spectres, witches, or Brown Man of the Moor, appeared on any of the wild, barren moors through which we passed—possibly because daylight lingered—more likely because there were none! Imagination will dwell on things we have read about in youth, even though we know them to be "wild natives of the brain;" especially when evoked in passing

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through this region of witches and goblins, and places of historic or legendary renown. At Kylsyth a great battle was fought between the Covenanters and Montrose in 1645. At Falkirk-muir, Wallace's friend Sir Charles Graham and Sir John Stewart fell in the battle with the forces of Edward I. in 1292; where also the Highlanders were victorious in a battle with the royal army. Near this is an old Roman wall. Linlithgow palace, on the margin of an enchanting little lake near the railway, is now a beautiful ruin. Here Queen Mary was born, and Edward I. wintered. In the church, tradition says James IV. saw an apparition warning him of his fall in the battle of Flodden-Field. Leaving Pentland Hills on the right, we reach Corstorphine Hill, a romantic spot covered with trees and villas, in sight of Edinburgh. Glorious sight! The striking impression made by a distant view of Edinburgh Castle, and Arthur's seat rising out of the plain like a pyramid of Egypt, is like some prominent event in our life. Even now their bold outline is before me, like the vivid after-thoughts of the same reality.

Our smoke-horse darted like lightning over moor and vale, and instead of ascending or turning round a mountain, shot right through like a mad bull, in disdain of all small obstacles, resting himself after a two hours' race, at his station in Princes street, near the George the Fourth Bridge.

Standing on Princes street, the eye takes a sweep its whole length of stately mansions, the opposite side beautified with parks and pillared porticos. Here is a pointed Gothic tower with turret and pinnacle, two hundred feet high, with a statue inside in a sitting posture. It is SCOTT! As I stood before the stately pile, rising in rich, artistic beauty, the Royal Institution in full view, bearing no mean resemblance to the Parthenon, above which stood Edinburgh Castle like another Acropolis, it seemed as if a new Athens were indeed before me. Here was no god made with hands it is true; but a presiding genius of nobler value, shrined in a monument

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like his own productions, beautiful, chaste, and substantial, wrought to the finest grace from the rude material of the quarry. Calton Hill, a lofty summit in the city, is covered with splendid monuments, Nelson's being the climax. In the direction of Holyrood Palace, beyond old Edinburgh, rises Arthur's Seat, majestic as a volcano. Turning, you have a full view of the old city, on a steep acclivity, gradually ascending to the top of the castle, a solid rock four hundred feet above the valley! The old town is "a city set on a hill;" and at night the multitude of street lamps and illuminated windows of houses fourteen stories high, unobstructed by intermediate objects, present a scene of astonishing splendour! From my lodgings in South St. Andrew street, I had a full view of Scott's Monument, the old city, and the castle.

An incredible number of large cannon overlook the batteries of the castle. On the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo they were fired one after another, and it seemed as if their number was legion. It was sublime and spirit-stirring to see ever and anon a blue cloud of smoke roll out from the battlements to foretell the forthcoming thunder that shook the castle and the whole city of Edinburgh.

There are a number of stone bridges, or dry arches, over the valley between old and new Edinburgh. Mr. Catlin and myself were standing on the North Bridge overlooking High street and the Canongate, philosophizing on Time's changes. "You see," said he, "this long, dingy-looking street below. Here the kings and queens, nobles and noblesse, lived in the splendours of olden time. Up and down these narrow streets, where a decent mechanic would now refuse to live, their processions marched." The streets of old Edinburgh are occupied by a queer population—pedlers, dealers in old wares, hucksters and auctioneers, Gentiles and Scotch Jews, all mixed up in one heterogeneous mass; in fair weather assembled in noisy squads in the middle of the streets, in picturesque disorder, giving the town the appearance of a

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holiday. The denizens of these old-fashioned precincts are remarkable for longevity, some attaining one hundred and twenty, and even a hundred and fifty years! Divers of them have never visited the new city in all their lives, though only quarter of a mile off; and not a few are unacquainted with English, being Highlanders by birth. All this seems strange enough. The most squalid abodes are the narrow lanes or closes, of very steep and laborious ascent. There would seem to be as little commerce between the two communities as the Jews had with the Samaritans of old. Nothing can exceed the contrast between old and new Edinburgh, which has sprung up within the last thirty years—luxury and refinement, meanness and poverty, in strange juxta-position and close proximity. The streets are generally laid out in right angles, but are very hilly. I perambulated this odd-looking vicinage with all the interest of a gaping down-easter entering New-York for the first time. Many of the houses are from eleven to fourteen stories high. I went through West Bow, Harrowgate, Cowgate, the Grassmarket, where criminals or the victims of popular fury were executed, all associated with the strange events of Scottish history. I could fancy the stout figure of Cromwell moving about the streets with dangling sword, brigand hat, and fire-bucket boots, and a retinue of fierce soldiers trailing at his heels. In passing down High street I saw an old building at the head of Netherbow, and knew from the prints I had seen in the shops that it was John Knox's house. The corner had been lately repaired with wood, and painted to correspond with the dark-coloured stone. From a pulpit on the outer wall of the second story he denounced Mary Queen of Scots as she passed along High street to mass. Besides many other remarkable localities, I strolled through Canongate, but can only chronicle the name—Scott has given the Chronicles of the Canongate. The site of the old Tolbooth is called by some The Heart of Mid-Lothian. I entered several old churches, among

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them the famous St. Giles cathedral, with a tower in the shape of a crown, surmounted by a spire. In its cemetery John Knox is interred. In Greyfriars churchyard are the remains of George Buchanan, Dr. Blair, Dr. Robertson the historian, Allan Ramsay the poet, whose house near the Edinburgh Castle is yet standing; and the cenotaph of 18,000 martyrs, slain between 1660 and 1668. Victoria Hall is a new and very noble Gothic pile with a splendid spire.

On Sunday, after divine service at St. James', I handed the Rev. J. W. Ferguson a letter from Rev. Mr. B—— of New-York. He forthwith gave me his card, and a cordial invitation to breakfast the next morning, when I was kindly welcomed by all the family. I was introduced to Mr. Bayard Van Rensselaer of Albany, New-York, who had been spending many months in Europe. I had a vivid illustration before me of Scott's description of the hospitality of a Scotch breakfast. We had much conversation about America and its distinguished men; and many inquiries were made by the reverend gentleman concerning the Episcopal Church in our country, he being a minister of the Church of Scotland. I ventured the remark that our liturgy was an improvement on the English; which he kindly admitted. It was pleasing to hear him observe, that the Rev. Mr. Bedell was very highly esteemed in Edinburgh, where he and his lady spent some time in 1848.

After breakfast Mr. Van Rensselaer called for his carriage and invited me to take a seat with him. What could be more opportune in my weak condition? We had a drive through the handsomest parts of the new city and the old, and then drove through the esplanade of the renowned Edinburgh Castle up the long winding slope, to the very top, a solid rock four hundred feet above the valley! A large number of soldiers were paraded in the esplanade, in full Highland dress, tartan plaid and bare legs; a very showy novelty, but not so agreeable to them in winter. The castle resembles a small

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town, with its buildings and paved streets, chapel, armoury, magazine, and what not. We entered Mary Queen of Scots' apartment, much in the same state she left it, furniture and all. Here was an original portrait of James I. of England and VI. of Scotland, who was born in this room, and according to my lady cicerone, was lowered out of this window three hundred feet below! "A piece of Queen Mary's thorn tree from Loch Leven Castle, 1849," is looked upon as a curiosity. In that castle she was a prisoner. On the wall in a frame is her prayer, painted in old English, a printed copy of which the keeper gave me:

Lord Jesu Chryst that Cromuit mas mith Charnise
Preserue thy Birth quhois Bodgie heir is borne.
And send Bir Sonee Surressione to Reigne still
Long in this Realme. if that it be Thy will
Als Grant O Lord quhat euer of Bir proseed
Be to thy Glorie Honer and Prais subeid.

Year 1566—Birth of King James—Month 19 Junii.

With sacrilegious familiarity I took a seat on her chair of state. It was quite a republican-looking chair, with a broad straight back. Here a lady may imagine herself a queen, and then—thank Heaven she is not. Entering our names on the visiters' book, we dropped into Queen Margaret's private chapel, which the conductor said was the first church ever built in Scotland. This small, gloomy, oblong cell, with windows a foot wide on one side, seemed a fit place to do penance in. It has a confessional, and the altar vessels were kept in a small hole in the wall. It was for ages used as a powder-magazine. This was no place for me to enjoy the pleasures of imagination—there is too much reality in gunpowder. Who knows but there may be a blow-up? Fancy is often stronger than reason; and so I wished myself somewhere else; when happily I was assured there was none

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in it! The armoury is a vast museum of war implements—steel cuirasses taken at the battle of Waterloo; horse-pistols taken at the battle of Culloden; swords of Scotch Greys, used in the battle of Waterloo; a prodigious swivel-gun; cuirasses used in Wallace's time; coat of mail worn by one of the Douglases; carbines, pistols, shields, Highland swords, Lochabar axes, Rob Roy's real dirk, and ten thousand such antiquities, that not only call up historic associations, but are enough to create an unwritten history.

Conspicuous among the numerous huge, deep-mouthed cannon that scowl from their dreadful post of observation, is Mons Meg, made at Mons in Flanders in 1480. Some call it Mons, from the maker's name, and his wife Meg. Still another derivation from Meg Merriles in Guy Mannering, would be as good as any, had Scott lived a hundred years sooner. It is eighteen feet long, made of iron hoops welded, and carries a ball five feet in circumference, one of which lay beneath. That iron throat once spake in thunder; but ah! it is now troubled with bronchitis, and is never fired. This famous cannon has seen hard times, having been at the siege of Norham, and a long time prisoner in the Tower of London, but was finally restored to Scotland by the influence of Sir Walter Scott.

From the battlements the landscape is far-reaching and splendid, the wide area being sprinkled over with gardens, parks, benevolent institutions, obelisks, the Firth River and Inchkeith Island, the view being bounded by mountains in the smoky distance. Having a curiosity to look into Meg's mouth, I stepped upon the ramparts overlooking the frightful, yawning abyss, but a sentinel did not think it polite to look down her ladyship's throat, and called out—"That's not allowed!" He broke off a piece of the highest rock of the castle to add to my little collection of mementos.

A ticket is required to visit the Crown-Room in the castle, where the Regalia of Scotland are kept. It is a small, arched

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room of solid masonry, and the jewels are inclosed in an iron cage, over which are hung four sepulchral lamps from the arch. The crown, sword, sceptre, and other memorials of the house of Stuart, symbols of the ancient independence of Scotland, are now the types of departed sovereignty. There they lie! That crown which has sat on more than one uneasy head, rests quietly on its crimson velvet couch! Here is a miniature of the Queen of James VI.; a ruby ring studded with diamonds, worn by the ancient kings of Scotland at coronations, and last worn by the unfortunate Charles I.; the order of St. Andrew cut on an onyx set with diamonds, and on the reverse the thistle, which opens by a secret spring, and reveals a beautiful miniature of Anne of Denmark; the golden collar of the garter presented by Queen Elizabeth to James VI. with its appendage, the George. The tiara, or bonnet, worn under the crown, was anciently purple, afterward crimson velvet, turned up with ermine. The sword of state is five feet long, including the handle of fifteen inches, and is of extremely rich and fanciful workmanship. The sceptre is a beautiful, slender, golden rod, with a native stone like crystal at the end, about the size of an egg. "Take away these baubles!" Cromwell would say. Baubles they are, irrespective of the great events of ancient days, of which they are a kind of index. Who that knows anything of the philosophy of the mind, but knows how the sight of such mementos will quicken historical researches, and invest everything with lifelike reality? So it is with me at any rate. Why, what was Cromwell himself but a bauble, that like the kings and other great playthings of mankind, have been laid on the shelf, that other generations may take an occasional glance at them, and see how they once looked?

These crown jewels were deposited in a square tower in the castle in 1707, and from being for ages concealed, were supposed to be stolen or destroyed; but were lately discovered in a large oaken chest now in the Crown-Room.

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We next drove to Holyrood Palace, and were conducted through Queen Mary's dining-room, drawing-room, dressing-room, and bedroom. The furniture is just as she left it three hundred years ago. "This," said the lady guide, "is the double chair on which Queen Mary and Darnley sat—these are her chairs, covered with her own needlework—that is her original looking-glass—that is Darnley's gauntlet." On an oblong piece of black marble, called an altar-piece, just large enough to stand on, Mary was crowned. The enchantress of the palace pointed to portraits of Charles II., the Duke of Hamilton, Philip King of Spain, and James II., the last one being especially remarkable for its savage ugliness, with large gray eyes, lantern-jaws, and red hair. Well, it was not his fault if he was not an Adonis—"handsome is, is handsome does;" but if his good deeds were equal to his good looks, who can wonder at the frequent convulsions into which the body politic and ecclesiastic were thrown, and the tumults, up-turnings, overturnings and blow-ups in those days? I gazed with a deep feeling of sorrow at Queen Mary's portrait on the wall, in the dress in which she was executed. No one rebuked me for taking a seat with democratic familiarity in her chair of state. Here are her work-table, work-box, baby-basket, a portrait of Jane Shore, and of herself before marriage, and in the fire-place is her original grate and fender.

Her bedroom is by far the most interesting, from the bloody tragedy acted in it, and its antique appearance. The compartments of the ceiling are diamond and hexagon, with four sceptres pointing in opposite directions in every other space, and circles in the alternate spaces, with J. R. and M. R. ornamented with St. Andrew's cross, St. George's cross, the portcullis, harp, rose, and crests of Scotland and England. The walls are decorated with a large tapestry picture representing the mythological story of Phaëthon and his sisters. Like the bed of Charles II. that of Queen Mary has long,

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slender, fluted mahogany posts a dozen feet high, canopied in regal state, its damask curtains and drapery faded and torn.

If these dingy old walls could speak, what heart-burnings, jealous intrigues, and conspiracies would be revealed! Why, it was in this very room, on the very spot where I stand, that David Rizzio was murdered on the 9th March, 1566, as I find the details in Scottish history. The conspirators came up through that dark passage in the corner of the room, leading to the secret stairs, while he was at supper with the Queen Mary, the Countess of Argyle, and one or two others, in a small closet adjoining her bedroom. To insure the perpetration of the murder, the chancellor of the kingdom, whose duty was to enforce the law, kept the outer doors of the palace with a guard of one hundred and sixty soldiers. Darnley entered suddenly, without saluting any of the company, and gazed at Rizzio with a sullen, vindictive look. Then followed Ruthven, pale and ghastly, having risen from a bed of sickness, to be chief actor in this horrid tragedy. Others appeared behind. Ruthven bade Rizzio come forth from a place he was unworthy to hold. The miserable Italian clung to the skirts of the queen's gown, imploring her help. Mary was soon forced by the king (Darnley) from his hold. One Douglas, a bastard, snatched the king's own dagger from his side, and gave Rizzio a blow. He was then dragged into the outer apartment and stabbed with fifty-six wounds, and set up against the wall, where the poor fellow bled to death! Mine were feelings of awful interest—three hundred years were but as yesterday—I was an eye-witness to dark deeds of other days! Poor David Rizzio! The queen had exhausted herself in prayers and entreaties for the wretched man's life; but when she knew that he was dead, she said, "I will now dry my tears and study revenge."

This Darnley was decidedly a bad fellow. After all his villanies, he was well paid up. One night the whole town of Edinburgh was startled by a tremendous explosion of

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gunpowder, which blew him and the house, Kirk-of-Fields, sky-high. This plot was attributed by Queen Elizabeth to the Queen of Scots, but was doubtless the work of Bothwell. The fingers of Time have been busy at the joints of the floor, which are decayed to the width of half an inch. Some may doubt whether stains of blood can be seen; but after the severest scrutiny of touch and sight, I felt less difficulty in belief than doubt. The floor in this locality is darkish and begrimmed. There is an amusing story in Scott's Chronicles of the Canongate, about a cockney attempting to wash out these blood-stains with a "detergent elixir."

As I pass from room to room, the furniture, tapestry and pictures on the walls flit by like the ghosts of departed glory. Vain end of royal ambition! The proud Stuarts have been low in the dust for centuries; and their palace halls are now traversed by republican strangers: and even their chambers of most sacred privacy are invaded and open to our prying curiosity. How does every word of the poet fit in its place!

> "The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
> And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
> Await alike th' inevitable hour,
> The paths of glory lead but to the grave!"

Holyrood has lately become a royal residence, splendid apartments having been fitted out for Victoria.

Holyrood Abbey, adjoining the palace, is in ruins. It was founded by David I. in 1128, to commemorate his escape in a neighbouring forest, was plundered in 1332 by the army of Edward III., burnt in 1335 by the army of Richard II., demolished in 1544 by the Earl of Hertford, and in 1668 the roof fell in. Cromwell seems to have given it the finishing touch, there being many breaches in the walls made by his cannon. Nothing now remains but the nave and walls, which are in a state of progressive decay, the roof being entirely gone. Here were entombed David II., James V. and his queen, and some of his successors, Queen Magdalen, Lord

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Darnley, and other nobles. Many of the tombs were violated by the mob between 1776 and 1779, and several large bones were exhibited, supposed to be those of Darnley. The adjoining buildings now prevent ingress to the graveyard.

On Calton Hill are many magnificent monuments—to Burns, Playfair, Dugald Stewart, and others. I ascended the Nelson Monument, a very imposing obelisk a hundred feet high, which with the hill, makes the surprising altitude of five hundred feet from the level of the sea. The glorious prospect from this lofty eminence is said to rival even the Bay of Naples. The National Monument to those who fell in the battle of Waterloo, is the prototype of the Athenian Parthenon—a design as noble in its proportions as the object of its erection. For want of funds it remains unfinished, its white marble columns and architrave resembling at a distance a splendid ruin.

Leith is the port of Edinburgh, a mile and a half distant. The Frith of Forth was the home of my ancestors. None of their American descendants but me, that I know of, ever crossed the dark waters to the Old World. Leith Walk is a fine broad avenue of stores and dwellings connecting the two places. No vestige remains of the pier at which the Queen of Scots landed, on her arrival at Leith from France, in 1561. The wild waves of the German Ocean were lashing the beach, and the bare legs of women and children. A wandering walk of some miles along hedged lanes brought me to the famous Salisbury Crags and Arthur's Seat. It was a pilgrim's progress up the long, steep ascent of the hill Difficulty. A new path called "the radical road," winds around the mountain, but like some oblique roads I feared it would not conduct to the summit of hope; and so took "the old path," planting my feet firmly in the stairs cut in the hill. From this glorious, solitary summit may be seen the harbour of Leith and Newhaven, the shores of Fife, the Frith of Forth gradually expanding into the German Ocean, forming

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a rich, mellow picture, bedimmed in bluish haze. Southward are the Pentland, Ochil, Grampian, and Lammermoor Hills, and Melville Castle, just peeping above embowering woods on the Delectable Mountains! The magician of the mountain, in his Heart of Mid-Lothian, has given imperishable beauty to every point of the scenery—the ruins of St. Anthony the Eremite's Chapel on the north side of the hill, and the spot where Jeanie Deans met the ruffian. From this dizzy height I can see "the huge city black with the smoke of ages, and groaning with the various sounds of active industry or idle revel," while silence, gloomy and impressive, hovers on the surrounding hills and the lofty Salisbury Crags. The romantic grandeur of the picture can be painted by none so well as Scott. "If I were to choose a spot from which the rising or setting sun could be seen to the greatest possible advantage, it would be that wild path winding around the foot of the high belt of semicircular rocks, called Salisbury Crags, and marking the verge of the steep descent which slopes down into the glen on the south-eastern side of the city of Edinburgh." The path around the base of the cliffs presents an ever-varying phase of hills, vales, rocks, islands, distant shores, and mountains. "When a piece of scenery so beautiful yet so varied—so exciting by its intricacy, and yet so sublime—is lighted up by the tints of morning or of evening, and displays all that variety of shadowy depth, exchanged with partial brilliancy, which gives character to the tamest landscapes, the effect approaches near to enchantment." While gazing at this bewildering scenery, I fell asleep from fatigue in the cleft of the topmost rock, where I must have lost my "roll," or wayside notes of Edinburgh; but had the satisfaction of knowing they were of no use to anybody but the owner; though I have been obliged to draw from memory, upon which, however, the wonders of three days in Edinburgh are too deeply engraved to be soon obliterated.

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CHAPTER IX.

Melrose—Abbotsford—Denholm—Kelso.

O bear me then to vast embowering shades,
To twilight groves, and visionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the solemn dusk
Tremendous sweep, or seem to sweep along;
And voices more than human through the void
Deep-sounding, sieze th' enthusiastic ear!

Thomson.

The skies of Scotia are not brighter, nor, if we except the Highlands, the landscape is not more more romantic than my native land; yet there is a kind of witchery in everything around, a spell in the very air, that makes us feel that this is enchanted land. Scott and Burns have given its historic and legendary tales immortality as enduring as their names.

The number of old ruins in Britain is perfectly surprising. They were objects of thrilling wonder to me, fraught with pleasing instruction, like the gravestones we read while lingering about the precincts of some lone village churchyard. These old castles, palaces and abbeys are history illustrated. It would be a low motive indeed to traverse the globe over just to say we have seen such and such things; yet we may moralize too much as well as too little; and he who sees no high teaching in all these things, for every truly useful purpose might as well stay at home.

The contemplation of these wrecks of human ambition will be congenial to many minds. Often and again I have been borne in imagination over the ocean to these ancient realms, and travelled my journey over and over again. My waking dreams have found me a hundred times wandering among these feudal castles and abbeys, like some ubiquitous

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or disembodied spirit; yet not like those unhappy legendary beings called spectres, whose midnight wanderings were wont to terrify the weak and superstitious.

One drawback on these sublime pleasures was the want of some friend as permanent company, enhancing enjoyment by a union of feeling, sentiment, and intelligence, as the reflex action of the sunbeams that fall among these moss-grown walls increases the pleasing heat.

How mournful the loneliness of these abbeys and castles! There they stand in ruined yet sublime grandeur, like the smile on the face of a dead warrior after a day of victory; the farewell flicker which the lamp of his spirit has left to glimmer through its broken shrine of clay. The moonbeams tremble on their battlements and castellated towers. Where is the living throng that moved among them? There is no voice nor any that answers, but the dreary, dirging wind sighing in sadness through the arches and deserted aisles—Departed!—departed!

But the master-spirits of this generation seem to understand the genius of Christianity and government better. Old things are passing away—all things shall become new. I am on the way to Melrose Abbey by railway! A few years ago, coaches rolled over excellent M'Adam roads that traversed the kingdom in all directions, now superseded by iron roads, and chariots drawn by fiery coursers, smoking along at the furious speed of fifty miles an hour! Sometimes I could hardly get a glimpse of the numerous baronial halls, and other wonders of the way, losing sight of Roslin Castle renowned in history and song, a romantic ruin on the river Esk, nine miles from Edinburgh. On the adjacent moor a decisive battle was fought in 1302, when the Scots defeated three divisions of the English the same day. In Roslin Chapel were buried all the Scottish barons in full armour up to the reign of James VII. On the right we left Hawthornden, the residence of the poet Drummond, who was

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so highly esteemed by "Rare Ben Jonson," that he walked all the way from London to visit him. Near Melrose, in the secluded burying-ground of Lindean, are the ruins of an old church, where the murdered body of the "dark knight of Liddesdale" rested on its way to Melrose. I caught a distant view of Abbotsford, embosomed in sylvan solitude on the bank of the Tweed.

"Melrose!" shouted the officer. Open flew all the railway doors! What!—all the way from Edinburgh in one hour—thirty-six miles! Sentimentalists may feel distaste at the idea of being whistled through a romantic region at this rapid rate; but to me it brought side by side the spirit of our nineteenth century and the chivalric age, giving me a vivid idea of both.

At the George hotel I saw a long list of persons who had made pilgrimages to this enchanted ground. I went immediately to the Abbey, the admiration of the world for ages, and the sexton opened to me the iron gate. I stood before the splendid pile transfixed with utter astonishment at the finest specimen of Gothic architecture and sculpture in the world! "I have heard the fame thereof," said I to the sexton, "but surely the half hath not been told—I never saw or heard of anything half so beautiful!" The sexton looked pleased, and replied, "Ah! you are not the only one who says so." He then pointed to three green mounds in the chancel. A large dark green marble slab embedded with small sea-shells, denotes the grave of King Alexander II. one of the most illustrious ancient Scottish kings. The next is the grave wherein is buried the heart of King Robert Bruce, Douglas having failed to carry it to the Holy Land, the modern Turkeydom. The other was the grave of

"the wondrous Michael Scott,
"A wizard of such dreaded fame."

This Michael, it seems, was a man of muchel learning. Tradition says the Eildon Hills, near Melrose, (the Tremon-

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tium of the Romans,) were anciently one cone, transformed into picturesque peaks resembling three pyramids on the distant plain. This freak is attributed to a certain restless spirit whom Michael was obliged to keep constantly at work. I had to smile at the stupid credulity of mankind, but recollecting Michael's great learning, and that "knowledge is power," gave it up! In the Lay of theLast Minstrel is a long story about him and

> "The words that cleft Eildon Hills in three,
> "And bridled the Tweed with a curb of stone."

In the same Lay, William of Deloraine is guided by the monk of St. Mary's aisle through the cloisters to the grave of Michael the wizard.

The inside of the Abbey is covered with greensward, and around the base of some of the long slender Gothic pillars were piled stone fragments. From the perfect and entire condition of almost every remaining part of the masonry, one might suppose this structure was reared in 1836 instead of 1136. Even the minutest ornaments look as if lately wrought. Outside and in are a countless number of curiously carved conceits aud fanciful emblems, animals, foliage, plants, of the most elaborate design and artistie beautv, scarcely two alike. Under the eaves was a pig with a merry face, playing on a bagpipe. The origin of this droll idea I could not divine—the living animal carried under the arm is no poor resemblance, and as to the music, I shall let amateurs decide which is best—a pig or the Scotch bagpipe.

These ruins verify the ancient magnificence of this celebrated monastery, as the long shadow over the vale indicates some huge mountain. The edifice is in the form of a cross, with a square central tower. The remaining parts are the choir and transept, the west side, part of the north and south walls of the great tower, part of the nave, nearly the whole of the south aisle, and part of the north. The worthy sexton showed me several breaches in the upper walls, which he

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said were made by Oliver Cromwell's cannon. Over the doorway in the west gable is a magnificent window twenty-four feet high, divided by four bars or mullions, which branch out and intertwine at the top in graceful curves. The stone-work looks as perfect as ever. Over it are nine niches, and one on each buttress, which were once filled with figures of Christ and the apostles. Beneath is a statue of John Baptist looking up to the figure of the Saviour. In the south wall of the nave are eight superb windows sixteen feet high, with upright stone mullions and the richest tracery. These windows light eight small chapels, five of which are now roofless. The form of the chancel is half a Greek cross. The foliage of the capitals of the columns is chiselled with such wonderfully exquisite art, that a straw could be thrust through the interstices of the stalks and leaves! Thus the Lay of the Last Minstrel:

> "The moon on the east oriel shone
> Through slender shafts of shapely stone,
> By foliage tracery combined;
> Thou would'st have thought some fairy's hand
> 'Twixt poplars straight the osier wand,
> In many a freakish knot had twined;
> Then formed a spell, when the work was done,
> And changed the willow wreaths to stone!"

The beautifully fretted stone roof over the east end of the nave still remains, springing skyward

> "On pillars lofty, and light, and small;
> The keystone that locked each ribbed aisle
> Was a fleur-de-lys or a quatre-feuille:
> The corbells were carved grotesque and grim,
> And the pillars, with clustered shafts so trim,
> With base and with capital flourish'd around,
> Seemed bundles of lances which garlands had bound."

It was one o'clock in the day when I saw these wonderful ruins. If they were so beautiful by daylight what must they be by "pale moonlight?" Honest Johnny Bower was not there with a tallow candle on a pole, to imitate the moon shining through "the east oriel," as when Irving visited

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Melrose in Scott's time; but his successor was as clever and kind a person as one could wish to meet of a clear sunshiny day in June. Poetry-struck visiters might need a tallow candle on a pole when the moon does not shine; but as for me, I wanted no such appliance: the very sight of the ruins and the thought of the great events of which they are the scene, set my whole soul a-glow with a very different kind of inspiration. The sexton took a deep interest in showing all the wonders. "Don't go yet," he would say: "Now I want to show you the cloisters. You have nothing like this in America. Just look at that bay window! You don't come to Melrose every day—I would like you to see the north aisle." I took Scott from my pocket, and run my eye over the descriptive portions, which have been read and copied ten thousand times; and though it is a great thing to read a poem in the midst of the scene it depicts, I soon found it utterly useless to go on. The poet is remarkable for the graphic power and close delineation of minute objects; yet his is no cold daguerreotype lacking living freshness. How sublime was the idea of standing in Melrose Abbey! No—it was no idea! Beneath was the deep-green grass. Over head was the clear, blue summer sky, save now and then a fleecy cloud flitting swiftly on, reminding me that I must also be gone. Look at the night-scene:

"If thou would'st view fair Melrose aright,
Go visit it by the pale moonlight;
For the gay beams of lightsome day
Gild, but to flout, the ruins gray.
When the broken arches are black in night,
And each shafted oriel glimmers white;
When the cold light's uncertain shower
Streams on the ruined central tower;
When buttress and buttress alternately,
Seem framed of ebon and ivory;
When silver edges the imagery,
And the scrolls that teach thee to live and die;
When distant Tweed is heard to rave,
And the owlet to hoot o'er the dead man's grave,

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Then go—but go alone the while—
Then view St. David's ruined pile;
And home returning, soothly swear,
Was never scene so sad and fair!"

The soul is borne back to distant ages by the sight of this majestic ruin, calling up solemn thought on the mutability of human grandeur.

Abbotsford, on the banks of the classic Tweed, is three miles from Melrose. The road is through a broad, fertile valley, somewhat undulating, bounded by verdant, swelling hills, along the margin of which flows the crystal stream. The entire distance both sides of the way was adorned by hawthorn, whose white and red flowers were yielding up their beautiful reign to wild roses, red and white; so that the whole summer was enlivened with blooming hedges. What on earth could be more lovely? It was a terrestrial heaven of beauty and fragrance! At a place where the road forked off, I chose the most attractive; and though this is not always the safest way of doing things, in this instance I had no doubt it led to the seat of Sir Walter Scott—and so it did! I was all alone, and met no one—a fit situation to enjoy the poetry of silence that reigned around the green vales and gently-sloping, far-off hills, covered with yellow, waving harvests. Now and then the murmurs of the distant Tweed were borne on the light-fluttering breeze, suddenly dying away like the soft whispers of spirit-voices. Did I say I was alone? I was wrong. The amiable author of The Seasons was with me everywhere; yet our social converse was more frequent and enthusiastic as we wandered nearer his own native Ednam in Roxburghshire. When I came in sight of the Tweed, he exclaimed—

"Pure parent stream,
Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed;
And sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook!"

And then there was a long, "expressive silence!" Near yonder woody eminence flows the silver Tweed; and right

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behind are the turrets of Abbotsford. My heart beat with unwonted quickness as I descended the rough pebbly road, the steep bank over which was covered with a little forest of Scotch firs and wildwood trees, through which the wind breathed in reedy sighs. The path sweeps gracefully round the declivity, and brings me directly in front of Abbotsford. The man who can look at it without emotion is no great affair, and is to be pitied. While passing the gateway a tear would start. Whence this strange agitation? I could hardly muster courage to pull the door-bell, though I knew the master of the mansion was not at home. He has gone to Spirit-Land, and will never come back!

The entrance to the hall was a porch in imitation of the Linlithgow palace, and adorned with stag-horns. The walls and roof are panelled of rich carving from the palace of Dumfermline, and hung round with ancient weapons, the cornice being adorned with armorial coats of the Douglases, Maxwells, Scotts, Chisholms, Elliotts, Armstrongs, Kers, and others. A lady in black then conducted me through the armoury, a narrow arched room running across the building, filled with small pieces of armour and weapons in great variety. The drawing-room is a lofty saloon, with antique ebony furniture, splendid carved cabinets and fine pictures. The roof of the dining-room is of richly carved black oak, and contains many beautiful pictures, of which the most striking are, the head of Queen Mary in a charger, after she was beheaded, full length portraits of Lord Essex, Charles II., Claverhouse, Charles XII. of Sweden, Cromwell, and one of Scott's great grandfather, who let his beard grow after the execution of Charles I. In this very room Scott died! The breakfast parlour is small and neat, looking out upon the Tweed below on one side, and the romantic, though rather bald and treeless, hills of Ettrick and Yarrow on the other. The collection of drawings in water-colours in this room from Scottish antiquities, is very inviting. The library is a

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magnificent room, fifty by sixty, with 20,000 volumes. The roof is of carved oak with pendents, grape-clusters, leaves, and tasteful devices, copied from Melrose and Roslin. Here are busts of Shakspeare, Wordsworth, and other worthies, and one of Sir Walter himself by Chantrey. The study is about half as large as the library. Here is his plain arm chair, covered with glossy black leather, and made of beams of the house in which Wallace was betrayed. A light gallery runs round three sides of the room with only one window, giving the place a lonely, sombre look. From his chamber Scott descended into his study without passing through any other room. Among a thousand curious antiquities are, a Roman camp-kettle 2000 years old; a shirt of mail worn by Cromwell when reviewing his troops; a hunting-flask of James I.; Bonaparte's pistols, found in his carriage after the battle of Waterloo; a set of beautifully carved ebony chairs presented by George IV.; and on a porphyry table is a silver vase filled with bones from Piræus, the gift of Lord Byron. "Scott was very proud of these chairs, and this table and vase," said the ladylike guide. "And there is the Tweed where Scott loved to fish." Having expressed a wish to try it myself, she said I could get fishing-gear at the lodge hard by: but I soon found my excitement was too great for this cool sport; for though a numerous fry were darting about in the limpid stream, I fancied the fishes of Scotland were uncommonly shy—I hardly got a nibble.

When Scott purchased this secluded spot thirty years ago, it was wild and unadorned. Abbotsford, with its adjacent grounds, romantic winding walks, and shady bowers, are all the creation of his splendid fancy. A waterfall down a steep neighbouring ravine adds greatly to the romantic effect.

The declining sun admonished me that I was a sojourner, and must hasten back a-foot to Melrose, to take the railway for Kelso at six. I could not bear to think this was an eternal farewell to one of the most atractive spots in the wide world.

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Full of Melrose and Abbotsford, which I had seen that day, and the dancing panorama of the hills that seemed to be "joyful before the Lord," it would not be strange if this fit of abstraction should lead to some mistake. The names of the several railway stations were successively announced, it is true, but with a nasal, drawling, monotonous twang; and so I got punished for not understanding Gaelic, which I never studied till I came to Scotland. One might expect to hear something like an English accent to our language, but not one American in a thousand would identify any of the twenty-six letters as pronounced by the uneducated. Who under heaven would suspect Ke-al-se meant Kelso? On inquiry how far we were from that place, I was petrified with surprise to learn that we had gone off in a tangent upon another road which parts off near St. Boswell's, leaving me at Hassendean, fifteen miles out of my way. Vexation! I blew up the railroad—the company I mean—somebody, anybody, everybody, especially the murderers of the Queen's English. One might suppose Michael Scott possessed me. Where were my trunks? Nobody knew. I refused to quit the carriage without them, not thinking—I had no time to think—that another hour would land me in England, and leave them still farther off in Scotland, somewhere. In any event mine was an anomalous position. What the reader would have done is more than I can say. Possibly he may call it unpardonable carelessness—he would have had much more self-possession. Hardly, if he had just seen Melrose and Abbotsford, the first time too. We are all wise when we know just what to do. O yes—perhaps he would show as much philosophy and cool presence of mind as the Quaker did, who, as the story goes, when crossing the Irish Channel, as he was clinging to the rigging during a raging storm, all hands expecting every moment to go the bottom, called out with laughable coolness—"Friend! should we escape death this time, canst thou inform me when the next packet will

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sail for Liverpool?" "You must get out here!" said the master of ceremonies; and suiting the action to the word, landed me on the platform in a trice. Here I had a plenty of time to get cool, and being fond of natural scenery, had the infinite satisfaction of gazing on a landscape of pristine beauty, yet without a single house within three miles of Hassendean station, and just at sunset too. Off flew the train over the plain, and in a few moments glided out of sight.

"Ah me! abandon'd on the lonesome plain!"

An apology was due Mr. Kirkwood for any undue excitement—his seeming harshness was needful decision; but he, good soul, and gentleman as he was, got me a free passage in a farmer's ox-cart, three miles back to the rural town of Denholm, the birthplace of Dr. John Leyden the poet, and friend of Sir Walter Scott. When we reached the town, all inquiries for lodgement were answered in the same comforting Gaelic—"I dinna ken whar!" In buying anything to eat the question was—"How mickle?" At last my friend of the ox-cart found a family who lodged me handsomely for the night in a small cottage, there being no hotel in the town. I was delighted with the lovely solitude and peerless beauty of the wide-spread landscape, the silver Teviot bending gracefully through the quiet vale around a romantic wood-crowned acclivity, where it turns a grist-mill. O! it was inspiring as the groves of Academus on the banks of Cephissus. One unsightly blot, however, was the mean thatched huts which sordid economy and a villanous taste—or rather, no taste at all—had lately ranged round the open lawn in the centre of the little village: thus spoiling this once beautiful and healthful promenade. Little can be said in praise of Scottish towns; but the morality and industrious habits of the Scotch are above all praise.

Next morning, bright and early, I was on my way back to the railway. While crossing the suspension bridge over the

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Teviot, what should I see but the same ox-team wading the shallow stream, when the kind-hearted driver invited me to take a seat in his rustic accommodation line while "going forth to his labour until the evening;" and a pleasanter jaunting-car need not be desired. The sun was just rising over the green and fertile region of Teviotdale, forming a summer landscape of peaceful beauty, bright, glowing and luxuriant as the happy valley of Rasselas; while a few flying clouds, fleecy white, enlivened the blue sky. Greece and Italy I have not seen, but inwardly asked myself how they could afford finer pictures than Dryburgh and Jedburgh? The driver pointed to Lord Minto's park and mansion, a paradise on a long green slope, beautified with groves; but it was unpleasant to think of such large estates of overgrown wealth being owned by one man. Mr. K. kindly gave me a free ticket to Kelso, and I had no cause to regret this novel adventure after all; for I found one of my trunks at one place, and the other at Kelso. "All's well that ends well."

Denholm is only half a dozen miles from Jedburgh and Dryburgh; but my situation did not admit of more than a few glimpses at Jedburgh and its beautiful woody vales, gardens, orchards, and steep sylvan banks. Its abbey and castle on an eminence are very picturesque. The castle was a favourite residence of the early Scottish kings from David I. to Alexander II. Here Malcolm IV. died. The house where Queen Mary resided during a dangerous illness of several weeks, is still remaining. The south aisle of Jedburgh Abbey was once occupied as a grammar school, where Thomson the poet received the rudiments of his education, after his father removed from Ednam to Southdean on the Jed. It is not generally known that when the poet was at Edinburgh University he was a bursar of the Presbytery of Jedburgh. On the banks of the Jed are many caves dug out of rocks, supposed to be hiding-places in the old wars. About a mile from the castle is an ancient and enormous oak, called

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"the king of the wood," and near the ruin is another equally large, called "the capon tree," both mentioned in Gilpin's Forest Scenery.

Dryburgh Abbey is eminently beautiful, embosomed with trees, and was also founded by David I. in 1150, who seems to have outdone every king before and after him in the number and splendour of his abbeys. In St. Mary's aisle is entombed Sir Walter Scott, who died September, 1832. On an eminence near the Tweed is a circular Temple of the Muses, surmounted by a bust of Thomson. An annual commemoration of his fame was instituted at Ednam, but has long fallen into disuse. Burns wrote the first "Ode to the Shade of Thomson, on crowning his Bust with Bays." On a rugged eminence is a colossal statue of Wallace. Near the junction of the Tweed and Teviot are the fragments of the once powerful Roxburgh Castle. On a commanding eminence opposite is Fleurs Castle, the seat of the Duke of Roxburgh. The spot where James II. was killed by the bursting of a cannon is marked by a holly on the opposite bank.

The environs of Kelso are beautifully painted in Leyden's "Scenes of Infancy:"

> Bosom'd in wood where mighty rivers run,
> Kelso's fair vale expands before the sun,
> Its rising downs in vernal beauty swell,
> And, fring'd with hazel, winds each flowery dell.
> Green spangled plains to dimpling lawns succeed,
> And Tempe rises on the banks of Tweed;
> Blue o'er the river Kelso's shadow flies,
> And copse-clad isles amid the waters rise.

A bridge over the river leads directly into the town. The confluence of the Tweed and Teviot is at Kelso. Its venerable abbey, founded in 1128 by David I. is in Norman Gothic, and was demolished by the English in 1545, leaving part of the walls and central tower. The gloomy fragments look as if ready to tumble down, affording a dreary and majestic picture, throwing its long shadows far back into the Past.

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CHAPTER X.

Ednam, the Birthplace of the Poet Thomson.

A rural church; some scatter'd cottage roofs,
From whose secluded hearths the thin blue smoke
Silently wreathing through the breezeless air,
Ascended, mingling with the summer sky;
A rustic bridge, mossy and weather-stained;
A fairy streamlet singing to itself,
And here and there a venerable tree,
In foliaged beauty: of these elements,
And only these, the simple scene was formed.

Moir.

EDNAM, the birthplace of the poet of The Seasons, is in Roxburghshire, three miles from Kelso. Everybody visits Kelso Abbey, though but few will walk that short distance farther. Devotees have made pilgrimages to the shrines of saints—the Moslem to Mecca, the knight-errant to the Holy Sepulchre; but what pilgrims has the shrine of Genius, where Fashion has not set up her altar? Here and there a straggler, perhaps, like myself, from a far-off land; but thousands, millions, will hold up their hands at a passage from Thomson, when quoted by some fashionable gentleman at an evening party, because now-a-days it is hardly fashionable not to be literary, and yet pass within a mile of his birthplace as carelessly as the very beasts they ride. Heaven save the mark! Fashion seems to regard the obscure town of Ednam as a kind of poetical Nazareth, quite unworthy of attention. I remember having expressed my wonder in a Glasgow bookstore, that Thomson was not more generally known and estimated. The bookseller clinched my remark by adroitly asking—"Have you seen Burns' monument at Ayr?" "No—I regret being obliged to content myself with a picture of it!" "O, you should see it by all means," said

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he. "Yes, but there are a thousand such beautiful things in Britain—it would take a life-time to see the half." But neither he nor any else that I remember, asked if had seen Thomson's, if there is any but the plain one at his birthplace. This indifference is not owing so much to ignorance as a peculiar taste. "Why," continued I, "Thomson is on every one's shelf in America, of the least pretensions to taste; but in Scotland, where he should be honoured the most, there is no warm enthusiasm about him: yet every one kindles at the name of Burns—it is all Burns, Burns, as if there were no other poet in the world—how is this?" The bookseller seemed himself at a loss, observing—"Well, I don't know—Burns wrote for the people; and besides, I believe Thomson spent most of his time in England." "He went there like Goldsmith, when well grown up, for patronage—that would be a capital reason for slighting Goldsmith—does not every Irishman's eye brighten at the sound of his name?" A lady who stood by addressed me, saying, "Excuse me, Sir, but I think the diffusion of the light and frothy literature of the day has produced the effect you speak of." "Thank you, Madam—the truest word ever spoken. I admire the fine genius of Burns, but think his publisher should have suppressed some of his coarsest pieces." "You have spoken my own mind," said the lady. I felt a little proud of being defended by a lady of such fine address. I may add, that Burns was himself an enthusiastic admirer of Thomson.

The road to Ednam is very pleasant, as it gently ascends, with a high wall and hedge on both sides, till it becomes a rather uniform plain. On both sides of the road were elms and tall ashes with long smooth trunks, at some distance apart, relieving the monotony very much, as there were but few other trees. The land was rich and productive, judging from the luxuriant meadows and harvest fields. On the left was the little village of Berrymoss, which I at first mistook for Ednam. The appearanee of the place was much as I

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had imagined—solitary, lonesome, melancholy, and still—I sought no higher characteristics in the birthplace of the Author of The Seasons. Here was no hurry-scurry and din of men, boys, dogs and vehicles. I was alone! Hallowed associations arose at every footstep. The God of Nature has so strung the soul with fine chords that they vibrate in the softest wind. As I drew nearer and nearer to the humble abode where the great poet of Nature and observation first saw the light, "a severe delight" thrilled my whole soul. They were natural and spontaneous feelings, and I could not repress them if I would, and would not if I could.

Stopping at the first house, (there were but two or three on the way,) I inquired of two old women for the house where James Thomson was born, saying I had come all the way from America to see it. They looked at me with interest and surprise, as if I were a spirit from the other world—and they were not wide of the mark—when one of them said—"I dinna ken such a mon!" The other said—"Maybe ye'll be after thinkin' of an auld mon o' the name o' White that writ verses——" With a feeling of chagrin I told her I didn't care a baubee for the aforesaid White, prompting her memory and understanding in every way. It was of no use—it was a dumb oracle. The truth flashed on me that this was the same White that Mr. Howitt speaks of—an old man they told him about who used to make verses under the trees in the churchyard; but nobody could tell him anything more about the poet than they did me. A well dressed man I met afterward astonished me more than ever by asking me if Thomson were "alive yet!" I told him he had been dead just one hundred and two years! My mortification was inexpressible at such ignorance in Scotland. One of the sweetest poets in the world, almost unknown in his own town, where I thought his name was familiar as household words. "Such is fame!" The schoolmaster is not abroad; but if he should be, it is to be hoped the authorities of Ednam

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parish will engage him to "board round." At last I met an intelligent man on the road, with whom I had a few minutes' conversation. He observed, that of the hundreds that came to Kelso the week past, scarce half a dozen condescended to walk a couple of miles farther to Ednam. At a humble thatched cottage by the roadside I obtained a little light. The kind and social inmates had often heard of the poet. In a corner of the damp room lay a young woman quite ill of an ague, to whom I gave such advice as duty and experience prompted. They offered me some excellent milk and oatmeal bread, and I went on my way to the bridge over the Eden, a streamlet called by Burns "Eden's flood," but instead of the rustic wooden bridge, "mossy and weather-stained," that bestrid the brook a few years ago, there is now a good stone one. The little village lies on the banks of this stream. Over the bridge are a few straw-thatched cottages and one or two more respectable dwellings, on the main street which runs at a right angle with the bridge road. I inquired of the tavern-keeper for the house where the poet was born, and was directed to the adjacent school-house. When the schoolmaster opened the door, my ears were greeted with the tumultuous noise of all the children studying their lessons aloud. The sight and the sound of this village school made me feel young again! The master sent me to the manse, a neat square brick building occupied by Mr. Lamb, who showed me every attention, and was pleased to have the opportunity of giving me the minutest information, best obtained by conversation on the spot. He said the house where Thomson was supposed to be born was torn down, and the present school-house stands on its site. It is doubtful, however, whether he was born there or in the old school-house on the opposite side of the street, occupied by a poor family. Tradition says he was born in the parlour, in a recess concealed by a curtain. I knocked at the door and passed the threshold. "Ednam can only boast of his birth,"

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said Mr. Lamb; "for he was transferred to Southdean when two years old: and though Ancrum moor, a few miles from Ednam, is the scene of a famous battle in 1545, when the English were defeated by the Scots, Ancrum has obtained a better celebrity as the residence of our poet, who remained for some time with Mr. Cranstoun the clergyman, at the manse." Mr. L. showed me his miniature in an oval case, from the original painting by Slaughter, in the collection of the Earl of Buchan. He is painted in a light brown coat with a low collar, red velvet tiara, and a narrow white cravat tied behind—old-fashioned enough. This picture was a long time the prototype for the various prints prefixed to The Seasons, and was sent to Lord Buchan by Mr. Cooper in 1812. It was easy to see how, in the gradual perfection of modern engraving, subsequent copies have grown into a feminine beauty and sweetness of expression; for the original has a bold dignity and manly independence tinged with sourness: yet he was an amiable man. Mr. L. wished me to sketch it; but alas! I was no artist. On the reverse was written—

"For the Ednam Club—To be preserved in the manse of Ednam.
"22d September, 1818. BUCHAN."

Followed by a stanza from his brilliant Castle of Indolence.

The "rural church" has been torn down since the poet's day, and the Ednamites ought to have the credit of erecting on its site the most unpoetical, ugly, inconvenient, jail-like apology for a church ever contrived by mortal ingenuity. On its outside wall in the churchyard, is an inscription to the memory of some person of note, "who died at Edenham;" possibly the architect—another Sir Christopher Wren! The ancient name of the town was Edenham, gradually abridged into Ednam. Hence the name of the river Eden which runs through the vale. Mr. L. informed me that a certain lady of rank adheres with tenacity to the ancient name in the direction of her letters.

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Writers disagree as to whether Ednam possesses much of the picturesque; as if its great charm depended on anything so much as asssociation. Though comparatively tame, much of its surrounding scenery has an air of quiet rural beauty altogether delightful. On taking leave, Mr. Lamb said that if I would ascend the graceful arching slope by the neighbouring roadside I would get a very fine view. From this eminence the landseape is quite animating, embracing the famous triform Eildon Hills, where there are remains of an ancient Roman camp. The view includes part of Roxburghshire, Berwickshire, and Northumberland.

With deep emotion, which will perhaps find a response in some few minds, I prepared to leave this peaceful vale, and crossing the Eden, heard its tinkling music for the last time. On a swell a quarter of a mile from the village, is a plain cenotaph, a four-sided cone thirty feet high, of drab stone—

"Erected
In memory of
JAMES THOMSON,
Author of the Seasons,
Born at Ednam,
11th September, 1700."

The still seclusion of this sylvan inclosure was an inviting place of repose; and on awaking from fitful dreams of home—with a melancholy pleasure that can never be transferred to another mind, and the Seasons open before me, I then

"Through Eden took my solitary way."

Thomson was the poet of my boyhood. His rare and original minstrelsy never fails by its natural and majestic pomp, pure sentiment, calm philosophy and vivid pictures of Nature, to engage the contemplative mind. It is too late in the day to eulogize such a poet, and would be an affront to refined sense. Notwithstanding the universal popularity of The Seasons, his gorgeous Castle of Indolence is more praised than read by the educated. What is there in all English

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poetry like either? The Seasons have circulated through the length and breadth of Britain and America in every dress and form, from the humblest and cheapest to the most costly, attractive and embellished. A judicious critic has observed, that "from Dryden to Thomson there is scarcely a rural image drawn from life in any of the English poets, except Gay;" and he is no great affair. Nothwithstanding the various changes in poetic taste during a hundred years, The Seasons have stood the test of ages, unaffected by the wildfires that flame across their orbit, agitate the heavens awhile, and die. They will delight the world while "seed-time and harvest, summer and winter" continue their rounds. His Seasons never change.

Those who neglect Thomson, or praise Burns at his expense, will find no sympathy in these fine stanzas of Burns:

While virgin Spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Æolian strains between;

While Summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade;

While Autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed;

Whlie maniac Winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows;

So long, sweet poet of the year!
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son!

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CHAPTER XI.

Berwick—Newcastle—York—Manchester—Stratford—Kenilworth—Lichfield—Harrow-on-the-Hill.

> The cottage homes of England
> By thousands on her plains!
> *Hemans.*

From Kelso to Sprouston, on the banks of the Tweed, it is two miles, by coach. A mile farther the Eden joins the Tweed, which forms the boundary of England and Scotland. I am now in Berwickshire. The rest of the way is by railroad to Berwick-on-Tweed, which empties into the German Ocean. Taking a final glance at the blue pyramidal cones of Eildon Hills, whose peculiar aspect on the distant plain is so indelibly impressive, we soon leave behind us the ruins of Wark Castle, so noted in the border wars; and the Earl of Home's seat. Coldstream, just over the English line, is famous for runaway marriages, another Gretna Green, the Rubicon of life. Here is a very pretty bridge, which might be called "the bridge of sighs." Lord Brougham was married at a tavern here, but I was not informed whether his was a runaway match. Castles and feudal ruins are strewed all along the way to Berwick. Lees is the name of Sir William Majoribanks' seat. Beneath Twisel Castle is the ancient bridge by which the English passed over the river before the battle of Flodden-Field, described in Scott's Marmion:

> They crossed the Till by Twisel bridge,
> High sight it is, and haughty, while
> They dive into the deep defile;
> Beneath the cavern'd cliff they fall,
> Beneath the castle's airy wall.

Swinton village gets its name from one of the Swintons, who cleared the neighbourhood of all the wild swine. In my country there is a rich field of labour for an eighth cham-

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pion of Christendom. This hero figures in the Lay of the Last Minstrel, and Scott has dramatized the heroism of another of this warlike family at the battle of Homildon Hill in 1402. At Ladykirk, near Berwick, is an old chapel built by James IV. to fulfil a vow to the Virgin, while in danger from crossing the Tweed. By this ford the English and Scottish armies made mutual invasions. In an adjacent field, Holywell Haugh, Edward I. and the Scottish nobles met to settle the dispute between Bruce and Baliol, about the crown. But by far the most interesting object to me was Norham Castle, of which I had a glorious view. Its feudal towers rising above embowering trees, on the top of a hill, whose slopes were decorated with velvet lawns and green groves, afforded a luxuriant picture. This castle is famous in border history, which Scott has beautifully refined in the first canto of Marmion:

> Day set on Norham's castled steep,
> And Tweed's fair river, broad and deep,
> And Cheviot's mountains lone;
> The battled towers, the donjon keep,
> The loop-hole grates where captives weep,
> The flanking walls that round them sweed,
> In yellow lustre shone.

Near this castle is a beautiful suspension bridge between four and five hundred long, overhanging the water seventy feet. A few miles north is Ninewells, the patrimonial seat of David Hume, the historian: and at Halidon Hill, a great battle was fought in 1333, when the Scots were defeated by the English. These few historic gems are none the less valuable for having been picked up by the wayside instead of being purchased at the shops. The highways and by-ways of England and Scotand are full of them.

Berwick, twenty-three miles from Kelso, though anciently of some historic renown, is now a place of not much importance. The town is on a steep acclivity, and though rather well built, the houses look as old as the very hill on which

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the city stands. Its population is less than 10,000, and the chief trade is in salmon. Apropos of fish—besides the fine-flavoured fresh herring and salmon, they have the sole and turbot, which have never ventured into our waters. The Tweed is fairly alive with salmon, and is let out in portions for fishing by the year at round rents. But we will wait till we get to Billingsgate ordinary in London, and then discuss these fishes along with the tempting "white-bait" with which landlords lie in wait to catch hungry customers. Berwick is surrounded by ancient walls, which were fortified till of late years. The famous castle is now a pile of ruins. I took a stroll over the old bridge and ascended the highest part of the town, coming round by the new railway bridge of stone, not then finished. It is very long, with numerous high arches, a grand specimen of bridge architecture. Tweedmouth here expands into the German Ocean. The atmosphere was chilly, yet everything looked beautifully verdant.

My way to Newcastle, England, was by railway along the coast of Northumberland, through some fifteen beautiful towns; an occasional view opened out on the blue, boundless expanse of the German Ocean, with here and there a ship that looked like a small white feather in the far-off eastern horizon. Northumberland is quite level, unlike Yorkshire for bold scenery. Like the rest of England, how often has it been ravaged by sword and flame! Every spot along the way has its history, which might be indefinitely expanded.

Just fancy me now in a railway carriage—heigho!—off for Old England again—the only passenger for thirty miles! What means this? Hitherto the cars were crowded. What! not even one to tell me the names of numerous castles and seats which lay along either side? I had fine views of them as they swept by, and took in exhilarating draughts of the blue pictures in the circling horizon. The very idea of going through the length and breadth of England, with London for the goal, inspired me with a new life.

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Before reaching Newcastle-on-Tyne the cause of my being alone began to appear, for all the world and some more had been at the Newcastle races; and passengers were coming in at the numerous stopping-places. The distant city was overhung by a prodigious cloud of smoke,

> "the eclipse
> That metropolitan volcanoes make,
> Whose Stygian throats breathe darkness all day long,"

Creating feelings as gloomy as the sombre appearance. It was dark when I reached Newcastle, and it seemed as if three quarters of the lords of creation were intoxicated, reeling and pitching about like a ship in a storm, presenting a singular contrast to anything I had seen in England. An earthquake could not have produced more staggering, and the sight was equally shocking. The "buss" drivers were as civil as copious potations could make them—models of independence; for they and the porters that could be found refused the usual fees with disdain: so that after an hour of vexatious delay, I told them I was independent too; and carried my luggage to a tavern, one of the trunks weighing a hundred pounds. They stared at me as though doubtful of the result; and I felt more surprise at my strength than Samson did when he carried off the gates of Gaza. The fine June air of Old England had done wonders for a shattered constitution.

Instead of spending a day at Newcastle I determined to quit at five next morning, but was near being left; for the "buss" man did not come as he agreed. Two wayfarers, however, happened along, and were easily pressed into the American service, conveying my luggage two miles to Gateshead, the station for York.

One feature of the British railway system is decidedly bad. Fifteen minutes before the trains start, the booking-office opens, and the confusion becomes general. Owing to the immense numbers, tickets for York were obtained with

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difficulty. On the instant of taking my seat, a man of savage manners insisted on weighing my luggage, (as it is called in England,) containing no merchandise, a thing not required of me before. I had to submit to Mr. Shylock, but the risk of losing my passage was more annoying than the loss of an extra dollar, for my ticket would not be good another day. Nothing pleases me more than to say that this graceless act was a solitary case: the courtesy of British railway and packet officers is worthy of imitation elsewhere. How I prevented John Bull from heading me off or getting round me the second time, is a secret worth knowing. But here is trouble! A set of well-dressed bullies returning from the races to London, with abundance of cash and impudence, made up their minds that nobody else should enter that carriage, stretching their legs over several unoccupied seats. Indignant at this gross violation of all decency, I insisted on the porter opening the door, which he finally did. My feelings were controlled as much as self-respect would justify, at an attempt to prevent my taking a seat, which I did in spite of the whole gang. "There now—you've got a seat!" said one. "You needn't tell me that—but I don't thank you for it," I replied triumphantly. These noisy demons made the railway carriage very unpleasant. No newspaper was needed to proclaim the events of yesterday. Finally they fell to quarrelling among themselves. One of the noisiest at last fell asleep, and the others were playing tricks on him nearly all the way, occasionally singing out lustily, in imitation of the railway officers (who require a sight of tickets at the stations)—"Tickets please!—tickets! tickets!" He would awake slowly, fumble about for his ticket, and then drop into the arms of Morpheus. To give variety to their mischievous sport, they would tickle his nose with twisted bits of paper, when he awoke in a transport of wrath, swinging his cane hither and thither, swearing vengeance. Who could help being amused at the solemn

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air of his tormentor, who looked full in his face with a mixture of innocence and indignation, while all the passengers were ready to explode with laughter—"Me!—did you ever know me to take such a liberty?" The improvement of horses and these horse-amateurs seemed to be in inverse proportion. To pass over such vicious folly with dignified contempt would not be giving a true picture of things. It is just to add, that they never annoyed me after taking my seat, and I freely forgave their thoughtless insult. I was glad to get out at York, and these cockney gentlemen went on to London. The railroad passed under the ancient walls!

I went directly to York Minster, the wonder of the world. It is twice as large as I had imagined. After a deliberate survey, I concluded that our famous Trinity in Broadway would just about fill the choir! The arches I understood the verger to say, were a hundred and eighty-eight feet high. From a careful Yankee guess, I should say the Gothic pillars that support the roof were thirty-five feet in circumference, and in the centre of this prodigious pile it was two hundred and thirty-two feet! The entire structure covers some half dozen acres, and for gigantic proportions has no rival. The splendour of its stained glass windows, chaste and elaborate carvings and beautiful statuary, filled me with amazement, for I was not yet wonder-proof. Under the largest window, as big as the end of an ordinary church, are heads of Christ and his twelve apostles, chiselled from stone; on the numerous projections are busts: and superb statues stand in the numberless niches. The cloisters contain many monuments, knights in armour, archbishops, and bishops, on canopied thrones. The sexton's chair in one of the chapels is nearly 1100 years old. In this chair were crowned Richard III., James VI. and other kings. Here are kept, besides many relics older than the cathedral itself, the coronation robes of King James. The round window called the Marygold is not less than eighty-one feet in circumference! Another

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large one is called the Five Sisters, each of the five divisions being of different design, painted at the expense of five sisters who presented it to the Minster. The very sight of the majestic organ with five thousand pipes gives imagination a lofty impress of the solemn grandeur of the thunder-notes that roll along the cathedral arches. Description is beggarly. Any better idea of the magnificence of this immense pile cannot be given than the following incident. Mr. Catlin, the American painter, told me in Edinburgh I must by all means see York Minster. "I took," said he, "a party of Indians into it—(you know they never express surprise,) and yet, when they entered, all instantly lifted up their hands in awful astonishment, breathing a low-whispered hush, as if fearful that their deep-struck imagination might break out into words! On coming out they said to me, 'We never thought anything of the white man's religion before!'" At the bottom of the richly-carved organ-screen are costly statues of the kings of England from William the Conqueror to Henry VII. This mighty cathedral is reared on the foundations of the old Norman church, built in 626 by Edwin, the Saxon king of Northumberland—more than twelve centuries ago! It took fire in 1829 and in 1840, but its effects are not visible.

In Clifford's tower, said to be built by the Romans, was confined "Isaac of York," the Jew of Ivanhoe. It is inclosed by a wall for preservation, and the ascent to the city walls is by a winding stone stairway. From the top I had a full view of the Abbey, now a solitary pile of white stone, one of the most imposing ruins in all England; the old Nunnery, and York Minster, which a mile off looks like two cathedrals, from the gigantic proportions of the square, gray towers.

York Castle is a neat round building, where felons are confined, who are allowed to intermingle, and amuse themselves by reading, and a teacher comes to set them copies. Here is the very skull of the man murdered by Eugene Aram, dug up in Yorkshire fourteen years afterward. The

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sight created a cold shudder, and spoke like awful thunder—"Murder will out!" Here are many other relics, such as busts of notable murderers, and the irons which confined the famous Dick Turpin. Here was imprisoned the poet Montgomery, a noble spirit, for publishing a patriotic song on the destruction of the Bastile, written by a clergyman of Belfast; and here he wrote his Prison Amusements in 1795.

But let us go up on the walls that compass the city three miles round. A lady of York told me I would be well paid by a walk round them, and she said true—there was a volume of meaning in the words "well paid!" The river Ouse I passed by an oar-boat. The old gates and posterns still remain. On Micklegate Bar were exposed the heads of traitors and other victims in the olden time. The walls were a mighty bulwark in sieges and battles: their average height appeared to be fifty feet, with a sloping embankment covered with velvet greensward. The inside is steep, preventing all access to the beautiful gardens below. The promenade on the walls is about six feet wide. In the parapet are numerous embrasures for cannon. These remarkable walls are in better preservation than those of Chester, which are more ancient. From the top of these wonderful barriers the view of the surrounding country is glorious—an undulating and diversified landscape covered with living verdure, while the curling smoke rose from many a distant rural homestead, or statelier mansion, till the borders of this rich picture were lost in a blue veil of smoky haze. O! it was a beautiful sight! I could have gazed the livelong day, and nothing could have reconciled me to leave it but the thought that all England is one vast garden, and that wherever I went there would be something beautiful. No one who has been to England will wonder at the strong feeling of many travellers. Some who have not seen that country may call their enthusiasm a rhapsody, or the dreams of an over-heated fancy: yet who can overdraw the beautiful scenery of England?—

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the bold, rugged, variegated hills of Yorkshire, Derbyshire, or that paradise of England, the Isle of Wight?

The history of the city of York is full of strange interest. It was a great Roman station. Vestiges of the old Roman road from York to Scotland, are still seen. Here died the Emperor Severus after three years' residence, and was succeeded by his sons Caracalla and Geta, and the former murdered the latter and fled to Rome. Carausius landed in Britain a hundred years after, and was proclaimed Emperor of Rome at York. Here Constantine the Great was born in 272: and here his father died in 307. York is a place of some trade, and there is a great influx of visiters to the races and assizes. The second son of the sovereign takes the title Duke of York.

After a five hours' visit, I took the parliamentary train for Normanton, where the railways diverge to York, Leeds, London and Manchester. I often chose these cheap trains, which the Government requires all companies to run once a day; for I was alone, and did not wish to travel so swiftly as to lose sight of all the beautiful pictures on the way—the constant succession of hill and dale, spires, groves, streams, and glittering towns: and besides, though the wings of all my American eagles had been handsomely clipped when they were transformed into sovereigns, yet as soon as I held one of them out to light, its wings would flap instinctively, and fly away as fast as any other captive. I had a few Victorias, and these were husbanded—a sovereign remedy for a rainy day—good letters of introduction: one can never want a friend with a British queen at his command.

The other parliamentary trains by which I had travelled were comfortable, except this joggling wriggler, without any cover from the rain, which now came on. The proprietors deserve credit for more than Yankee sagacity in constructing a car that no one would enter the second time unless from necessity. The object is to force people to take the expensive

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trains. There we were, dripping wet, like so many sheep going to market, all of us right glad when this car reached its destiny at Normanton, where I remained a couple of hours. On taking a decent train for Manchester, the same difficulty occurred in getting a ticket as at Newcastle; for when I had elbowed my way through the solid mass of humanity up to the ticket-room, a word could not be shoved in edgeways. All spoke together; and French politeness was out of the question. "A ticket—ticket, Sir!—here's my half sovereign!" The young ticket man inside answered one of the gentleman who pitched his voice loud enough to be heard, "Don't you know it's not polite to interrupt gentlemen in conversation?" And then there was a loud laugh all round at the expense of the polite ticket-vender.

On my way to Manchester I passed several tunnels—one more than a mile long. There is one still longer through a hill called Stonehedge, or the Backbone of England, between Huddersfield and Manchester. This mountain is one of the causes of the prevailing wet weather at Manchester. In France the cars are lighted up before entering a tunnel; which mitigates the horror of a four-mile delve through these dismal subterranean caverns, with only an occasional flicker of sparks from the locomotive, increasing the dreariness of the visible darkness.

Wakefield is one of the most romantic towns in the West Riding of Yorkshire. It lies on a long steep hill, with a stream at the base. Factories, costly mansions, churches, with pointed spires of brown stone, were so many types of industry and increasing prosperity. At the sight of this charming spot my enthusiasm was up, and I felt as if I could leap from the railway carriage. If this was the scene of the Vicar of Wakefield, that unpretending little town has grown up wonderfully in the world; and if old Dr. Primrose was "passing rich with forty pounds a year," the present incumbent enjoys a far fatter benefice. I could fancy the good old

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vicar walking on ahead, and his wife seated on the pillion riding in state to church on the family horse Blackberry, with Moses behind, and the two little ones in front, while Sophia and Olivia were on the colt, their trains flaunting to the ground! Such is the power of association, that what we read in early life seems in after-life like a matter of fact history. Happy will it be if the books we conversed with were not of evil tendency; for it has been well said that a book of bad principles is one of the worst things in the world, because it never can repent.

It was my intention to spend more time in the manufacturing towns, but their gloominess and difficulty of access except on special occasions, caused me to forego many visits. Keighley, Bradford, Huddersfield and Leeds, in Yorkshire, with their immense population, are widely celebrated for woollen fabrics, to an extent almost beyond calculation; while Barnsley is no less famous for the extensive manufacture of linens. Fifteen miles south of this is Sheffield, so universally renowned for its cast-steel and cutlery. Bolton, Preston, and Manchester, in Lancashire, are remarkable for their vast cotton manufactories. This county alone buys more cotton of the United States than the whole world put together. Birmingham, in Warwickshire, is noted for its military hardware and jewelry. Though I was among these manufacturing districts, descriptive details would be endless. How spirit-stirring to pass through these immense communities, their long streets extending from one town to another, lighted up with gas for the distance of twenty miles! Such is the country around Manchester!

A gentleman in the carriage observing my intense interest in the wayside novelties, inquired—"How do you like England?" "O wonderfully, Sir—wonderfully!" After I had complimented the English in pretty strong terms, and some indifferent remarks on both sides in reference to England and America, he broke out in a new place with the crabbed

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philippic—"The Americans think they know everything!" I never felt more surprise in my life—it was as if a thunderbolt had lighted down on the car. However, the easiest way of getting along in such cases is not to be too sensitive; and so I bowed in silent thankfulness at this neat compliment, the receipt of which is hereby acknowledged on behalf of my countrymen, for whom it was intended. Let us correct our own pride before we condemn others for the same thing. The first man that winces is the guilty man!

An ocean of smoke foreshadows my approach to some mighty city. Innumerable chimneys of surprising height belching black smoky wreaths, ascending in thick spiral rolls like so many volcanoes, announce that this is the great city of Manchester in Lancashire!

A stranger in England who should not have melancholy feelings at the sight of the sombrous brick buildings and smoky atmosphere of the manufacturing towns must be some unearthly being, and I should like to make his acquaintance. As for those happy spirits who always look on the bright side of things, they will find their predicament extremely awkward, for they will look in vain for any bright side in Manchester. It was eight in the evening when I arrived; and smoke, fog and darkness seem to have entered into triple partnership to produce the gloomiest feelings. An obliging porter took me to a house in Victoria street, (names often have weight with us,) but alas! it was not what the name of the street would indicate—a place of luxury or comfort; and the next day I removed to Woverden's excellent temperance house, Market street. These houses are very numerous in all the large towns. No traveller need be kept awake all night by boisterous orators over a pot of porter, unless he has a decided relish for such abominable associations.

My first visit was to the Rev. John Heron MacGuire, of St. Luke's, with a letter from Rev. Dr. S—— of Brooklyn. All the way from Edinburgh I was without an acquaintance;

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and what could be more exhilarating than the warm-hearted Christian hospitality of this reverend gentleman? There are thousands of these untitled noblemen in Great Britain; nature's nobility, on whom pure religion has conferred still nobler graces—all that exalts the soul to "the highest style of man." After service on Sunday at St. Luke's, I dined with the Rector by invitation the day before. The perfect grace and freedom from all stiffness so remarkable elsewhere in England, among the refined, was equally characteristic of this amiable family. I was at home. We talked with a free enthusiasm about America—Old England—and the Church; and while I recounted the goodness of God to me in my journeyings alone for so many thousand sof miles, I had the deep sympathies of a high-souled Christian brother whom there was no danger of wearying: who could rejoice with the happy, or weep with the afflicted. The reverend gentleman expressed great desire to see my country, and was surprised to learn that international enterprise was now such that $110 would take him in the steamship City of Glasgow to New-York and back to Europe, including needful comforts. Having touched on one of the favourite objects of my visit to England, to see the homes and graves of some of the gifted British poets, I saw that a responsive chord was touched in his own bosom. He spoke with deep feeling of his own antiquarian visits, referring especially to the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter in the Isle of Wight, remarking that I would see he had cut out the moss from the letters on her gravestone. On taking leave, he kindly gave me a line to his friend Col. Powney, of Petersham Lodge, near Richmond. Independent of coal smoke, there are many bright bright spots in Manchester, after all.

Among the clergy of Manchester, none are more distinguished than the far-famed Rev. Hugh Stowell, whom it was not my good fortune to hear. In the afternoon I went to the Collegiate Cathedral, an ancient and imposing edifice,

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and was provided by the verger with a good seat, without waiting for me to ask one. My pleasure and surprise cannot be spoken, on looking round the spacious edifice, and seeing three thousand worshippers. The true devotional taste with which the cathedral service was sung made every chord in my inner soul tremulous. The truthful discourse was in keeping with the music, and went to the heart.

It would be a deep wrong to the Church of England to countenance the notion that three quarters of the clergy are fox-hunters, or almost wholly given up to idolatry: and though it is to be deplored that many have by no means the spirit of their office, hundreds of the clergy, and countless thousands of the laity are bright ornaments of the Church and the world. All this and much more might be said, without the least design to praise her piety at the expense of various other denominations, with their great and good men, among them Presbyterians, clerical and lay, to whom I had American letters, and whose kindness to me it were dishonest to conceal, and which I am weak enough to own I seldom think of without a tear of gratitude. No—let us be fair, and willing to see goodness anywhere. And though an old, oft-repeated, indiscriminate caricature will still be displayed, it is delightful to think that there are noble souls not of this church, who feel that is not exactly right to bear false witness against their neighbour because he follows not them. They who desire, contrary to the heavenly injunction, to pull up tares, would make sad work with the wheat. That the English Church is alive may be inferred from her universal motion, although this activity implies no spiritual life in the removing lifeless bodies. The Crystal Palace and the Church of England were the great topics of the day; and since my return the excitement has steadily increased. O great country—the land of martyrs—whence Christianity has irradiated over the whole globe! God bless all the "green pastures" of Old England, and restore the dry ones!

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From Manchester to London it is nearly two hundred miles, including more than fifty towns on the route. The fare in the parliamentary trains is an English penny a mile; in the second class, two; and in the first class, nearly in proportion. The cheapest fare from Manchester to London is 15s. and 8d. sterling, or over $3.50—running time about twelve hours; but the other trains travel at double or treble the velocity. The rates are pretty uniform throughout the kingdom. All England is cut up into railways, especially the midland counties. On looking at the map of England, it will be found to resemble a piece of network, with irregular interstices.

After three days' sojourn at Manchester, I am on my way to the metropolis of the world through the Trent Valley. The serene sky after prevailing rains gave the landscape almost celestial beauty: the second of July was a glorious summer day—and memorable: for that night I was to see London! My curiositywas kept on the stretch from eight in the morning till eight in the evening—no idle gazer at the perfection of loveliness in Nature and Art. The Trent river rises in Staffordshire, winding its way eastward for a hundred miles along fat valleys, till it empties into the German Ocean. There are no mighty rivers like our Hudson and Delaware The fields, level, undulating, or hilly, are smooth, generally divided with a neat iron fence—you see no such thing as a crooked rail fence, and will look in vain for a stone as big as an egg. To jot down the numberless striking objects of the way would be entirely incompatible with the progress of steam. Here is a castle—now we enter a tunnel two or three miles long. Of these there are several in Derbyshire. My attention was called by a passenger to the park and castle of the Marquis of Anglesey, who lost a leg in the battle of Waterloo. "Another such victory would ruin me!" said Pyrrhus of old: and the Marquis might say the same, for it would cost him the other leg.

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The castle and park grounds of the Earl of Lichfield, in Staffordshire, reminded me of the vignette to some beautiful book. Turn over—The next page introduces you to the volume itself, Lichfield—the first chapter in the life and times of SAMUEL JOHNSON, the great literary giant of the eighteenth century. On a gently swelling hill, I see the famous cathedral, with its three pointed spires of brown stone, one of them "high above the rest—proudly eminent." While our iron horse stopped to set down some of his load, puff and blow, breathe and drink, I also took in copious and refreshing draughts of beauty. The hill is adorned with lawns, gardens, orchards and wealthy seats, resembling its namesake Litchfield, in Connecticut, to a T, which, though bolder, is inferior in sylvan beauty and horticultural aspect. In the splendid cathedral are monuments to Johnson, Garrick, Lady Mary Wortley Montague, and Miss Seward. In the Market Place on a pedestal, having representions of three periods of Johnson's life in bas-relief, is his statue. Near this stands the house where he was born in 1709. In the free school of St. John, Addison, Johnson, Wollaston and Sir John Hawkins received their early education. I thought of the story the Doctor tells of refusing to attend his father to the Uttoxeter market, some fifteen miles distant. The recollection had always been painful; and more than fifty years afterward he went to Uttoxeter in very bad weather, and on the spot where his father kept his stall, stood a considerable time bare-headed in the rain. "And I hope," said he, "the penance was expiatory."

Among the glittering towns along the Trent Valley, I saw none more lovely than Atherstone, in Warwickshire, with its neighbouring castle and park lands. Indeed, all along the route of the railway, were the same nicely-trimmed hedges, smooth, new-mown meadows with gay russet haycocks, fields of grain covered with reapers, or acres of English beans in white blossom, whose delicate fragrance filled all the air;

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while every spot was in the highest style of agriculture. Even the railways were planted with vegetables, shrubs, and flowers. It seemed like Dreamland; and I wondered at the fine taste which has made England such a paradise, wanting only the pristine innocence of man. The Trent is no less beautiful for being a small stream, often suddenly starting from its meandering concealment behind some hill or grove, showing itself laughingly, like some beauty peeping through the cottage coppice.

East of Atherstone is Bosworth, in Leicestershire, where Richard III. was defeated and slain by Henry VII.

Kenilworth, in Warwickshire, is four miles from Coventry. This castle so famous in history, has been invested with immortality by the author of Kenilworth. The outer walls inclosed seven acres, in the centre of which rose the lordly castellated pile, where dwelt Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, in all the pride of feudal glory. It was visited by Queen Elizabeth in 1566 and 1568. Here in 1575, she held her court two weeks, with a splendour beyond anything known in the history of England. The stone tower still remains where the ambitious Leicester confined his Countess, (whom he had privately married,) who escaped and made herself known at the moment he was kneeling to the Queen and asking her hand. The Earl fell into disgrace, and the Queen took an abrupt leave. The remaining walls are covered with running ivy. There they have stood for centuries, frowning in gloomy sullenness at the pride of man!

Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire, the birthplace of Shakspeare, I could not visit. It would have been delighful to see his time-honoured chair, which doubtless possesses some innate principle of self-restoration, by which it survives the sedentary ambition of its countless visiters. Irving, who visited the immortal chair, and doubtless performed the same pious act which he so kindly excuses in the rest, says—"In this chair it is the custom of every one who visits the house

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to sit; whether this be done with a view of imbibing any of the inspiration of the bard I am at a loss to say; I only mention the fact; and my hostess privately assured me that though built of solid oak, such was the fervent zeal of devotees, that the chair had to be new-bottomed at least once in three years. It is worthy of remark that this remarkable chair partakes something of the volatile nature of the Santa Casa of Loretto, or the flying chair of the Arabian enchanter; for though sold some years since to a northern princess, yet strange to tell, it has found its way back again to the old chimney corner."

Harrow-on-the-Hill, twelve miles from London, is a fine arching, picturesque swell, beautified with orchards, gardens, groves and stately seats, commanding an extensive prospect, being the highest ground in Middlesex. Here Lord Byron, Sir Robert Peel, and the Editor of the New-York American, now President of Columbia College, went to school. Beautiful Harrow! it deserves more than a passing notice; but the mind now becomes absorbed in wonder at the numerous beautiful seats, and vehicles loaded to the top, dashing by like ocean billows, betokening the suburbs of the mighty metropolis of two millions! My emotions were almost too big for utterance. One who has never seen London can form but a poor idea of the overwhelming sublimity that seizes on the soul of a stranger, to say nothing of his lonely feeling of desolation on entering that great city for the first time.

At eight I was set down at the splendid crystal palace called the Hueston station, and having taken lodgings for the night in Drummond street near the railway, I immediately sallied forth in search of an American friend, alone, amid the vast solitudes of London!

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CHAPTER XII.

London.

I'll view the manners of the town,
Peruse the traders, gaze upon the buildings,
And then return and sleep within mine inn,
For, with long travel I am stiff and weary.
Shakspeare.

LONDON! I had read of it in books, and listened to glowing oral pictnres with a strange interest; yet how widely different are my feelings now that faith is turned to sight! The overpowering splendour of everything around; the blaze of glory from the gas lamps; the portentous hurrying to and fro of a perfect sea of human beings delving along the broadways and byways, with tilburys, cabriolets, omnibuses, and vehicles of all sorts, from the queer-looking donkey-cart to the sumptuous coach, rushing in all directions, commingling with the social laugh and boisterous shouts of dealers in small wares, produced a universal roar bewildering the imagination. The very thought of being in a city of thirty miles circuit, where a countless host of great men in every department of literature have flourished, called up a crowd of strange and pleasing associations; while bewildered, agitated, fatigued I wended my uncertain way onward for two miles through the West End or Westminster. Inquiries for direction were kindly answered. I had heard that John Bull was surly—for myself, I found him just the reverse.

In Regent street I found Mr. Cutter, the only American friend I had in Europe, in whose family I met with courteous Christian sympathy, and spent much of my time in London.

On my return at a late hour to the lodgings I had engaged for that night, a gentleman of whom I inquired the way, insisted on going with me, though a mile out of his way!

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A good map enabled me to thread my way through this metropolitan wilderness, often walking, sometimes riding; for London is alive with omnibuses flying in all directions, especially in the middle of the forenoon and afternoon, when the insides and top seats are loaded with merchants and traders, residing in the skirts and fashionable environs—

> "The villas with which London stands begirt,
> "Like a swarth Indian with his belt of beads;"

Victoria Park, Bethnall Green, Islington, Blackwall, Hoxton, Limehouse, Stepney, Brompton, Paddington, Regent's Park, Oldford, Chelsea, Pentonville, Pimlico, Peckham, Walworth, Paddington, Rotherhithe, Newington, Bermondsey, Camberwell, Highgate, Hampstead; while the grand arteries like Whitechapel Road, Tottenham Court Road, Waterloo Road, Bishopsgate street, Gray's Inn Lane, Fenchurch street, Great Surrey street, Leadenhall street, Cornhill, Holborn, Ludgate Hill, Fleet street, Strand, Pall Mall, Oxford street, Regent street, Piccadilly, and many more, are perfectly alive with a swelling tide of humanity. If you wish to go to Pimlico, in the vicinity of the parks, you will not wait two minutes for an omnibus with "All the Way—Threepence!" which takes you the whole distance from the Bank of England in Threadneedle street, six miles, or any intermediate point. There are thirty thousand streets in London, most of them unsurpassed for convenience in Europe. They are swept every morning before sunrise, by a machine with a revolving broom which whisks the dirt into a kind of scuttle or trough. This plan was once tried in New-York: any one can tell whether it failed by looking at the streets. At many of the crossings is placed a circle of upright cannon, where a person can take refuge from danger of being run down by a crowd of carriages. Of hacks alone there are licensed ten thousand! but the American hacks in beauty go ahead of the English.

A vast throng is continually pouring through the great thoroughfares till midnight; but the great tide of human

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existence is at Charing Cross, as it was in Johnson's time. Charing Cross is a marble pedestal surmounted by a statue of Charles I. In Trafalgar Square, at the junction of the Strand, Pall Mall, and Whitehall, is the Nelson column, nearly two hundred feet high. A perfect flood of carriages and pedestrians is constantly rushing through Temple Bar, the ancient boundary between Westminster and old London, half of which lies on the Surrey side of the Thames. Old London is not a tithe of the present mighty metropolis. Temple Bar is an ancient gateway with two posterns, bestriding Fleet street. On one side of the stone arch, in niches, are statues of James I. and Queen Elizabeth; on the other, Charles I. and II. Here, on great occasions the Queen receives the sword of state from the Lord Mayor, who precedes her to her destination. In Paternoster Row a small street perhaps a quarter of a mile long, between Cheapside and Amen Corner, I estimated the number of bookstores at one hundred, be the same more or less, as the lawyers say.

Many graduate their notions of greatness by what they have seen, and cannot imagine anything more splendid than the New-Haven Green or Boston Common: but after a sight of the London parks, they would be ready to call all the American ones tolerably large grass-plots.

St. James's, like the other London parks, is a brilliant emerald sparkling on the bosom of the mother of metropolitan cities, beautifully diversified with swelling lawns, parterres, tastefully arranged shrubbery and trees, and wide serpentine walks, with its crooked lake dimpling in the breeze. This park was a morass in Henry VIII.'s time. One entrance is from Waterloo Place, where stands the magnificent Duke of York column of red granite, by a flight of broad, massive stone steps; but the principal one is by the Horse Guards, a a large stone building at Whitehall, where may be heard, on certain days of the week, the very finest music in the wide world by the Queen's band.

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A wide avenue divides St. James's from Green Park, and terminates at Hyde Park Corner, where splendid vistas open in every direction—Piccadilly, a street of palaces a mile long, overlooking Green Park on the right; near Hyde Park Corner is Apsley House, the stately residence of the Duke of Wellington, to whom the statue of Achilles was reared in the vicinity by the ladies of England, made of cannon taken at Vittoria, Salamanca, Toulouse, and Waterloo; and in the distance, the British flag waves over Buckingham Palace, the residence of Victoria. The triumphal gateway to Hyde Park is over a hundred feet wide with two arches for passengers and three for carriages. In Hyde Park the Crystal Palace was in progress for the World's Fair; the wonders of which are known the world over. A stream called the Serpentine, bordered on one side by a wide avenue, divides Hyde Park from the famous Kensington Gardens, open to the universal public. On Sunday afternoons 50,000 persons may be seen along these walks, and on any great occasion, such as a military review, an immense concourse of 200,000! These parks are the great resort of fashion. How enormous the wealth that can support such equipages as I saw daily rolling along the broad gravel roads! During a two hours' stroll one afternoon the number of carriages that passed me must have been 5000. Each nobleman has his coat-of-arms, and his servants, two behind and two in front, are dressed in a peculiar livery, to distinguish them from the servants of other noblemen. Such fantastic objects! with their blue, red, or yellow, silk plush breeches, white stockings, and hats and coats bedizened with gold and silver lace; and while all this ridiculous paraphernalia seemed like the caricature of nobility, the dukes and the duchesses in the carriages were dressed with more simplicity and taste than many private ladies and gentlemen.

Regent's Park is an immense area of three hundred and sixty acres, and is a very fashionable quarter. The buildings

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in the vicinity are in the purest style of architecture. The Cumberland Terrace is especially admired by all strangers.

Victoria Park is more recently laid out, and has no lake.

From morning till midnight I was on the move, for the Londoners do not retire till twelve and one—turning night into day. It was my last chance, and so I made a desperate push to see as much as possible. While looking at one object a dozen other curious things would stare me in the face. London is the vast curiosity-shop of all the world: it would take one's lifetime to explore its wonders. Our impressions of its greatness cannot be measured by a few hasty glances.

It is not uncommon for a store to contain £250,000 in merchandise, nearly $1,250,000! Even a New-Yorker would be confounded at the splendour of such stores as those in Regent street, Oxford street, and Fleet street.

The manners, tastes, and usages of the English, are quite peculiar—I was going to say, in everything different from ours. It would be folly to expect conformity between them and ourselves. In some things the English have a decided advantage. They do not move two or three times a-year: if they did, their customers would not follow them. In this we Americans go ahead without gaining much. Some allowance is to be made for the rapid increase of our communities, and the consequent frequent changes, which gives a fine chance for endless experiment to develop the spirit of Yankee enterprise. The perfect system in every department of trade, from the Bank of England, with six hundred clerks, down to the smallest retail traffic, surprised, and often amused me. Of course, there is no lack of enterprise, yet we see few experiments at work to make money by new inventions, such as a mineral-water establishment. If your life depended on a refreshing draught from a soda-fountain you would die. The people drink beer and ale till their skins are steeped the same hue. Yet it is a humid clime, not beer, that makes them healthy.

Sometimes I wondered at the strange lack of information

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about America: for instance, on getting a little bewildered and lost in the street, I would ask the way, saying I was a stranger in their country; when the reply would be courteous with the inquiry, "Do they all speak the English language in America as well as you do?" It is not their fault that they have not always access to reliable information, and that Anglo-Americans are mistaken for aborigines. It will be understood that I speak not generally, but of a class.

H and I being side by side in the alphabet of suffering, I sympathised much for my friend's health, as he was in constant danger of catching cold—never in the ouse when he hought to be—halways hout in the hopen hair without his at—sadly used or misused he was by the London cockneys. Every country has its monstrosities and absurdities; but one may travel New-England over to find anything half so ridiculous as this barbarous murder of our mother English. They have also many singular phrases—I do not allude to the subject for the purpose of ridicule—by no means: for we have "glass houses," as well as the English, and must be careful how we throw stones. It is common to say, Mrs. So-and-so is "well to do," but I believe this strange phrase is not much in use by the more refined Martineaus, Trollopes, Marryatts, Halls, and Fiddlers, who ridicule our country without mercy, and poke fun at the "barbarous Yankees." Notwithstanding all this, we shall survive their satire; and the Yankees will live a long time to be "considerably handsome guessers."

The surrounding novelties were so deeply interesting that I almost forgot to deliver several letters of introduction. One was addressed 28 Oxford-street, of which there are three side by side. At each place I was sent "next door," till I finally gave it up in despair.

A letter from Mr. Wilkie of Glasgow, to Mr. T. W. Dean, of Lambeth, made ample amends. After the many hospitable attentions on my first arrival in England, I was, if possible,

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still more astonished at the pains he took to make my visit to London pleasant. Though engaged in a mercantile office, he voluntarily engaged to accompany me several hours each day. With a generosity that I have never seen excelled, he would say—"Let me know what places you would like to see to-morrow, and I will manage to go with you." I generally resigned myself to his guidance, and was also a frequent guest at his house. Since my return I have received from him several friendly Christian letters.

Another letter from Rev. Dr. C—— of Brooklyn, to Mr. Edwin Hough, was doubly fortunate; for just as I was about to give up the weary search for him, a gentleman of whom I inquired turned out to be his friend. I was fatigued and greatly dejected; and when Mr. Handyside observed that my emotion prevented a reply to his offer of assistance, I apologised by saying I was overcome by the strange sympathy I met everywhere in England. He replied—"Sir, you are in a Christian country!" adding, that before leaving London I would like to attend the House of Lords, and he would see the Earl of Chichester and get me a ticket. This kindness was the more acceptable from the great difficulty of getting admission. After obtaining good lodgings for me near Holborn Hill, we went to Mr. Hough's office in Bride Court. This gentleman treated me with every attention, and named a day to show me things in London. On calling one day to apologise for breaking the appointment, he gaily said, "I suppose this is a specimen of American punctuality!" The truth is, Mr. Handyside advised me to postpone that arrangement, as I wished to see the Queen, who was to give a drawing-room that day at Buckingham Palace; a rare opportunity. After waiting three hours at Hyde Park Corner, where the royal carriage was to pass from the palace, I then retired a short distance to Achilles' monument, and awaking at two o'clock from sleep superinduced by excessive illness and fatigue, my inquiry of an officer if Her Majesty would

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soon come along, was answered, that she had passed in a private carriage an hour ago! It was a time of mourning at Court: the Queen's uncle, the Duke of Cambridge, died that morning; and I stood on the very spot where Sir Robert Peel fell from his horse, which caused his death only two days before. I shall always regret not being able to keep another appointment with Mr. Hough, and also to attend the House of Lords, in consequence of leaving for France. In a letter to a clerical friend since my return home, this gentleman remarked that he was desirous of showing me more attention, but knew not what had become of me—I had taken "French leave." This was a clever hit; he was not aware that I had gone to France.

My friend Mr. D. accompanied me to the British Museum, in Great Russell street. This unrivalled monument of national enterprise and taste covers an area equal to half a dozen blocks, and is now undergoing enlargement by a new series of rooms. The Nimroud sculptures are great curiosities, especially the sword-bearer and tribute-bearer. To see this wonderful institution properly would require weeks.

Descending several winding flights of stone stairs, we passed through the Thames Tunnel under the bed of the river from Wapping to Rotherhithe, in Surrey. There are two arched passages 1200 feet long for carriages, but which do not yet pass; with a neatly paved pathway three feet wide for pedestrians; the whole brilliantly illuminated with gas. My sensations were somewhat peculiar while steamships and all kinds of vessels were sailing overhead. This wonderful triumph of human skill seems after all little more than a splendid failure as to the object in construction. A lady at the entrance cut my profile, and that was another splendid failure!

We then visited Newgate, Old Bailey, the dreary abode of criminals—a square, massive stone structure, towering over the corner of Newgate street. Prisoners under sentence of

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death sleep on mats in dark narrow cells, with a small grated aperture, but are allowed to walk in the court-yard during the day time. The discipline is constantly improving.

We stepped into Court and saw the lawyers in their gowns and wigs, which they wear in the streets, "summing up" in a criminal case. At Guildhall, Cheapside, the Corporation of London gave a grand dinner to the Queen. Here we saw the famous Gog and Magog, grotesque giantly creations in carved wood, with faces and accoutrements frightfully savage.

The Bank of England in Threadneedle street, is a prodigious pile occupying eight acres. The gateway is guarded by an officer with a red cloak, richly bedight, a cocked hat and sword swinging at his side; a costume reminding you of the Edwards, and Richards, or of some Persian satrap.

The General Post-Office in St. Martin-le-Grand, is also conducted on a scale inconceivably magnificent.

The London and St. Katherine Docks, communicating with the Thames by inlets, are wonders. Under ground are acres upon acres of wine vaults: I was told one of them occupied nine acres! The East and West India and Commercial Docks, near Blackwall, the still more easterly part of the city, cover one or two hundred acres.

The old Lambeth Palace looks more like a prison; and such indeed it was. Many bloody pages of English history are written on those grisly towers, which are not allowed to be taken down. On my way over Westminster Bridge through Lambeth, I had frequent opportunities of scanning its gloomy walls, rising above the Thames. Many great banquets and nameless atrocities have made the spot famous. The rusty iron rings still remain in the walls of Lollards' Tower, in which the Lollards and others were chained. The modern palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury stands in his park and gardens of thirty acres on the bank of the Thames.

Tyburn, where criminals were executed in old times, is now a fashionable part of the West End.

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The Kensington Gardens!—who can describe them? My friend wandered with me through the wide luxuriant park grounds, while the cheerful sunshine strayed down through the skylight in the sublime sylvan arches of Gothic majesty, the myriad leaves playing and singing soft reedy music, as the sunbeams gayly danced on the smooth green grass, spread out in a living carpet on the spacious floor of this temple of Nature! In a little while we are lost in the delicious mazes of the extensive gardens, where trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers, from ever quarter of the globe, arranged with masterly skill—spreading out in parterres an almost endless prospect of blooming beauty and fragrance, delight and surprise the imagination. Every plant and tree has its botanic and English name in plain letters. A large number are from North America. How is it possible for any one to look with thought and feeling at such an assemblage of natural beauty, and be an infidel? for celestial themes are stamped on every petal and leaf in this fair and beautiful volume of the God of Nature. As for me, I never saw anything half as beautiful in the shape of a garden. We shall visit the Royal Gardens of Kew in a day or two, and see if they outshine the Kensington Gardens! During our walk I was so completely transported that I had to apologise several times to my friend for not answering his questions.

I was advised to wait for a clear day to ascend St. Paul's. The charge for seeing it throughout is 5s. 4d., $1.00. In Paris, such things are free; but in England, the almighty shilling is the order of the day: the cicerone expects his douceur for everything. The English people at large are rather ashamed of this practice. I ascended 616 steps to the ball, of 5600 pounds weight, and sat in it, though difficult and dangerous. Twelve men have dined in it at one time; but then they did not sit as long and comfortably as the English generally do—two or three hours. The scene from the gallery around the dome beggars description. Below and in the wide circumfer-

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ence were two millions of human beings, and villages in the smoky distance! The cross on the dome weighs 3600, and is 404 feet from the ground. The famous whispering-gallery was an anomalous oracle to me, for it returned whisper for whisper—not a loud word did it speak. My guide said it was owing to the noise in the streets. My first lesson in acoustics did not amount to much. Among the splendid monuments in fine marble, those that interested me most were statues of Dr. Johnson, Sir William Jones, Sir Joshua Reynolds, Bishop Heber, Sir Ralph Abercrombie, (a relative of late Rev. Dr. Abercrombie of Philadelphia,) and Major General Gibbs and Packenham, who fell at the battle of New-Orleans.

The vaults underneath are awful solitudes, where many great men repose, which few but lovers of the romantic and marvellous visit. There are three long avenues between arches: the middle one totally dark, the others dimly lighted at distant intervals. The crypt I did not visit.

Tbe organ has 2123 pipes. Over the entranee to the choir is a Latin inscription to the memory of Sir Christopher Wren:

SUBTUS . CONDITUR . HUIUS . ECCLESIÆ . ET . URBIS
CONDITUR . CHRISTOPHRUS . WREN . QUI . VIXIT
ANNOS . ULTRA . NONAGINTA . NON . SIBI
SED . BONO . PUBLICO.
LECTOR . SI . MONUMENTUM . REQUIRIS . CIRCUMSPICE.

Beneath is buried the Builder of this Church and City, Christopher Wren, who lived ninety years, not for himself, but for the public good. Reader! if you require a Monument, look around!

It is a mile round the enclosure of St. Paul's Churchyard.

On Sunday morning I attended and heard the cathedral service. The music was very superior; but the devotion of the twenty "little angels" in white surplices was more imposing than impressive. These angelic beings were nothing but boys after all. The poetry of religion, which many regard more than the reality, is poor stuff indeed, without seriousness. But here criticism is unpleasant. The sermon was impressive, and the cathedral was hung in mourning.

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Westminster Hall is the largest room in Europe without pillars. Here Richard III. entertained a thousand guests; and here Charles I. received sentence of death. I was shown Whitehall Palace, in front of which he was beheaded.

The new House of Lords, now erecting near the Thames, is a prodigious pile an eighth of a mile long. To insure the greatest possible strength, only ten feet of the towers are allowed to proceed in a year. Parliament street leading from Whitehall to the Parliament Houses, will be widened, and Westminster Bridge rebuilt at another point, so that the view will be unbroken. Of late years, many new streets have been made, and old ones annihilated. Oxford street, and others almost equally beautiful, have been cut through such places as St. Giles, formerly the "Five Points" of London. The corporation have appropriated £20,000 a year to improve the city. Houses erected at the turnings must be circular.

A peculiar feature of London is its bridges, the like of which the world cannot boast. These alone render London worthy of our admiration. My voyage over the Atlantic would be well repaid be a sight of these alone.

The new London Bridge is of stone, with five elliptical arches—the middle one the finest in the world. Like the others it has dry arches, with handsome stone steps winding down to the river, where numerous steamboats touch, and for one penny take passengers to the different bridges between London and Richmond; a treat I enjoyed almost daily. The Thames is fairly black with the smoke of these boats.

Southwark Bridge, a magnificent fabric of cast iron, cost £800,000!—toll one penny.

Blackfriars, with nine arches, cost over £252,000, and is truly magnificent. I can never forget my burst of surprise as I stood on this bridge one beautiful day in July. The glorious splendour of London was spread all around as far as the eye could reach, and up and down the Thames, crowded with barges, small craft, and steamboats belching black smoke

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rolling up the heavens, while all the distant bridges were alive with the thronging multitude hurrying to and fro. In one wide sweep between the House of Lords and the Tower, are the Somerset House, Adelphi Terrace, and the spires and towers of fifty or sixty churches—among them St. Dunstan's in the East, St. Magnus, St. Michael's, St. Mary-le-Bow, St. James', St. Dunstan's in the West, St. Bride's, St. Andrew's, St. Swithin's, St. Clement Danes, St. Giles, St. Martin in the Fields, Westminster Abbey; and far away to the east, the Monument commemorating the Great Fire in 1666, and the mountain pile of St. Paul's, towering into the very clouds! What a panorama of grandeur!

Waterloo Bridge, of stone, has nine arches, forming a level road fifty feet above the Thames. It is a curious sight to witness the steamboats lower their pipes by a windlass to an angle of forty-five degrees when passing under the bridges, and slowly wind up again. This "queen of bridges" has been pronounced by M. Dupin "a colossal monument worthy of Sesostris or the Cæsars."

Hungerford Suspension Bridge, near Charing Cross, at the widest part of the Thames, with square brick towers a hundred feet high, is wonderfully curious. Toll, halfpenny.

Westminster Bridge, communicating with the parks, House of Lords, and Westminster Abbey, was once very splendid, but is now in a sinking condition, and is to be rebuilt.

Vauxhall Bridge, of iron, from Vauxhall to Pimlico, is a superb structure, and cost £150,000.

Besides these, there are the Battersea, Fulham, Hammersmith, (a fine suspension,) and the beautiful stone bridges at Kew, Richmond, and Kingston.

On my way to the Tower through Smithfield, it was not difficult for imagination to picture the stake, the faggot, the flame, and an ocean of spectators on the open plain, where the martyrs "gloried GOD in the midst of the fire." This locality is now densely populated.

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The very mention of the Tower of London carries us back to the days of that terrible inquisition of regal vengeance. Fearful tragedies have been acted in those dark, gloomy, embattled walls! There it stands on the high bank of the Thames, with its obtuse pointed towers, like some captive tyrant. Ghostly shades of the Past flitted before me while musing along Tower Hill, the ancient scene of so many bloody executions—the "fatal green" where were beheaded two queens of Henry VIII., the two Earls of Essex, Lady Jane Grey, and others. The strongly fortified walls around the Tower inclose a dozen acres. The four gates open at five every morning with as much formal circumspection as if an invading army lay encamped outside the walls. The officials were dressed in the military costume of old times. The warder's habit was a short red frock, broad-rimmed hat and low crown, with a gold band. The several departments of the Tower were built at different periods. Antiquarians are divided as to its origin, Julius Cæsar or William the Conqueror. Here were confined many illustrious persons—David king of Scotland, king John of France, Richard II., Henry VI., (both murdered here,) Edward, Duke of Buckingham, Lord High Constable of England, Sir Thomas More, the Duke of Somerset, Lord Hastings, Sudbury, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of Rochester, Queen Elizabeth, Archbishop Laud, and others. A cold shudder came over me as I passed the Traitor's Gate, and followed the warder along the narrow winding avenues of solid masonry, through the gateway under the Bloody Tower, in which the infant princes were murdered by order of their uncle, the Duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III. The heavy oaken doors looked as if they might be a thousand years old. The large iron teeth in the arch above them grinned with terrific significance, as if sure of every captive that passed their portals. Shakspeare's brilliant fancy has scarcely overdrawn the awful realities of the Bloody Tower.

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In the Chapel of St. John in the White Tower, the first English kings performed their devotions. I entered the cell below the chapel, where Sir Walter Raleigh was for twelve years a prisoner. An inscription in curious orthography is cut in the wall over the entrance:

He that endvreth to the ende shall be savid—Be faitfvl vnto the deth and I will give the a crown of life.

The Horse Armoury has some twenty equestrian figures in armour of different periods between Edward I. and James II., with banners, and the name of the knight or king represented by the effigy. The war implements are innumerable. One long room is occupied by a train of artillery. Here I saw the heading-block and axe used at the execution of the Earl of Essex, thumbscrews, and other instruments of torture. Here is Queen Elizabeth on a cream-coloured horse, in the dress she wore as she rode in state to St. Paul's to return thanks after the destruction of the Spanish Armada.

The Regalia is a wonderful collection. Victoria's crown is purple velvet, inclosed by silver hoops studded with diamonds, over which is a ball with smaller diamonds, and a sapphire in the centre. In front is a heart-shaped ruby worn by Edward the Black Prince. "That crown," said a gentleman to me, "would buy all the Regalia of Scotland!" The Queen's sceptre with the cross is richly ornamented with precious stones. Here are the golden anointing spoon, and the ampulla, very ancient, containing the anointing oil, the coronation bracelets, and the orb, which is placed in the sovereign's left hand. The Queen's golden diadem ornamented with large diamonds, was made for James II.'s queen. There are a variety of swords, sceptres and regal furniture, used at coronations. The value of the whole collection (a part of which has been noticed) is estimated at £3,000,000! One sea-diamond alone is valued at £1,500,000!

The Grand Storehouse, a valuable part of the Tower, was destroyed in 1841, and contained 6,000,000 stand of arms!

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CHAPTER XIII.

Westminster Abbey—Hampton Court—Twickenham.

There stands a structure of majestic fame!
Pope.

Westminster Abbey is doubtless the most interesting spot in all England. As I entered the Poet's Corner by the south transept opposite the House of Lords, I lifted my hat with solemn reverence before passing the portal. Mine was a feeling of awful delight, with which "a stranger intermeddleth not." And this is Westminster Abbey! I have heard the fame thereof: can it be that I am permitted to view it it with my own eyes? I could have wept that no congenial American spirit was with me. I stood on holy ground, and could hardly get courage to move from the spot. These emotions were not nervous affections: sensibility is not always sensitiveness. I surveyed the dusky arches above, and the venerable walls, covered with beautifully wrought tablets, while in the aisles by the long ranges of massy Gothic pillars stood numberless fine statues, representives of the good and great. I dare not trust myself to speak of the sacred enthusiasm that made every chord in my inmost soul vibrate.

Immortal memories bloom in the Poet's Corner! Here are the monuments of bards who delighted generations now in the dust, as they will the future living world with their matchless melodies. Their spirits are gone into immortality, and leave behind them immortal fragrance. Their works speak to the soul, as these marble effigies do to the eye. At that day when these vaults give up their trust, in the language of Addison, "we shall all be contemporaries."

All around are the forms of kings, statesmen, wits, poets, and philosophers. The epitaphs of these all but speaking forms are of thrilling interest to the lovers of lore.

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DAVID GARRICK, of histrionic fame, throwing aside a veil from the bust of Shakspeare, illustrating his superior skill in unveiling his beauties, while Tragedy, Comedy, and other ideal figures, are looking on with approbation.

A fine figure of GRABE, a man of great Oriental learning, which seems to have left him comfortless, for there is no angel of Hope pointing upward, as he sits on the marble tomb meditating on the sorrows of the grave.

A fine figure of Dr. BARROW, the great theologian, whose works are said to be the foundation of all the divinity written since his time, is very impressive.

ADDISON is surrounded by the Nine Muses at the base. A very noble figure this of the great critic, admired by every "Spectator."

Over the door of the Chapel of St. Blaize is a remarkably exact profile medallion of OLIVER GOLDSMITH, just as we see him in engravings. The tablet is beautified with a festoon curtain, olive branches and books. Below is the famous Latin epitaph by Dr. Johnson, purporting that he left no species of writing unadorned.

HANDEL'S monument is one of the most splendid: one can never grow weary in its study. His left arm rests on a group of musical instruments, while listening to an angel in the clouds playing on a harp. A music book lies open at the notes in the Messiah, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

Near him is GAY, the favourite of the Duke of Queensbury, who erected the monument, with mask, tragedy, daggers, and other devices, emblematic of the kind of literature in which he excelled. The short epitaph by himself has been censured for its profane levity:

> Life is a jest and all things show it:
> I thought so once, and now I know it."

Below this epitaph is another by his friend Pope.

Next is ROWE, and his only daughter, author of several fine tragedies, with an epitaph by Pope.

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The walls are so crowded with monuments that it must have been difficult to assign places for the more modern poets. Three great master spirits of different centuries are on the wall in social proximity—the bard of Avon, MILTON, and the bard of Ednam. They will never be eclipsed.

SHAKSPEARE is exquisitely wrought. His bust rests on a projecting base, and is as much admired as his sublime lines on a scroll:

> The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve,
> And like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind. *Tempest.*

On the pedestal are heads of three of his principal characters—Henry V., Richard III. and Queen Elizabeth. The most powerful influence has not been able to have his remains removed from Stratford to Westminster Abbey.

A little to the right is JAMES THOMSON, author of the Seasons, and other poetical works. His left arm leans on a pedestal, with a book in one hand, and the cap of Liberty in the other. The sculptor has made him bald: as I never saw the living bard with his hat off, I cannot dispute his judgment: but having seen his original picture at Ednam, I can say the bust is not a likeness. On the pedestal are the Seasons in bas-relief, and a little boy offers him a laurel crown. At the foot of the figure is an ancient harp and the tragic mask. The whole design is very beautiful. In the panel below,

> Tutor'd by thee, sweet Poetry exalts
> Her voice to ages, and informs the page
> With music, image, sentiment and thought,
> Never to die!

I visited the Abbey daily, lingering like a midnight ghost among these dormitories of the dead with a perpetual charm.

In the Poet's Corner are about thirty distinguished characters, besides as many poets. The gifted author of the Night Thoughts and Pope his contemporary, are not here. Pope,

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who was quite crabbed in his lifetime, affected contempt for the company of poets in general, so much so as even to refuse to rest beside them in death! This feeling of his own immense importance is utterly unworthy of a noble mind, whatever may have been his tenets, Christian or infidel. The absence of a memorial to his memory is not accidental.

Here are PRIOR, PHILIPS, author of a poem on Cider, MASON, "elegant, correct, and pious," BUTLER, the author of Hudibras, whose cenotaph was erected by the Lord Mayor of London, "that he who was destitute of all things when alive, might not want a monument when dead."

Under Butler is EDMUND SPENSER, author of the Faery Queen, the great model of great modern poems, The Minstrel, Castle of Indolence, Childe Harold. The piety and quaintness of his epitaph is worthy of regard:

> Heare lyeth (expecting the second
> Commings of our Saviour CHRIST
> JESUS) the body of Edmond Spenser,
> The Prince of Poets in his tyme;
> Whose divine spirrit needs noe
> other witnesse than the works
> Which he left behinde him.
> He was born in London in the yeare 1553,
> And died in the yeare 1598.

The medallion of GRAY is handsome. His nose has a famous arch, (like SOUTHEY'S,) the very sight of which will be enough to insure to them enduring remembrance. The Lyric Muse, in relief, holds a medallion of the author of the Elegy in a Country Churchyard, and points to the bust of MILTON directly above.

BEN JONSON is of fine marble: the epitaph, "*O Rare Ben Jonson!*" is a "well-done," yet "rare" morceau for brevity.

CHAUCER'S is a curious Gothic monument, once beautiful, now defaced by time, like his works, which have given place to modern poetry. He was the father of English poetry.

COWLEY is plain and expressive, with a chaplet twined round an urn, from which a flame rises. The Latin inscrip-

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tion styles him "the Pindar, Horace, and Virgil of England! the delight, ornament, and admiration of his age!" What an age of extravagance his must have been!

In the pavement, two pieces of bluish marble a foot square denote the resting-place of SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D. and THOMAS CAMPBELL, author of the Pleasures of Hope. GARRICK, SHERIDAN, and others, are also buried in front of Shakspeare's monument.

Opposite the choir in the most conspicuous part of the Abbey, stands the full-length, graceful, and all but speaking form of DRYDEN.

Among the distinguished women in the Poet's Corner, is a monument to ANNE of Cleves, a divorced queen of Henry VIII. and ANNE, queen of Richard III., the great Earl of Warwick's daughter, who was poisoned by that human fiend Richard, to make way for another; but he was slain at Bosworth before the marriage.

One of the most admired for novelty is NIGHTINGALE and his lady. Death, with grim visage, is slyly stealing from the tomb, aiming his unerring dart at the dying wife clasped to the bosom of her husband, who is struck with horror and despair at his approach.

The Abbey contains nearly five hundred monuments of illustrious persons, such as FOX, PITT, CHATHAM, CANNING, BURNEY, WILBERFORCE, Major ANDRE: and here are the great Dr. WATTS and Sir ISAAC NEWTON.

"But who can count the stars of heaven?
Who sing their influence on this lower world?"

The best interior view is by the entrance between the towers, where a scene of awful solemnity bursts upon the astonished beholder. Hundreds of monuments are ranged in the long and magnificent aisles, and the noble range of pillars supporting the lofty roof, finally terminates by a sweep. On the arches of the pillars are galleries of double columns covering the side aisles and lighted by a middle

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range of windows. The Abbey is admirably lighted, being neither dusky nor dazzling. Nine chapels are inclosed in this spacious fabric, which is in the form of a cross three hundred and seventy-five feet long. The chapel of Henry VII. is the wonder of the world. A writer says "it is the admiration of the universe: such perfection appears in every part—so far exceeding human excellence, that it appears knit together by the fingers of angels pursuant to the direction of Omnipotence." Of course, I took a seat in the chair of state in which Queen Elizabeth was crowned. It has a couchant lion at each corner. There are two of these chairs which have been used at coronations since Edward I.

Here lies MARY Queen of Scots, who was beheaded at Fotheringay Castle, Northamptonshire, her remains having been privately removed from Peterborough Cathedral by James I. and entombed in a vault beneath her monument. Here rests, under a lofty and magnificent monument, her proud rival Queen ELIZABETH. They who in life were in deadly strife, now peaceably repose side by side in palaces of death. Here are the princes murdered in the Tower by Richard III. Their remains were exhumed and buried in this chapel in the time of Charles II. after remaining buried under the Bloody Tower one hundred and ninety-one years!

To attempt a full description would be useless; but if this humble sketch should awaken in any reader a wish to see the Abbey, the writer will be well rewarded. The cost of Henry VII.'s chapel alone was equal to $2,000,000! The verger took us through the chapels of St. Benedict, St. Edmund, St. Nicholas, St. Paul, St. Erasmus, St. Islip, and St. John; but so rapidly that it was impossible to scan the countless wonders with antiquarian niceness. My memorable visit to this renowned Abbey seems to this day less like a reality than some gorgeous midsummer dream.

To view Westminster Abbey on utilitarian principles, or in reference to its adaptation to modern convenience, is to

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stultify all judgment and common sense. A spirit like this would annihilate all the glorious pictures at Verseilles, and pull down every beautiful spire in the land. Out upon it!

The charge for seeing the chapels is only sixpence; the rest of the Abbey is free. This charge is very proper, as you have one of the vergers, who conducts twelve persons at a time, for an exponent. The twopenny charge for entering St. Paul's has been lately abolished through the satirical influence of the London Punch.

The sermon on Sunday morning was a rather able defence of prescript forms, from the words, "When ye pray, say." All the responses and Psalter were chanted; and though the intonation of the prayers may seem especially absurd, yet all who know anything of the sublime liturgy of the Church of England will agree, that when performed in a devotional spirit, it is like all heaven let down upon earth. The clear, liquid alto, melting with the deep-swelling bass, produced a stream of unearthly harmony—how true to the poet!

> In swarming cities vast,
> Assembled men to the deep organ join
> The long-resouding note, oft breeaking clear
> At solemn pauses through the swelling bass;

While the strange melody rolls through the long sombre aisles and lofty arches, the stupendous fabric trembling with the thunder-tones of the noble organ. The "Amen," caught up by the choir at the end of every prayer, to me was more beautiful than tongue can tell—rapturous, devotional—the best type of the worship of a spiritual sphere. The day, the the place, its wondrous historic records, the music, created overpowering emotions. Even now I seem to hear the voice of many waters, rising and fading—like a multitude of the heavenly host departing into heaven, chanting "hallelujah, for the LORD GOD omnipotent reigneth!" That soft, mellifluous, prolonged "Amen" so full of religion, has been lingering on my ear ever since!

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Hampton Court is twelve miles from London, and about four from Richmond and Twickenham, all on the Thames. No American traveller should fail to see them. Taking the railway from Waterloo Bridge, in half an hour I was at Hampton village. The palace is a prodigious pile, apparently an eighth of a mile long, built of yellowish brick, in the Tudor Gothic style. Henry VIII. demanded of Cardinal Wolsey what he meant by thus rivalling royalty itself? He replied with characteristic cunning, that it was the property of the king! This palace is a specimen of the luxury and extravagance of that age. Here I saw two thousand pictures, some of them good, others good for nothing: not a few are large historical tapestries, full twenty feet square, remarkable antiquities. It took two hours to pass the thirty large spacious saloons, covered with paintings, ceiling and all.

Wolsey's Great Hall, or chapel, is fairly dazzling to view, overloaded with ornaments; yet after beholding the simple majesty of Westminster Abbey, it awakened surprise, it is true, but without veneration. This might be owing partly to disgust at the ambition and hypocrisy of Wolsey.

These abodes of departed greatness are no longer the royal residence, which has been removed to Windsor Castle.

The extensive parks and palace gardens, in immortal luxuriance, greet the wondering eye. Long ranges of goodly elm and lime trees—the wilderness of umbrageous shade—the circular lake in the centre of Bushy Park—and a hundred other things, render "royal Hampton's pile" all that is historical, magnificent and inviting. "The Maze," laid out in Henry's time, with its half a mile of labyrinthian walks, is a great source of merriment:

"A mighty maze, but not without a plan."

Then there is the orangery, and the famous black Hamburgh grape vine, a hundred and fourteen feet long, its stem thirty inches round, the whole inclosed in a glass palace. It

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will bear two thousand bunches of a pound each. This fruit is exclusively for Her Majesty's table, and hence these grapes were very "sour grapes" for me!

The very thought of being within four miles of Twickenham fired me with instant resolution to see Pope's Villa. There is no time like now! Off I started a-foot, an unfashionable yet devout pilgrim to the shrine of Genius. The narrow, winding road lay along a level, luxuriant country, and the high hawthorn hedges overshadowing half the street afforded a fine shelter from the sun. Who has not felt the impressive and poetic silence of the country at such a season of flowers and fragrance? This I enjoyed with the liveliest delight all the way from Hampton to Twickenham, The town is neat, small and compact—a city in miniature. Near the bank of the Thames I observed a splendid pagoda, well enough almost anywhere else, but perfectly ridiculous on the very site of Pope's villa. Above the fence directly in front is a small sign-board—"Pope's Villa stood on this spot till 1848:"—to which ought to have been added—"when it was torn down to make room for a pagoda, more fit—for its present owner!" Yes! the rural and classic home of Genius, consecrated by its holiest hours and efforts—the board which wit and taste illumined—are struck down by brutal hands, to build a shrine for its gold god—the same that Israel worshipped. Even so the Turk spares not those Pyramids whose years are entitled to reverence—from all but savages. Yet the temple had better be burned to ashes than profaned. On the opposite side of the street is another elevated sign—"Pope's Grove." But where is the thing signified—the grove? Alas! within that small three-cornered inclosure there is not a tree—not even a venerable stump! Pope's willow—the sprout of which he found in a box of sweetmeats from Constantinople, and from which sprang all the weeping-willows in England and America—died fifty years ago—no effort could stay death; but it has a numerous

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weeping posterity. "No ideas you could form in the winter," says Pope in a letter to a friend, "could make you imagine what Twickenham is in this warm summer. Our river glitters beneath the unclouded sun, at the same time that its banks retain the verdure of showers; our gardens are offering their first nosegays; our trees, like new acquaintance brought happily together, are stretching their arms to meet each other, and growing nearer and nearer every hour. The birds are paying their thanksgiving songs for the new habitations I have made them. My building rises high enough to attract the eye and curiosity of the passenger from the river, where, upon beholding a mixture of beauty and ruin, he inquires—What house is falling, or what church is rising? So little taste have our common Tritons for Vitruvius; whatever delight the poetical gods of the river may take in reflecting on their streams, my Tuscan porticoes, or Ionic pilasters."

Luckily, I found the keeper of the villa grounds, who said they were not public; but on learning an American's anxiety to see Pope's grotto, he readily accompanied me through it. Between its entrance and the Thames there may be fifty feet of smooth sloping greensward. The height and width of the grotto are about seven feet, and it extends to the street, as well as I could guess, abont fifty feet. Over it is a level lawn where stood the villa. The arch of the grotto is embedded with marble, ores, spars, gems, flint, and sea-shells. In this romantic seclusion many of Pope's Moral Essays were written: here often resorted the great men of his day. Mr. Gillett, the keeper, kindly gave me a few specimens from the arch, as memorials: he said a great many had been filched. The grotto is not half as beautiful as when Pope was alive. At the right of the entrance is a clear perennial spring, which echoed through the grotto day and night in Pope's time. I drank from this stream that dripped from the conch of a river-god into a reservoir of shells, in the same preservation as the poet left it. In the corner of the grotto is a stone figure

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of a pilgrim with a scallop hat, a staff in his right hand, and in his left, a book. Some have ridiculed Pope's taste; but according to his own account, this cave was no mean affair. A person might look out through an arcade of trees, and see the sails on the river as through a perspective glass; and on shutting the door it changed to a kind of camera-obscura, forming a picture of the silver Thames with its boats, and the woody slopes beyond. But the lines "On his Grotto at Twickenham," tell the poet's own story:

> Thou who shalt drop where Thames' translucent wave
> Shines a broad mirror through the shadowy cave,
> Where lingering drops from mineral roofs distil,
> And pointed crystals break the sparkling rill,
> Unpolish'd gems no ray on pride bestow,
> And latent metals innocently glow:
> Approach. Great Nature studiously behold!
> And eye the mine without a wish for gold.
> Approach; but awful! lo! th' Ægerian grot,
> Where nobly pensive St. John sat and thought;
> Where British sighs from dying Wyndham stole,
> And the bright flame was shot through Marchmont's soul,
> Let such, such only, tread this sacred floor,
> Who dare to love their country and be poor!

In the heart of the town is a venerable church, which I took for St. Mary's, and entered the churchyard by a turnstile, passing along the footpath running diagonally across to the next street, a common feature in English towns. On a slab in the church wall is a memorial to Pope's female servant, which at first I mistook for that of the poet. A passenger of whom I inquired went with me some distance to the clerk's, who as kindly opened the church, the steeple of which he assured me was five hundred and fifty years old. He pointed to a large P cut in the granite floor in the middle aisle. In the vault below this lies Pope. The numerous monuments give the church a solemn aspect, striking the beholder with awe. Here are buried Pope's father and mother. On the gallery wall is a fine tablet of grayish marble in a pyramid form, with his medallion profile in relief:—

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ALEXANDER POPE,
M. H.
Gulielmus Episcopus
Gloucesteriensis Amicitiæ
Causa Fac. Cur.
MDCCLXI.

Poeta Loquitur.

For one who would not be buried in Westminster Abbey.

Heroes and kings, your distance keep,
In peace let one poor poet sleep,
Who never flatter'd folks like you:
Let Homer blush, and Virgil too!

No doubt they will! My first impression was that Bishop Warburton, who reared the monument, wrote these verses, thus playing spokesman for his friend; but on reading them in Pope's works, my wonder was even greater. Could "the poet speak" with such boastful vanity of himself? Who else could have been in his mind? But it seems after all he could not "sleep in peace;" for I was informed that when the vault was opened many years ago, either to ascertain the state of his remains, or make repairs, by some wily manœuvring his skull was borrowed for a few hours, and another returned instead! It has been said that £50 were paid to accomplish this scheme, and that Pope's skull now figures in some phrenological curiosity-shop!

After my visit to this lovely haunt of the Muses, I had no heart to think of anything else for some time. I returned on foot to Hampton Court; and while waiting till a late hour for the up-train, had much conversation with the railway servants, who showed me as much attention as if I had been Alexander Pope or Cardinal Wolsey. They asked many questions about the States; and observed that they were on duty from six in the morning till nine at night, for about $4 a week! "How do you contrive to live at London prices?" "O, we don't live—we exist, and go to a cheaper market." Though intelligent and competent, they could not get cash to emigrate, and I tried to make the poor fellows feel contented.

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CHAPTER XIV.

Richmond—Petersham—Kew—Highgate—Hampstead.

> Remembrance oft shall haunt the shore
> Where Thames in summer wreaths is drest.
>
> *Collins.*

My long-cherished wish was to see Richmond. At nine one morning in July, I stepped on board a steamboat at London bridge, and gradually emerged from the thick smoke of the city. Every steamboat pipe made a low bow at each of the majestic bridges. We leave the gloomy old walls of Lambeth palace and Lollards' Tower on the left, or Surrey side, and the site of the theatre where Shakspeare performed opposite. The buoyant breeze gently stirs the treetops at Vauxhall Gardens, a singular contrast to the Penitentiary on the Middlesex side. Half a mile beyond is Chelsea, and its famous hospital with 20,000 pensioners. In the church is buried Sir Hans Sloane, founder of the British Museum. The Battersea bridge is an old blackish, wooden structure: in the church on the other side of the Thames, are the remains of Bolingbroke, the friend of Pope and Swift. At Putney, the historian Gibbon was born; and in its church, Pitt is buried. We come now to Fulham palace, the beautiful residence of the bishops of London. Nature now puts on lovely drapery, and before reaching Hammersmith, you behold her in all the beautiful variety of green lawns, and glorious trees with luxuriant foliage. Nor must we omit a careful look at the fine suspension bridge. Here I was fairly "turned round" by the graceful sweep of the Thames. The old Chiswick church where Hogarth the painter is buried, is very picturesque. Then comes the cheerful village of Barnes, overlooking the Thames. In the churchyard you will see the tomb of Edward

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Rose, who gave a legacy to the poor, on condition that rose-trees were kept flourishing round his grave. He wished his memory to have the same blooming fragrance. Half revealed through goodly cedars appears the seat of the Duke of Devonshire, where Fox and Canning expired. The lovely and wonderful objects that crowd together in quick succession, fill the mind with a pleasing distraction; yet there is a feeling of regret at the want of companionship to enjoy, or the ability to catch and paint, the living features of the scenery, in glowing hues. I see the Elysian grove of Chiswick, and the celebrated Horticultural Gardens; but at the next twist of the Thames, as by the turn of a kaleidoscope, these beautiful creations are lost, and the charming village of Strand-on-the-Green springs into bright existence. Here lived and died the notable Joe Miller.

Yonder handsome stone bridge leads to the famous Royal Gardens of Kew! The Thames here may be two hundred feet wide. The turbid waters of London have gradually become limpid; and the same change has passed upon the air. Our crowded boat moves beautifully over the smooth, translucent stream, scarcely rippled by the softly-plashing wheels. The scenery on both sides of the Thames is rather level till you come to Richmond, yet this feature is amply redeemed by its extreme beauty.

Ho! Richmond bridge, a superb russet stone structure, is now in sight, with its graceful arches and rich parapets. On the right slope is Caen Lodge, the tasteful villa of Dr. Barry. Swans and cygnets are out on pleasure excursions, rowing themselves about in irregular circles, often pausing to admire their handsome forms in the liquid mirror, as in proud rivalry of yonder pleasure barge, splendid enough for Cleopatra, the deck palace crowded with fashion, moving slowly on to the music of the band playing "Sweet Lass of Richmond Hill." Over against Twickenham Meadows with their lofty shade trees is Richmond Hill, bold, green, and glorious, rising well

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from the Thames, with woody hill above hill; while groves, extensive parks, and long-ranging terraces of glittering mansions, intermingled with bowery trees, form a bright, bold, diversified picture of surpassing splendour.

Between the base of this classic hill and the Thames are the luxuriant Petersham Meadows, and a mile from Richmond bridge is Petersham, one of the loveliest villages upon earth, the residence of the aristocracy and nobility. At Petersham Lodge, I handed the housekeeper a card of introduction from a clergyman of Manchester to Colonel Powney, of the East India service, inquiring if I could see him.

"What do you want of him, Sir?"

"Why, I want to see him, to be sure!"

"But I must know all about your business," said the old lady, with a gingerly, curious look through her spectacles.

"My business is with Colonel P. You won't understand it if I tell you."

"But I must know all about it, Sir."

"Well, then, if you must know, I wish to inquire about Thomson the poet's monument——"

"Thomson, Thomson—I don't know him—never heard of him!" said the old woman, with bewildered embarrassment.

"I knew you didn't! But if you'll be kind enough to send in this card to Colonel P. and he does not see me, I will trouble you no more. Depend upon it, 'twill be all right."

After a pause, thinking perhaps she had carried what Lord Carlisle would call her "pig-headed adhesiveness" too far, it was agreed to. The card was sent to the adjoining mansion, and in five minutes an answer was returned.

"Colonel P. will see you in a few minutes, Sir."

"Ah! I told you it would be all right!" She was now very sociable and agile.

"Won't you take a glass of ale?"

I said something about dispepsia, and declined.

"What's the dispepsia?"

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I found her as wise about this as on poets and poetry; but I was so well pleased with my success, as not to reply by wishing she might know by blissful experience.

Colonel P. received me with great courtesy, and entertained me agreeably an hour with a hundred strange curiosities about his tasteful villa and ample gardens; a Gyrah bull from the East Indies, with a prodigious hump, and a sairus, five feet high, resembling an ostrich. This amiable little bird chased me round and round; and though I hid behind the trunk of a large tree, the bellicose rascal found me out, and when I was off my guard, struck a savage blow with his bill. His dancing was now over, and for this breach of hospitality he received sundry thwacks from his owner's cane, and then returned with distressful screams to his rural abode. These animals are so fierce and adroit that they will pick out a person's eyes in an unwary moment.

Here stands the original summer-house where Gay wrote his fables. Petersham Lodge was probably once the seat of the Duke of Queensbury. His favourite, Gay, is known to have abode with him many years, till his death in 1732.

Colonel P. pointed to the beautiful seat of the king of the Belgians; Marble Hill, residence of the Duke of Montrose; Colonel Peel's, brother of Sir Robert; Ham House, the seat of the Earl of Dysart; the Duke of Buccleuch's; the Marquis of Lansdowne's; Devonshire Cottage, seat of the Hon. Mrs. Lamb, sister of Lord Melbourne; and many other villas of great beauty. Claremont, about three miles from Petersham, was the residence of Louis Philippe, king of France, who died here in August, 1850.

My impression that there was a monument to Thomson on the bank of the Thames, was derived from Collins' Ode:

> In yonder grave a Druid lies,
> Where slowly winds the stealing wave.

Colonel P. had never heard of any such monument, but gave me a note to the clergyman of the Richmond church, where

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he is buried. After dinner, I reluctantly left the delightful abode of this true Christian gentleman with feelings of high esteem, such as we never know when it is not founded on free-hearted hospitality.

Richmond has two Parks on the hill, one of them containing two thousand acres! The New Terrace opened in the reign of William IV. overlooks the winding course of the silver Thames, sparkling along the green vales, half hid by groups of trees, between which you have glimpses of the rich landscape of groves and shining villas below and beyond. On a board nailed to a tree were some good descriptive verses.

After a fruitless search for the minister, I found the clerk's wife, who kindly went with me to the old church of St. Mary Magdalene, and pointing to the right hand corner on entering, said, "There it is, Sir—you may look at it as long as you like," and withdrew.

There I stood, with a solemn awe, like that we feel at the grave of a dear friend or brother, whose benefits we hold in grateful memory. From the brass tablet I transcribed—

In the Earth below this Tablet,
are the remains of
JAMES THOMSON,
Author of the beautiful Poems entitled, The Seasons,
Castle of Indolence, &c.
Who died at Richmond on the 27th day of August,
and was buried here on the 29th, old stile, 1748.
The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and so sweet a
Poet should remain without a memorial, has denoted the
place of interment for the satisfaction of his
admirers, in the year of our Lord 1792.

Father of light and life! thou Good Supreme!
O teach me what is good! teach me Thyself!
Save me from folly, vanity and vice,
From every low pursuit, and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!... *Winter.*

I stood at the tomb of a great genius, and venture to introduce my musings on that sacred spot.

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Poet of Nature! with extatic thrill
I've scann'd her pictures bursting on my sight,
Tinted by thee, inspired with heavenly skill,
The wildgrove, glittering stream, and sylvan height;
The virgin *Spring;* the *Summer* landscape bright;
The fruitful *Autumn* and his golden sheaves,
To cheer the swain in *Winter's* dreary blight:
Dear Priest of Nature! how my spirit grieves
To see thy harp with thee fallen with Time's withered leaves!

God of the Seasons! 'tis thy minstrel's dust
That sleeps on Thames' green bank, beneath this tree!
Yet shall this tomb resign its awful trust,
To sweep the strings of heavenly harmony,
And weave new notes of nameless ecstasy:
O may I join that song of endless years!
Range heavenly hills, sweet poet! and with thee,
Where our great Parent dries our falling tears,
Admire great Nature's works where Nature's God appears!

I am a weary pilgrim of the seas,
With burning zeal to see thy sacred shrine:
O! more refreshing than the evening breeze
That gently stirs yon softly-murmuring pine!
Rest! gentle spirit of the tuneful Nine!
O'er the dark ocean flood I will return;
And when a tear shall wet these eyes of mine,
Remembrance, joyous as the morn, shall turn,
And wreath fresh-blooming flowers around thy votive urn!

Where Tweed and Teviot in soft confluence glide,
Memory shall flit o'er the romantic dale,
'Mid Jed and Dryburgh's groves on the hillside,
And Ednam's lonely song-enchanted vale.
Teviot! thy silver stream shall Memory hail,
With Zephyr soft communing o'er the mead,
In voiceful whispers of a speechless tale;
Till, like consenting souls in love agreed,
Thou flowest to embrace the bosom of the Tweed.

The pensile willows by the silver flood
Shall dip themselves in Thames' translucent wave,
And weep soft-trickling tears. The trembling wood
Sigh plaintive murmurs o'er their Poet's grave,
And wildwinds dirge from chine and dripping cave.
At midnight hour, on Richmond's wood-crowned hill,
Whose greensward banks the moonlit waters lave,
A spell-like silence all the air shall fill,
O'er Kew's enchanted bowers that shade his domicil!

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The Saxon name of Richmond was "Shene," which means splendour. The Star and Garter is the best hotel, where I dined on a subsequent visit. This hotel has been chartered for the season of the "World's Fair" by the Emperor of Russia for the neat round sum of £100,000! It is at the verge of the large Park, and its cool retreats, with seats. At the end of the terrace is painted a "Ha-ha!" a term originating from the complete deception of a painting, representing in perspective the continuation of a walk, causing the beholder to exclaim, "Ha-ha!" Within the inclosure is a green hillock, called "Henry VIII.'s Mound," where the butcher king stood and heard the cannon announce the death of Anne Boleyn on Tower Hill. Cholmondeley Walk along the riverside, is charming. Indeed, there is nothing unsightly—all is beauty.

Richmond is classic ground—the Muses' Hill. Its shining pictures are painted indelibly on my memory; but to transfer them is quite another thing. As almost any other description will come short of reality, I shall let the great rural poet paint a panoramic picture of immortal beauty, amid his own loved haunts, where I now stand! Let us with him

Ascend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful Shene,! Here let us sweep
The boundless landscape: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting, swift to huge Augusta send,
Now to the Sister Hills that skirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majestic Windsor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contrast to this glorious view,
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the silver Thames first rural grows.
There let the feasted eye unwearied stray:
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, stooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whose shades in spotless peace retired
With Her, the pleasing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queensbury yet laments his Gay,
And polished Cornbury woos the willing Muse.
Slow let us trace the matchless Vale of Thames;

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Fair-winding up to where the Muses haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraced height, and Esher's groves,
Where in the sweetest solitude, embraced
By the soft windings of the silent Mole,
From courts and senates Pelham finds repose.
Enchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muse
Has of Achaia or Hesperia sung!
O vale of bliss! O softly-swelling hills!
On which the Power of Cultivation lies,
And joys to see the wonders of his toil!
Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
The stretching landscape into smoke decays!

Not a spot is named in these lines that I could not see, while walking along those glorious heights, with Thomson's Summer open before me. With such a landscape before the poet, what need was there of fancy pictures? Near some fine old cedars below, formerly stood Lord Huntingtower's seat, described as "Harrington's retreat." Highgate and Hampstead, (the Sister Hills,) Harrow, and Windsor Castle, fifteen miles from Richmond, were all in the range of my eye. One knows not which to admire most—the scenery or the painting.

On another occasion I visited Kew by steamboat to Chelsea, and thence on foot along the Cheyne Walk through Chiswick and Strand-on-the-Green, crossing the Kew bridge to Surrey. Here I met with a gentleman from Wimbledon, who took great interest in my inquiries, observing that like myself, he had long wished to see Thomson's house, but like a thousand things that we can do any time, he never took the pains to visit it, though he lived only five miles off! and since an American had come three thousand miles, he thought he might walk three; and proposed to accompany me. The reader, whether fond of poetry or not, ought to be; and I hope will go with us. Let us honour the memory of those whose writings have contributed largely to the cause of religion and virtue. Even their familiar haunts are dear to us, and are

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fast fading from recollection, though their works never can. Though no worshipper of relics, I love the very ground such men have trod, for they were the friends of mankind.

Mr. Strachan walked with me to the end of Kew Lane, two miles from the Thames, where we at last found Rosedale House, now the residence of Lady Shaftsbury. The porter said her Ladyship was asleep; but concluded to admit us. Some addition has been made to Thomson's cottage, which still forms the entrance to the enlarged building. I was glad to see the original cottage just as the poet left it. His table is a round three-legged stand. On a scroll of satin-wood in the centre, is inscribed—

> On this Table James Thomson constantly wrote. It was therefore purchased of his servant, who also gave these brass hooks, on which his hat and cane were hung in this his Sitting-Room.—F. B.

These are initials of Hon. Frances Boscawen, former owner of the estate. There is another inscription on the wall—

> James Thomson died at this place, on the 27th day of August, 1748, (O. S.)—F. B.

Behind the house is his garden, a scene of wild, pensive beauty, fit for the gorgeous dreams of his Castle of Indolence. Here stands, untouched by the hand of improvement, the self-same summer-house in which wrote, overhung by an enormous old chesnut tree, green and flourishing, though decaying at the trunk. The keeper, observing my intense interest, gave me some pieces of the summer-house, crusted with many coats of dark paint, the inside crumbling to the touch. He also gave me some of the veneering that had become loosened from the edge of his table. Well, I shall keep them! A white oval tablet over the alcove says,

> Here
> Thomson sang
> The Seasons
> and their change.

This sylvan retreat is about ten feet in height and width, in the shape of half a hexagon, with a seat running round

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the inside, and an oblong table, with old-fashioned crooked legs. On a brass tablet is engraved,

This Table was the Property of
James Thomson,
And always stood in this Seat.

On several boards hanging inside the alcove are poetic and prose inscriptions, placed there by admirers since his death.

His garden is a luxuriant little wilderness, where I saw two wonderful trees—a Russian and a Lebanon fir, or silver cedar—the wide branches sweeping down upon the green velvet lawn just as if they had been lopped. The immortal freshness of the trees and shrubbery; the deep, sombre shades here and there pierced by sunbeams; the sylvan tracery edging the virgin lawns; the mossy glades; the fragrant flowers of strange hues expanding their broad petals; all show with what care and taste everything has been preserved. Among the trees, many of them the growth of more than a century, were the tulip tree, catalpa, Spanish chesnut, tupelo, oak, hickory, American ash, and ilex, an evergreen.

On my way back to London I passed the Kew Gardens, which were closed that day. The carriages were returning from the funeral of the Duke of Cambridge, Victoria's uncle. Above the lofty trees within, an unique Chinese pagoda of ten stories, rises to a height nearly equal to St.Paul's, Broadway, New-York.

Highgate is one of the "lungs of London." My friend Payne Kenyon Kilbourne, of Litchfield, had politely favoured me with a letter of introduction, accompanied with some documents, to William Kilburn, an East India broker, which I delivered at his counting-house in St. Mary Axe. Although it was the busiest part of the morning, when English merchants are said to be rather gruff, Mr. K. received me in the very kindest manner, without frigid formality; and on taking leave I was not "bowed out" in a hurry. On calling at my friend Mr. Cutter's, of Regent street, that evening, I found

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a note, which is here introduced as a single example of the real good feeling that greeted me everywhere:

LONDON, 6th July, 1859.

Dear Sir: It will give me pleasure if you will partake of my family dinner on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday next, at six o'clock; and I shall feel obliged by a line, to say if any of those days will suit you.

My house is No. 2 Holly Terrace, Highgate Hill; and there is an omnibus from Tottenham Court Road, corner of Oxford street, at ten minutes past five, which passes the door. There are also other omnibuses from the same place to Kentish Town, about a mile short, about every quarter of an hour, if you should feel disposed to come up earlier, to see something of the country.

I remain, my dear Sir, yours very truly, WILLIAM KILBURN.

On my way up Highgate Hill, I passed the stone on which Whittington sat, when he ran away from his master in London, and heard the merry chime of St. Mary-le-Bow, Cheapside, seeming to say—"Turn again Whittington! thrice Lord Mayor of London!" He did turn again. He went back and served out his apprenticeship; and that strange prophecy of the Bow bells was strangely fulfilled. So trifling an incident as this has turned the fortunes of many a one for life! This is a historical fact. The story about Whittington's cat, by which he is made to realize more than some California gold-seekers do, is apocryphal, and knowing the golden credulity of our times, I guess it will not be safe to indorse it!

The scenery from Highgate Hill is splendid beyond compare. There lay, in the smoky distance, the mighty metropolis—a picture too grand for description! Mr. K. pointed from his window to Hampstead, a lovely swell, sprinkled with shining suburban villas. Highgate and Hampstead are called the Sister Hills, a very fashionable neighbourhood.

The polite refinement of this family was as charming as their humility of manner—dignified without senseless ostentation. The English do not invite you to stare at them, or

"The needless pomp of gaudy furniture."

They are so easy and conversible—they will not let you feel embarrassment; and hence, you are happy in their society.

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CHAPTER XV.

France.

I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Goldsmith.

HAVING made up my mind to see France, I chose one of the longest routes by steam from London to Dunkerque, though Dover and Calais, the shortest, is generally preferred. After getting my passport signed at the American Embassy in Piccadilly, and paying five francs to get it certified at the French office in King William street, I was ready for the voyage next morning; but by a strange mistake I went to London bridge instead of the Tower stairs, half a mile farther, and found to my inexpressible vexation the ship was off! Although the oar-boatmen knew this, one of them fleeced me of a shilling under pretence of taking me aboard. After the usual hurry-flurry from so great a disappointment, I was reconciled from sad necessity to wait two days for the next packet, especially as my ticket was good for another day. A person of whom I inquired the way, answered me thus—"Look here, my friend!—take my advice: leave your portmenteau at some house where it will be safe—" But the tempter quickly vanished at an emphatic "Get out!"

Two days after, I left at eight in the morning, passing out by the North Sea, leaving the famous Ramsgate and Margate situated on a bold bluff at the right. My plan was to visit Brussels, the city of palaces, and the field of Waterloo, only nine miles thence. The captain kindly changed my ticket, (for which I had paid but 16s. 6d.) to Lille, in France, where the railway turns off into Belgium. I arrived at Dunkerque at dusk, with the peculiarly strange feelings of a traveller entering such a country as France the first time, when ima-

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gination has full play. If Britain was a new world of wonders, France was marvellous—utterly unlike anything I had seen in Britain or my own country. I felt like Selkirk for solitude, but could not say I was monarch of anything I surveyed, not even myself and valise; and felt thankful that an American clergyman, who had been through the gauntlet, advised me to take nothing else. All the luggage was taken to a small inspection-office near the wharf. One of the fierce gen d'armes, with a red protuberance in his cap, about the size of a cat-tail, grabbed my passport from my hand, leaving me to wonder at French politeness, and how I was to get it again; for hardly a word of French could I speak. A dozen porters instantly besieged me after my luggage had been overhauled; but I resisted all attacks upon it like a hero, though I took all their cards. I walked on a couple of miles through the gloomy old town with houses eighty or a hundred feet high, the narrow sidewalks paved with cobble-stone, the common people taking the middle of the street. O reader! if you are a stranger to the horrors, may you always be! I was alone, in France, and ill too, and could hardly help bursting into tears; and what added to my desolation, I could make nobody understand me. Monsieur would chatter something that he could not make me comprehend, and then, with a shrug of disappointment, go on his way. At last I selected a card at haphazard—the Hotel du Chapeau Rouge. My despondency was such that I shed tears on entering; but my delight and surprise were unspeakable at the voice of a fine young lady, who answered me in good English. On asking how I was to get my passport, she said, "The servant will go with you, Sir." How fortunate the choice of a hotel where English was spoken! The price for a good room was but one franc, with every attention. The Hotel de Flandre is another of the same sort.

Next morning, I had an amusing time at a restaurant. I wanted an egg; and though I tried every talismanic word,

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with every possible variety of accent and gesticulation, the landlord and his wife could only look at me with unutterable anxiety, and then at each other, exclaiming, "Mon Dieu!" At length they flew off; and I succeeded in getting—what think you, after all this fuss?—a glass of brandy! The host and his wife were more chagrined than ever when they knew it was not what I wanted. I then sketched an egg on a piece of paper, when they clapped their hands with joy, and cried out, "Un œuf!" Yes! I got the egg, it is true, but—raw! at which we all laughed; and here the story ends. So much for neglecting to learn French!

While waiting for the railway, I strolled about the rural suburbs, the pleasant groves and farms, but saw no bright villas—nothing but a few farm-cottages of the poor. At nine I took the railway for Lille, where I arrived in the afternoon. The day was beautiful, with occasional light showers, after which the sun would look joyously down from the blue serene on the hills and vales of France, covered with green and yellow harvests. The country is not so bold as England, though very picturesque. Men, women and children dressed in blue blouse, were out in the fields harvesting. The country was under high culture, without a foot of neglected land. Square and oblong plots and strips of grain and herbage of different colours, spread over the vales and undulating hills, almost treeless, look like patchwork; and such, indeed, it is—a very pleasing novelty. I saw the same operation of cutting turf as in Ireland. It is cut in oblong pieces, the size of a large brick, and piled in pyramidal stacks to dry, and makes the best of fuel. The northern, or grape-growing part of France, is not so fertile as the south. I looked in vain for the luxuriant, nicely-plashed hawthorn hedges and spacious parks, with their herds of deer, to be seen all over England. The fields have no fences, except a kind of paling by the roadside; yet along the railways are many hawthorn hedges newly planted. The French diligence is a clumsy

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but comfortable mode of travelling. Of these I saw but few. Good railways now communicate with all parts of France. When a diligence meets a drove of sheep, it is curious to see the dextrous sagacity of the dogs, which are trained to drive them all on one side of the road till the vehicle passes!

At every town I saw plenty of monks, monks, monks, with jolly round faces, dressed in black surtouts reaching down to the heels, and buttoned up to the chin, with broad-rimmed hats. They always have a book under the arm to awe the credulous vulgar. Whoever has anxieties they have none. These ecclesiastics are getting into great favour with the government of republican France, and republican Italy. I had the company of a monk in the railway, and a very pleasant fellow he was. The reader would have laughed to see me taking my second lesson in French. He knew enough English to learn of me that I was at the beginning of pupil-age; and though I did not bid fair to become a promising scholar, yet seeing the schoolmaster was abroad, without business, I gladly encouraged his works of charity. Near Lille I counted in two miles over a hundred windmills; yet in the same space might be seen as many of the ecclesiastical windmills aforesaid. I always managed to get a seat at the window, and had fine sights all the way to Paris.

In pleasant construction of railway carriages, the French are as much behind the English, as the British are behind the Americans. You enter the French carriage by a side door to a compartment completely closed front and rear! In England it is similar, except the nonsensical partition. The English and French take the lead in systematic management, a cheap and uniform scale of prices, solid permanence of the roads, and the astonishing magnitude, massive strength, and beauty of their railway stations, especially the English. Yet our long, convenient, republican cars, will always go ahead. At any rate, we can give unrivalled despatch to the greatest number of passengers! Of this we have too many striking

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examples. The French ought to have credit for one capital improvement, unknown in England—lighting up the cars on passing a tunnel.

Lille is a dark and uninviting old town, resembling Dunkerque. Refreshments at the hotels and stations are high. Here I was to take the railway for Belgium; but illness and my experience at Dunkerque damped my courage a little, and I thought best not to try an incursion into the Dutch country and language. I had even intended a visit to Prussia and the banks of the Rhine; and though English is spoken at the best hotels, these plans are set down as foregone resolutions.

Arras is the next town of note, and a few leagues more brings us to Amiens, where the treaty of peace was signed. The numerous pretty villages of the way recede from the mind as they do from sight, for thoughts of absorbing wonder.

"That's Paris!" said an English gentleman. It was now ten o'clock; and the sight of the long line of gas lamps reaching for miles on both sides of the railway, was glorious to behold! On passing out of the railway station, an officer shouted, "Passe-porte!" I responded with a Frenchified enunciation, "Dunkerque!" and passed on. It was not his fault that he took me for a Frenchman. "Pretty well!" thought I, "for the third lesson in French!"

I was in Paris; and walked miles through its wilderness of streets, without finding lodging. Here was trouble again! What should a stranger do who cannot speak French? At one place a woman answered my ring from the window in broken English, that sent a chill to the heart, "It is not possebel!" At another place, the porter rudely shoved me from the door. It was now midnight, and I needed rest. I inwardly vowed to do all in my power to prevent any friends from visiting France; and a hundred times over wished myself back to London. By to-morrow, it will be seen whether I had cause to change my mind entirely. I entered the Hotel d'Angleterre near St. Vincent de Paul; but could not submit

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to pay the price of two day's board for a night's lodging, and went, I knew not where. An officer went a long way with me, but being ignorant of my destination, I refused to go any farther; and with great difficulty wandered back to the Hotel d'Angleterre, where a gentleman took me home and lodged me for two francs, though I was ready to pay five. Travellers with plenty of cash, and perhaps servants, never meet with like difficulties; and precisely because they come in contact with a different class of objects, have no sympathy for a person in straits of which they know nothing.

The next day I found Mr. Woodman, at Rue des Italiens, an English gentleman residing in Paris, to whom I had been referred in London. One may travel the world over to find a more noble-hearted man. He was more than a brother to me. A rich flow of delight was a full reward for a night's heaviness. In our walks about Paris, he stopped suddenly in Rue St. Honoré, a long and splendid business street near the Seine and the Tuilleries. "Here," said he, when there was an insurrection, Bonaparte placed his cannon, and swept the street!" Parallel with this is Rue Rivoli, between which and the Quay are the palace and magnificent gardens. "Is that the Tuilleries?" said I, with a burst of surprise. Its great length produces a grand effect. It was entered by the mob in 1792, and the guards massacred, and was sacked in 1830; and in that of 1848, the Louvre was attacked. Among the thickening wonders of the way, Mr. W. pointed to the Opera House in Place Richelieu, where the Duc de Berri was assassinated in 1820. My kind friend engaged good lodgings for me in Rue de Grammont, near the Boulevart de Italiens, the most fashionable part of Paris, for only seven francs a week, and I took my meals at any of the thousands of cafés and restaurants at every turn, where a bowl of delicious coffee, such you get nowhere but in France, with roll, butter, and an egg, may be had for eight or nine sous, a plain dinner for half a franc, and a substantial one such as I often had at

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the Place de la Bourse, where English is spoken, for one franc. Milk and all kinds of fruit are plentiful and cheap—strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, melons, apricots, plums and green figs. Cherries, currants, red and white, one and two sous a pound. It seemed as if all the fruits of Europe were there at once. Such was the effect of the genial climate that I took freely of any fruit that came to hand.

Strangers should report their names at Galignani's English bookstore, 18 Rue Vivienne, who keeps a register of visiters to Paris. Here he will find a clue to all needful information.

The porter of my lodgings handed me a card from a gentleman of New-York, with whom I had many agreeable walks. One day he suddenly exclaimed—"Have I not seen you in New-York!" It turned out that he once had an office in the same building with myself. Now, this was strange!

A stranger in Paris finds himself obliged to speak French, whether he will or no. This was my category. There is no teacher like dire necessity. In a week I got on quite cleverly; though it was easier to count in French the number of sous and centimes in a franc, than to tell when I got my right change; for the shrewd women, especially of the lower ranks, often took an advantage. I had heard they were friendly to Americans: I believe it, for they were always glad to see me! Another thing—I wish to give them credit for being the very dullest people upon earth at comprehending one's meaning. If I pointed to a bowl of café au lait, ten to one a bottle of claret would be brought. They are proverbially polite, even to a fault; for excessive politeness does not always indicate a high degree of respect, and may be a cloak for insincerity; yet we Americans will not be injured by admiring the French as models of politeness. A fruit-woman will help you to a trifle with a courtly grace that would honour Buckingham Palace—and shaming the laughable airs which some ladies assume for dignity. The French do everything to make you happy in their company, and never make a coarse or rough

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remark to hurt your feelings, much less, indulge in a vulgar laugh at your bad French. Even mine was not laughed at!

It was amusing to see women carry in their arms loaves of broad five feet long, like so many sticks of wood. Where poverty and wretchedness contrived to hide I could not tell, for though beggars are said to be rife in France, I never saw a wo-begone face, nor any street-fight so common with us. All classes looked cheerful and sprightly throughout the gay and delightful city of Paris. In the cities of England are many beggars, but though allowed to hang out a sign in front, they must not halt to ask alms. In our country, they come in droves with baskets before you get your own breakfast. The two last cases we understand; but in France, the condition of the poor is a perfect enigma, baffling my skill.

The light, agile, brilliant, and almost aerial lady, floating along the Boulevards and palace gardens, flutters like a butterfly for awhile on the surface of life, utterly insensible of her mortality, without one anxious thought beyond to-day.

On all the public buildings and churches in Paris, are inscribed, "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!" A good text, from which many a sorry sermon is preached. The French can boast of the sound of liberty; but alas! what better is their government than a military despotism, where everybody is proscribed who speaks or writes against the tyrant Napoleon? The French have not had a worse government since the Xth Charles. An intelligent Frenchman told me at Havre (he would hardly dare say as much in Paris) that there were 150,000 spies in Paris, receiving from one to eighteen francs a day, who make daily reports. It could happen, that in a club or small society, they might all be spies upon each other. A fine state of things, even if half as bad as this! Beautiful corollary on the freedom of speech! Napoleon, it is known has long wished to be proclaimed emperor for life; but it remains to be seen whether the French are ready for such an audacious stride. Of the four parties that divide France,

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the republicans and legitimatists, or Bourbons, might throw some few obstacles in the way. When the ass in the lion's skin attempts to be king, then look out for trouble! A perfect tornado appears to be brewing over the sky. Several stories were told me of concocted broils with the people. Their trees of liberty were cut down by government emissaries, and the people charged with it, to give some pretext for an outbreak upon them, the sinister, ultimate object of government being an overturn, and then a consolidation of Napoleon's power. Such are the low tricks he plays! But the people are not pugnacious yet, and bide their time. But I tread dangerous ground, and leave this topic for wiser heads.

Monks are in great plenty in Paris, and have fat times. About eight or nine in the morning, a perfect stream of them may be seen floating along the Boulevards to the Madeleine and other churches, with faces as rosy and plump as if they had been at their proper occupation between plough-handles.

From a suburban hill near an old chapel, I looked down on Paris, spread out in a wide valley, surrounded by smoky hills. The outer walls encircling the city are seventeen miles. The events of many centuries passed before me in terrible review! Where are the Louises, the Charleses, and the Robespierres, who drenched Paris in blood in the Reign of Terror? Where is Napoleon, that mighty master-spirit?—he who marched among the pyramids, exclaiming to his soldiers—"From the top of these pyramids, forty centuries look down upon you!"

I walked round by the Parc de Monceaux to the Arc de Triomphe de l'Etoile, an enormous marble structure ninety feet high and half as wide. Over the arch rises an entablature of indescribable magnificence, on which I gazed with transported wonder. Thence extends the broad Avenue de Neuilly for two miles, with a double row of tall, luxuriant shade trees on both sides, through which appear the Champs Elysées, (Elysian Fields,) the Place de la Concorde, and the palace and gardens of the Tuilleries beyond. Glorious sight! It

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seemed as if 200,000 were promenading this noble avenue at once! Yet in all that mighty throng, was not one drunken brawler: all were decent and orderly, though gay; while social glee and the merry laugh gave the whole a still more pleasing aspect. I freely confess I was never more astonished in my life than at this grand and orderly sight. On Sundays an immense concourse is always seen here, in the groves of Champs Elysées, where many thousands of chairs are set; and the gardens of the Tuilleries are always open and free, where you may inhale the fragrance of flowers from all parts of the earth. St. Cloud, once the residence of the Emperor Napoleon, and the palaces and gardens of Verseilles, are, if possible, still more crowded on Sundays. Of course I took another day to visit them. The palace of the Tuilleries is not open on Saturday and Sunday.

On entering the Place de la Concorde, my feelings were in keeping with the awful tragedies of that once fearful spot. Visions of headless kings and queens, and falling thrones, were here realities, and made me feel that truth is stranger than fiction! Here, on the very spot where I stand, was the guillotine in the Reign of Terror! Here, between 1793 and 1795, nearly three thousand persons of distinction and worth had their heads struck off by the engines of despotism, Robespierre and the guillotine. Here were beheaded the unfortunate Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI. Here also perished Charlotte Corday. A moss rose in her lips is said to have kept its place when her head fell into the bloody basket. What a place is this for the study of French history!

The obelisk of Luxor is another great lion of curiosity. It was the gift of Mehemet Ali to the French, and was brought from Egypt by Louis Philippe at an expense of 2,000,000 francs. It was reared by Sesostris 1550 years before Christ, or 3400 years ago, and stood in front of the great temple of Thebes, the city of the hundred gates. It is a yellowish stone called syenite, seventy-three feet high, including the base,

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and is covered with 1600 hieroglyphics. This obelisk was erected in October 1832, in the presence of Louis Philippe and 150,000 spectators. In the centre of this spacious area, (formerly the Place de la Révolution,) are two magnificent fountains, adorned with dolphins, Tritons, Nereids, Genii, of the most curious design. From a hundred tall, superb, fluted bronze columns issue a thousand streams of gas, forming a blaze of noontide glory. At this central point you see the new Chamber of Deputies and the President's Palace across the Seine; and wheeling directly about, the Madeleine, both in Corinthian order, two miles apart; forming a perspective view each way of wonderful magnificence. The Madeleine is surrounded by fifty-two white marble columns, with a double row in front, and is a copy of the Parthenon. The interior, with its roof of fretted gold, is too gorgeous to be described. Napoleon intended to dedicate the Madeleine as a Temple of Glory, to "commemorate the achievements of the French arms, and to have on its columns engraved the names of all those who died in fighting their country's battles," and funds were allotted, but his own overthrow finished his ambitious dreams of earthly glory.

In the Place Vendôme, communicating with the Boulevards and the Tuilleries, stands the triumphal stone pillar in imitation of Trajan's pillar, one hundred and thirty-five feet high, covered with two thousand figures in bas-relief, made of twelve hundred brass cannon taken from the Austrians and Russians. At the top stands the figure of Napoleon.

The Champ de Mars is an immense oblong space between the Seine and the Ecole Militaire. Here are held public fêtes, celebrations, and rejoicings, so congenial to the French.

Many of the bridges that span the Seine are superb, and no two are alike. Of these there are about twenty-five. The principal are Pont des Invalides, Pont de Jena, Pont de la Concorde, Pont Nationel, Pont du Carrousel, Pont des Arts, Pont Neuf, Pont Lodi, Pont Nôtre Dame, Pont d'Arcole, Pont

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Louis Philippe, Pont d'Austerlitz, Pont de Bercy. As the Seine is only fifty to a hundred feet wide, it will not be expected that they should rival the London bridges.

At the Boulevard Montmartre I stepped into an omnibus, and for six sous (equal to six cents) was carried across the Seine to the Barrière de Fontainebleau, about four miles. I must mention that a very polite conductor stands on the platform at the door, and takes the money: the passenger politely names to him the place where he would stop, and he has no more trouble, having nothing to do with the driver. This is the London mode, and might be adopted in our cities with advantage. As the French authorities are so suspicious of foreigners, I always carried my passport with me; but was never asked to show it, except on this visit to the far-famed Manufacture des Gobelins. The operation of weaving the tapestry is very curious. The models are beautiful; but many of them after French taste—nude figures large as life. So skilful is the work that it must often be difficult to distinguish it from the sample. These works are on a grand scale.

My wonder was not less at the Conservatoire des Arts et Métiers in Rue St. Martin, a most remarkable and extensive museum of curious models in every department of science.

The Palais Royal is an immense quadrangle, and one of the great wonders of Paris. The grandeur of this extensive pile when brilliantly illuminated with gas, exceeds the most vivid imagination. The palace is occupied by an incredible number of fancy stores, cafés, and gambling dens. This vast estate was the private property of Louis Philippe.

From the Military School, (it being the interesting manual exercise of dinner time,) I went to the Hotel des Invalides. Under the dome of its colossal pile, in the chapel of St. Jerome, lies Napoleon. His body was brought from St. Helena in 1840, and entombed here with a funeral pomp unparalleled in modern times. Over the sarcophagus lies his sword, and the hat he wore at Eylau. The polite officer said in good

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English, that a grand tomb was erecting in the crypt under the dome of the chapel, and would not be open to the public for four or five years. From the arches hung hundreds of flags taken by Napoleon in battles. The entrance to the Hôpital is by an esplanade, over which point many large cannon.

The palace and gardens of the Luxembourg are wonderful attractions. The palace is remarkable for fine proportions, and contains many noble statues and paintings. The death of Queen Elizabeth, Charles IX. receiving the keys of Paris, and Charlemagne on his throne, are striking pictures; and so are a hundred others. Like all the palaces I visited, the floors were of oak, curiously matched in oblong diamond pieces, and waxed so smooth that it was like standing on ice. I was often near slipping up, (or rather down,) and thought the ancient occupants stood in quite as slippery places as I did. The Chamber of Peers, where state trials are conducted, is one of the most splendid halls in the world. The conductor showed me the seats of the different peers, rising gradually toward the circumference, and overlooking the President's chair, over which is a full length portrait of Louis Philippe. I took a seat in Napoleon's chair of state when First Consul. The Chapel of the Chamber of Peers, and another gorgeous palace, the name of which I cannot recall, haunts my imagination like some Arabian dream. Over the chapel door is a painting of the adoration of the shepherds by Simon White, an American.

Long could I linger in these palace gardens. The broad and well-arranged avenues incline toward the palace. Here you can see the taste in olden times. The winding walks overlook many a parterre and green dell with luxuriant trees bending with choice fruit. But the French gardens, though beautiful, have not the natural wildness of the English.

The shops of Paris are not less brilliant than those of London, and this is saying a great deal; but the Parisians make as great show with $500 as the Londoners do with thou-

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sands of pounds, just the difference between their capital. The arcades running in long rectangular mazes, are so brilliant that one might suppose the wealth of the Indies was there on deposite, in extent far exceeding the Lowther, and famous Burlington arcade, of London.

The Boulevards bending through the city from the Madeleine to the Place de la Bastille, are the most splendid street promenades in the world. A friend said to me—"Our Broadway is a mere toy in comparison!" The Boulevard de la Madeleine, des Capucines, des Italiens, Montmartre, Poissonnière, Nouvelle, St. Denis, St. Martin, du Temple, Calvaire, Beaumarchais, form one street of surprising width, with sidewalks of full thirty-five feet. A splendid triumphal arch, emblazoned with Napoleon's victories, stands at the head of Rue St.Denis, and another at Rue St. Martin; but they are not so grand as l'Etoile. The Boulevards are the resort of all ranks, and a scene of the utmost gayety, especially at night, when the brilliant gas lights and the pleasing confusion of colours and images produce an effect truly gorgeous. Neat white mansions appear through the gilded green shades, and the light streaming from the splendid cafés and club-houses, illuminates the groups of ladies and gentlemen sitting around white marble tables on the pavé; while the rattle of vehicles and the blending sounds of music and mirth, gives the scene wonderful charms. This is the genteel Frenchman's heaven!

It is a long road that never turns; but one without end is still longer! There is an endless street in Paris—Rue de Viarmes, running round the Corn Exchange, a huge, famous stone building with a hemispherical roof.

The Jardin des Plantes is one of those enchanted scenes where the lover of Nature seeks to lose himself. Who wants to read a true book! Here are the illuminated leaves of the book of Nature, whose glowing lines never tire the peruser—things to prompt the fancy and instruct the understanding! This fine school of botany was fostered by such distinguished

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naturalists as Jussieu, Tournefort, and Buffon. Forest trees, shrubs, plants, flowers, and fruit trees, indigenous and exotic, in rich variety, are here arranged by the hand of science. A labyrinthian path leads to a pyramidal ascent, on which is a glorious cedar of Lebanon sweeping down to the ground.

Nor are the Zoological Gardens less inviting—said to be superior to those of London, where animals have a larger space; yet here, each has a place better adapted to its habits. Here I saw the cassowary, ostrich, buffalo, dromedary, bison, zebra, antelope, gazelle, giraffe, jackal, hyena; the African goat, lion of Senegal, Barbary, Africa, and Astrachan; the Algerine panther, and Grecian deer. Here are dens for tigers, lakes and mounds for bipeds and quadrupeds. I espied some foxes—counsellors, doubtless for this congress of wild beasts.

At the Halle aux Vins adjoining, visiters can taste the finest wines in the world.

The Bourse, or Royal Exchange, is a superb, square edifice, of very chaste architecture, surrounded with Roman Doric columns. Over the entrance is inscribed—BOURSE ET TRIBUNAL DE COMMERCE. The hall is lit from the roof, covered with monochrome paintings, the effect of which is beautifully illusive. The beholder is convinced with difficulty that these wonderful creations of the pencil are not figures in bas-relief.

The Hotel de Ville is a majestic pile of palaces near the Seine, used for municipal purposes. I was shown the room where Lafayette embraced Louis Philippe, and where Robespierre held his council. Apropos of Robespierre. It is now attempted to be shown, (with what truth the reader can judge,) that he was an innocent actor in the butcheries of his time! "Necessity, the tyrant's plea," is an excuse for many a fiendish deed. This rule worked cleverly in his case, when Vengeance dragged him to the same guillotine!

The Place du Carrousel, so named from a grand tournament given by Louis XIV. in 1662, is a wide inclosure paved with round stone, between the Louvre and the Tuilleries,

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between which is a triumphal arch, with three gateways, erected by Napoleon. At the top is a car, in which is an allegorical female figure, and one each side, guiding the horses. All the buildings were once used as barracks for a guard of a thousand troops for the royal family.

Stretching along the Seine, is that prodigious range of palaces, the Louvre. From Pont Neuf, or the Quai, the view is one of the grandest in the world, displaying hundreds of windows at once. This stupendous pile comprehends a dozen museums—antiquities, Greek, Roman, Egyptian, and Assyrian, statuary, paintings. Here are represented the wealth and refinement of the Old World, Herculaneum and Pompeii. I saw figures in the finest marble by Praxiteles, and other great sculptors of yore. What will the reader think of seeing the actual portals of Nineveh, recently dug up in its vicinity! They are two colossal figures some twelve feet high—grotesque monsters they are, with ox legs and hoofs. These giant images of a dead empire take the shine from all the queer creations of Greek and Roman mythological fancy, whether human, beastly, or (so-called) divine. They are a kind of mongrel, between centaur and hypogriff, but without the grace of either. I gazed on their cold eyes, and could fancy a shade of sadness had stolen over their stony visages since these guardian gods stood in the same solemn silence, at the entrance of Nineveh, that "exceeding great city," and that their rocky beards had grown gray from grief at being dragged out of their graves of three thousand years, and incarcerated in the subterranean abodes of the French Louvre, as objects of idle curiosity and gaping astonishment. These wonders of old are of the same family tribe as the Nimroud sculptures lately added to the British Museum. The very fact of their having been brought from ancient Assyria makes them objects of unspeakable wonder. The number and beauty of the paintings and statues ranged along the mazy saloons and corridors, in the different stories and terraces, defy de-

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scription. It is said that 50,000 paintings more have lately come to light, after being neglected for a whole century!

It were no great wonder if a stranger without a guide should need one. After trying full half an hour to find my way out, I began to make a serious demonstration. Behold me imprisoned in the Louvre! I pointed out of the window—and tried all sorts of devices in vain. My opinion of French stupidity was now confirmed. What more natural than that I wished to be shown out? At last I shouted at the top of my voice the magic word "Liberté!" enunciated with a histrionic air. Surely, the French understand their own language! and its correct utterance will be followed by an "open sessame!" No such thing! Whether the smile of the officer was caused by my bad accent, odd manner, or amusing predicament, I cannot say. Finally I was escorted out by a polite English lady, whose common sense understood the word "liberté" just as we do, without waiting for an introduction.

At all the institutions and almost every turn, are armed officers, dressed like our colonels. The gens d'armes are a formidable array. To a stranger, unused to these displays in peace, Paris looks like a city in a state of siege—not far from the real truth. O! what is liberty without virtuous independence and public confidence! The French make no progress in government as they do in other sciences; for the people think of freedom without a diffusion of knowledge; and their riders, (Heaven save the mark!) determine they shall have neither. If they could simply reason from cause to its effect, they would just as soon talk of fire without heat, or anything equally unphilosphic. The French toss about in a restless fever: the discase is within; and neither they, nor the learned quacks, with all their fine-spun logic, can discover what the veriest child in philosophical attainment might know. For, to this old-fashioned conclusion we must come at last, after looking oft and again at all the so-called republics of Europe, Central and South America—France

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may be the "home of the brave," but without Bible Christianity, can never be the "land of the free."

Although I knew that the Sabbath was not respected in France, I was utterly astounded at the sight of their festivities! Sunday—why, it is their great day of business and amusement, more than any other day! The shops and markets are all open. In the Champ Elysées and other resorts, there were various games, dancing dogs and monkeys, little theatres, Punch and Judy shows, and ten thousand other queer and senseless things; while the fashionables resort to the concert, opera, or gambling-saloon. On the pavé of the Boulevards on Sunday, I saw spread out à la tailleur, any quantity of old clothes and new, surrounded by groups of the working-classes, who were inspecting the raiment with an air that seemed to say—Now's the time, ye sans culottes!"

Yet in all these Sabbath desecrations, so revolting to a well-ordered mind, there is none of that contempt, bravado and ruffianism so common with us. Alas! poor creatures! they have not the slightest idea of its wickedness. Yet it is none the less the curse of infidelity.

I saw regiments march every morning through the gardens of the Tuilleries, Place de la Concorde, and Rue de la Paix; yet for me there was no concord of sweet sounds in their martial music—nothing but the drum. After hearing the "notes omnipotent to charm" from the Queen's band in St. James' Park, the discord of the French drum was like beating a thousand tin pans. Their military dress is just as ugly.

Some one advised me to attend Nôtre Dame on Sunday at twelve, when I would witness an imposing spectacle, and hear some of the richest music in the world. I went. But the thirty-five hundred pipes of the majestic organ were all silent. A heavy shower of rain came ratting down on the roof of the mighty cathedral, and that was all the music I heard. Small groups of poor women who had come hither

"To bid their beads and patter prayer,"

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were scattered here and there, worshipping at the shrines of the numerous saints. In other respects, all was still as a Quaker meeting. How different from what I had pictured! Having heard the soul-inspiring music of Westminster Abbey, it was natural that I should expect to feel the same holy enthusiasm. But the gap was filled up with—disappointment. I was told afterward that the saints' days, and not the Lord's day, were their great occasions. In this cathedral are kept Napoleon's coronation robes.

St. Sulpice, St. Eustache, Nôtre Dame de Loretto, and many more to which I made hasty visits, being open all hours of the day, should not be neglected. The superabundant finery, paintings, and what not, are what the French call grandiose; but even if I had never seen the majestic cathedrals of Britain, such church ornaments could not captivate my fancy. Whoever goes to Paris without seeing St. Roch, will miss a wonderful novelty. Behind the altar, Mount Calvary and its neighbouring scenery, cut out of solid rock, will burst upon the astonished vision!

The French have a saying, that if you have seen all the world but Paris, you have seen nothing! With all the faults of the French, there is a nameless witchery in the tasteful attire of the ladies. At home, we see that dress caricatured; in Paris, its becoming grace, unaided by dowdyish inflation. The French mode of living is not altogether so capricious as we are apt to think. The Frenchman, it is true, does not squeeze into a dingy dog-house recess yclept a chop-house, and in that dignified seclusion, eat and smoke, and doze over the old newspaper and a pint of black beer. Not he!—he loves society; and sees no more absurdity in dining with fifty strangers, than in perambulating the streets. Even the first ladies may be seen sitting at refreshment tables in front of the fashionable cafés along the Boulevards. In New-York such a sight would be shocking. In Paris, it is innocent, and not indelicate. Such is fashion!

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CHAPTER XVI.

Place de la Bastille—Père la Chaise—Versailles—Havre.

My way to the celebrated Père la Chaise was through Rue St. Antoine, leading to the Place de la Bastille, where the majestic Column of July burst on my view! I took a seat on one of the iron benches, and surveyed the triumphal pillar. My feelings were strange and awful. All the horrors I had ever read of it stood in ghostly array. Look down into those gloomy abodes! A few cheerless moonbeams struggle through the massive iron bars, disclosing the tomb of an unhappy nobleman, enduring a long and living death. He is chained to the floor. His visage is gloomy and haggard—he is thinking of his affectionate wife, son and daughter, whom he has not seen for twenty years! He is a patriot, or it may be, he has dropped an unguarded word, or is only suspected. Be that as it may, he has been here all that time, and will never get out—NEVER! But I have foolishly attempted the untold horrors of the Bastile, or rather, to tell my emotions, as I brushed away a tear, while standing on the very spot where once clanked the chain of many a groaning victim of despotic vengeance, for half a life-time. The very name of these terrific regions of despair made Frenchmen quake. Thank Heaven, that engine of Satan is destroyed! There stands the glorious Pillar of July! Let that lofty, black iron monument remain from generation to generation—a solemn text—an instructive tome in the Romance of History!

This pillar is one hundred and sixty-three feet high, and thirty-six in diameter—of iron, partly fluted, and partly encircled with bands, bearing lion heads, whose open mouths admit air and light to the staircase inside. The intermediate

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spaces are covered with five hundred patriots' names, who fell in the three days of 1830, when

"Tumultuous murder shook the midnight air."

Over the Corinthian capital—seventeen feet wide, and the largest piece of bronze ever cast—is a railed gallery. On a gilt globe at the utmost top, is a colossal figure of the Genius of Liberty, on tiptoe, with wings outspread, and a torch in the right hand, as on the point of flight. This prodigious column was inaugurated with great pomp in July 1840, when the victims of the revolution of 1830 were entombed in the vaults beneath the pillar, which is surrounded by a massive railing. The lower part was erected by Napoleon. From the top I had a sublime view of the city, and could see the sluggish old moat half a mile long, running from the Bastile to the Seine, where it has a narrow inlet. In 1789, the Bastile was attacked and taken by the people, and utterly demolished next year by decree of the National Assembly.

The column has two inscriptions, one of which I copied:—

"A la Gloire des Citoyens Français qui s'armèrent et combattirent pour la Défense des Libertés Publiques dans le mémorables Journées des 27, 28, et 29 Juillet 1830."

A mile from the Bastile is Père la Chaise, the entrance to which is from Rue la Roquette, where it intersects Barrière des Amandiers at the verge of Paris. The topography of this beautiful city of the dead bears some resemblance to our Greenwood, though smaller by two-thirds, comprising about a hundred undulating acres, whose heights beautifully overlook Paris and the country villages round about. Its broad paved avenues with narrow sidewalks and kerbs, are "after the similitude of a city," the white marble tombs with steep roofs being ranged in a line. These dwellings of the dead (so to speak) are ten to fifteen feet high, and a foot apart. Many standing in isolated spots are splendid. I wandered for hours along the sequestered winding walks, whose solitudes and impressive stillness created a flow of thought which nothing

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else could. I heard the music of Nature—the breeze rustling through the long ranges of sombre fir and horse-chesnuts overhanging the sloping avenues; and when these soft murmurs died away, not a sound was heard but the buzzing of flies sporting athwart the shades. Once I was startled by a voice, asking in English, "Where is her grave?" Turning, I discerned through the trees two ladies in white. I apologized for intrusion, observing, I was a lonely American novice, and like one "seeking the living among the dead;" for it was irresistibly charming to hear my native language so far away from home! They politely answered my few inquiries, re-assuring me it was no intrusion; and I left them with confirmed respect for the politeness of English ladies. The trees had an Eden-like greenness; but on the hilltop, the grass was burnt to a crisp by the hot July sun. Here I rested a moment; but was no sooner seated, gazing on the glories below, when up steps, sans cérémonie, a gen d'armes, who slid out of the shrubbery like a pasteboard puppet, and sputtered something short and sweet, which I easily turned into polite English—"Get off the grass!" "What grass?" said I, vexed at his rudeness, and pointing to the crispy roots where I sat. Why don't the French teach those savages a little politeness? Such samples made me fairly hate the sight of a French soldier. From this eminence I had a noble picture of the city and country, stretching far away to Vincennes. Among the tombs of the great, I saw those of La Fontaine, Molière, Volney, Madame de Genlis, Marshal Ney, Casimir Perier, La Place, the astronomer, and the Marchioness of Beauharnais, sister-in-law of the Empress Josephine. The magnificent monument of Abelard and Heloisa is admired universally. Lafayette is not buried here, but in the eastern part of the city. Here I saw monuments in endless variety—pyramids, obelisks, altars, urns, mausoleums, and sepulchral chapels, open in front, with a table, chair, candlestick, and such requisites. The streets outside the cemetery are full of

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shops for the sale of garlands, blue, white, yellow, or black, emblematic of love, hatred, jealousy, and so on. These rings of six inches diameter are hung inside of the tombs, and on the outside are protected from the weather by a wooden roof. Lest I should be set down as a graceless barbarian I will not call these things senseless conceits: it is a French fashion, and must be all right. Seriously—the custom of strewing flowers (not woollen ones!) over the grave of friends, is quite a different thing, and is very beautiful.

The Russians bivouacked here in 1814, and cut down many fine trees: the present sylvan race is of thirty years' growth.

What a mighty host sleeps here! But on the wondrous morning when all things will be made new, "the earth shall cast out the dead;" and they shall wake to scenes of endless activity! On descending these romantic slopes I exclaimed, "O France!" next to my own the loveliest land!" but immediately checked myself, for I remembered that I had been in Britain. When I do not think with delight of my visit to Père la Chaise, so imperfectly sketched, I shall cease to be!

Verseilles, twelve miles from Paris, is worth a voyage round the world! A spot famous in history, for its palaces, unrivalled paintings and gardens—who can describe them? We will glance at them, at any rate. At nine I took the omnibus from Place du Carrousel, and was carried across the city to the Verseilles railway. Recollecting the dreadful railroad accident here a few years ago, I choose a seat next to the window. The scenery on the way was like that of England for beauty. In an hour I was at Verseilles. For awhile I could not ascertain my whereabouts. From the Place d'Armes, opposite the palace, radiate three immense avenues two miles long, with double rows of large poplars, shaved at the top and sides with wonderful precision, and forming vistas of sublime beauty. Between the spacious gravel-walks are smooth lawns in all the freshness of May. At the far end of the centre Avenue de Paris, is the admirably imposing

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landscape of Mendon Forest, the hunting-ground of the gay and luxurious court of Louis XIV. My friend in Paris told me that one of these avenues was grand enough for the proudest monarch; but the excessive vanity of Louis caused the three magnificent ones diverging from the palace, that he might be seen for two miles each way, as he came out in his carriage! Here I found Mr. T——, an English gentleman of Maidstone, Kent, who spoke French. Nothing could be more agreeable. We wandered together through the extensive gardens. My pleasure and astonishment were boundless. Really, kind reader! you must bear with me in my melting moods. I never was a Stoic. No drilling could make me one. As for these who never wonder or smile, away with them! "Look at that rustic cottage, with a straw-thatched overhanging roof!" said my friend. "Make a note of it in your book." Here Louis XIV. with his queen and court often resorted, in the rustic dresses of shepherds and shepherdesses, affecting their habits of rustic simplicity! "Note this too," said he, pointing to an irregular patch of brick, painted on the cottage wall to represent a breach, giving it an air of greater age. It needs no painted patch to give an old look. We took intense glances at the Petit and the Grand Trianon, and the beautiful gardens of choice trees, laid out à l'Anglaise, and roamed through the rooms once occupied by Marie Antoinette and the Emperor Napoleon. Here is a large painting of the Four Seasons, and a bed-room hung with blue silk. In the cabinet de toilette is the time-piece of Louis XV. The exceedingly fine statues of Louis XIV. and his queen, Louis XV., Louis XVI. and Dauphin, are as skilful embodiments as ever came from the sculptor's chisel. A vase of lapis lazuli, a fine greenish stone, some four feet in diameter, was a present from the Emperor Alexander to Napoleon. We had a look at Napoleon's bed, and the gorgeous apartments of the Empress Josephine. As we entered one of the principal saloons, my friend said with true English pride—"This

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room was fitted up for Victoria's visit to Verseilles!" What can be more dazzling to weak eyes than these gilded saloons? Yet it is easy to fancy, that with all these glories of royalty, mirrors, ottomans, and canopied thrones, their ancient occupants would gladly have been metamorphosed into real, and not sham shepherds and shepherdesses in the poetic little Swiss village which Marie Antoinette built near the lakelet at the edge of the gardens. Some of them at least, might have died with their heads on!

The Duchess of Orleans has the use of one of the palaces.

My friend and I now took a rapid delve through the palace gardens, the most extensive in the world. Sometimes we got lost in endless mazes and thick sylvan hedges, and had to halloo to each other. Days might be spent in exploring these labyrinthian bowers. Fancy has taxed her utmost powers in these wonderful creations. A few hours will afford only a general idea of such a world of beauty—its orange groves, parterres, and numerous jets d'eau, whose silvery spray falling among the countless costly statues, scattered over the scene in graceful variety, as far as the eye can reach, form a picture full of enchanting beauty. Let us take a glance at the fountains. All the Greek and Roman deities and genii here assemble to honour the court of the XIVth Louis. Latona's basin, and parterre, encircled with twenty statues. Near this are the Baths of Apollo, and the Queen's Grove. On each side of the Royal Alley is the Hall of Chesnut Trees, with statues and vases the whole length. In Apollo's Fountain, next to the largest, the King of Day is seen rising from the sea, in a chariot of four horses, attended by dancing dolphins and Tritons, all spouting water, which falls on Apollo's head. The Obelisk Fountain throws up one hundred streams. Neptune's fountain is the most splendid of all. Old Neptune with his trident, and Amphitrite, are seated in an immense shell, and attended by a host of nymphs, Tritons, and sea-monsters. Oceanus sleeps on a sea-unicorn. On these

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descend nearly fifty water-spouts in a perfect deluge, which is increased by numerous grand jets d'eau, distilling a dewy lustre over the grass, flowers, and plants, for a great distance. In Bacchus' Fountain, he is spouting water, and holds a large cup to catch it, attended by four satyrs holding up grape-clusters and spouting water. In Flora's Basin, the goddess holds a basket of flowers, and is surrounded by children holding wreaths and spouting water. Ceres is in the centre of a reservoir, encircled by her children, who are spouting water, which falls over her in gentle streams. Besides these, and many more, there are Apollo's Baths, the Fountain of Saturn, the Great Water-Spout, and the Grand Canal to Saint Cyr. In the Ball-Room Grove the court held its whirligig dances on the grass. The Grove of Apollo is filled with many statues of exquisite work, like all the rest. There is the Grove of Domes; the Star Grove, with a fine marble statue at every radius; the Green Round Grove; and the Colonnade Grove, a grand rotunda of thirty-two marble pillars, with a Corinthian cornice uniting the whole, and a white marble vase at the top of each column. The King's Grove has a handsome iron railing: on a pedstal in the centre stands Flora. Then there is a fine walk of tulip trees. But the reader must see these wonders with his own eyes. He will then judge whether Fiction can overdraw, or Truth even paint, the fascinating beauties of the gardens of Verseilles.

Let us now visit the vast Palace, and see the unrivalled paintings and statuary. Their number is incredible—some of them thirty to forty feet long, and if ranged side by side would make full seven miles! It took us nearly as many hours to pass rapidly through the slippery saloons, looking at some with a momentary delight, and giving others only a distracted glance. Red velvet ottomans have been placed throughout all the rooms by Louis Philippe, to popularize his administration. This vast palace is in much the same state as when occupied by Louis XIV. The cost of the palaces

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and gardens has been estimated at some $200,000,000! The accounts were all burned, to prevent the nation from knowing the amount. "Look here!" says my friend: "On this very balcony over the entrance, stood Louis XVI. and Marie Antoinette, with her infant son in her arms, when the bloodthirsty people demanded their lives in the Reign of Terror!" Who could forbear to drop a tear of pity for this ill-fated family? One can get a better idea of French history from such a visit, brief as it was, than from years of book-reading. Every object is a speaking event. Louis Philippe has added many new battle-pieces, twenty feet long and fifteen wide, in richly gilt frames. The magnificent battle of Waterloo the French compelled him to remove: they will not endure anything that reminds them of Napoleon's downfall. Here is a large painting of the surrender of Yorktown, in which Lafayette receives the sword from Lord Cornwallis, instead of his aide. Three corridors run the whole length of the palace. In each of the three stories are two rows of marble statues—kings, queens, and persons of distinction. The bedchamber of state with its costly, tapestry and adornings, is just as when occupied by Louis XIV. The entire palace has an air of being inhabited, from the gay appearance of the rooms. Of the few paintings that I remember among such a vast display, those impressed on my memory are the Coronation of Napoleon; for which remarkable work, the artist received 100,000 francs! and several new ones, such as the French Army in Algiers, and Abd-el-Kadir, of enormous length. The camp fires blazing round the barren hills, the squads of soldiers, and the thin, blue cannon-smoke, are lifelike—there is nothing to remind you of paint. Here are all Napoleon's campaigns in Russia and elsewhere; and in each may be seen a capital likeness of the Emperor. The Battle of the Pyramids, Attack on St. Jean d'Ulloa, in 1805, Battle of Friedland, 1807, are not to be understood as better than thousands that cannot be named here. "There's one

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of your great men!" said my English friend, pointing to a painting of Henry Clay. I then pointed him to Washington, Franklin, Webster. Victoria appeared in the same gallery. My friend was surprised at my remark that the Queen sat for a fine full length portrait now in New-York, which was painted by Mr Catlin; as if an American painter would not be allowed such a privilege! This feeling of strong respect approaching to love, so universal among the English, I could not help admiring. Would that I could pay this compliment to the present would-be French sovereign! I told my friend I had seen all the flags taken in battle by Bonaparte, hanging in the arches of St. Jerome. "But you did'nt see any English flags there!" he answered with triumph. After this my very pleasant companion was spirited away in the crowd, but I met him again at a hotel, when he invited me to dine with him. The carriages of Charles X. and the Duc de Berri, are dazzling objects of curiosity, and look like solid gold.

The Palace of Verseilles is quite too large for any modern sovereign. Nothing but the vast expense prevented Napoleon from fixing his court here. If the Emperor Alexander, who was accustomed to splendour, expressed astonishment on his visit to Verseilles in 1814, I want words to express mine.

After this memorable day at Verseilles, I returned to Paris by another railway at the left hand, passing St. Cloud, the favourite seat of Napoleon and Louise. Its luxuriant bowers, fountains, and white palaces on the romantic slopes, are in lively contrast. Its gardens vie with those of Windsor.

The greater part of Saturday, 28th July, was wasted in getting my passport signed. It required more ceremony to get out of France that it did to get in. O the abominable passport system! It is too ridiculous! This petty tyranny has existed long enough. The English and Americans are quite disgusted at these farces, worthy of the Chinese. Why does not our government require the French to put Americans on the same free footing as we do them? But this game has

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been a profitable one. An American in Paris (Mr. D——) told me that during Guizot's administration the French had robbed foreigners of more than 80,000 francs. "The French are worse than the Turks!" said he, striking his fist indignantly on the table: "you could go through Turkey with less vexatious ceremony! The porter of your lodgings is under a heavy penalty for neglecting to register your name, and you are watched, and your track is dogged. On leaving France, you must dance attendance on the Prefect of Police. If a novice, you must pay ten francs!" But they did not succeed with me, for I had an inkling of their tricks. My passport was signed without charge by Mr. Sandford, at the office of the American Legation, No. 11 Rue Verte; who told me I need not go the French Minister at all, but to the Prefect of Police near the Seine. The traveller should note this. Here I was very politely invited to take a seat till my name was called. My passport underwent four different official scrutinies. "What is your business, Sir?" "I have none, Sir: I came to France for health, and to see your fine country; but it is harder to get out of France than it was to get in," said I, intending a good-natured hit. It rained very hard at the time; and either he thought I spoke of detention by the rain, when he pleasantly replied, "You may remain here at will, Sir," or he meant it as a joke. A fourth officer performed the stamp act, and then said, "You must now go to the Minister." "We Americans don't pay!" I replied. Thus hundreds are sent to the Minister, who fleeces them of ten francs! What is this but robbery? My friends said my last speech was imprudent: the Prefect might telegraph to stop me at Havre: and this made me uneasy for awhile.

At the railway office, a young lady, or rather an houri, observing that I had some difficulty in making myself understood, stepped up, and taking the silver out of my hand, paid for a ticket, and counted the change into my hand with an exquisite grace and naïveté that I never saw excelled. It

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was the work of a moment. The novelty of this little act of kindness caused me to regard her with wonder and admiration: I felt sure she had received a finished education. During our conversation while waiting for the train, I found this French lady a perfect mistress of English. To my remark that I came from America in quest of health, she replied, with great simplicity, "I wonder why you didn't bring your doctor with you, Sir!" She doubtless thought American travellers were made of cash!

At many of the railway offices ladies deal out the tickets, on which are printed the names of all the towns and their distances. My ticket from Paris to Havre was fifteen francs and six centimes, less than $3; time, seven hours. A centime is a copper coin the size of a dime—one-tenth of a sous.

It is painful to think of leaving France, just as one is getting a little familiar with every-day French phrases. It would be a piece of vanity to talk of learning French in a couple of weeks; yet necessity and patience will achieve wonders, especially when the heart is in any work. It struck me (the scholar will correct me) that this language, though beautiful, is more exact than ours, the words conveying but one idea; for when I gave a phrase the true accent, I was not readily understood. It occurred that motions and attitudes are no small items. Taking this hint, I was surprised at the difference. I could go through the shrugs and jerks of the head, and throw out the hands, and was mightily pleased with the discovery. It was the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties!" The good-natured reader may smile; and the starched and stilted critic will cry out, "O nonsense!" We shall see. "Comment s'appêl cette ville, s'il vous plait, Madame?" said I to a lady opposite. I knew from her genteel address she would not smile if I made any mistake. She replied with great sweetness of manner, "Dissel, Monsieur," "Je suis Américain," I added, as an apology. This lady announced all the towns, and gave me much pleasing informa-

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tion. Certainly I never passed a happier day on a railway, which was heightened by the idea of going to England by the Isle of Wight! Near Mantes we passed a tunnel seemingly four miles long; yet without the dreariness of English tunnels, for it was lighted up. On entering, all conversation immediately ceases. Every one seems conscious of the dreary transition, the horror of which is increased by a dismal, oppressive, deafening roar—no faint emblem of "the valley of the shadow of death." At Dissel, we crossed the Seine (as crooked as a snake) twice in a minute. On a steep, romantic eminence, at the base of which the railway passes, stands the new cathedral of Rouen, with its splendid fretted spire piercing the very sky, in architectural beauty well worthy of the universal admiration it draws from travellers. At Pavilly, a pretty town, we stopped awhile, and then flew arrow-like through Motteville and St. Romaine, arriving in Havre at three. "Adieu, Monsieur!" said the French lady; and vanished. I owe her a debt of respect.

While passing along the Quay, valise in hand, a gentleman standing at the door of his counting-house called out before I came within three rods of him—"Halloo, Mr. D——! where did you come from?" "Pray, where have you seen me, Sir?" said I to the stranger. "O! I've seen you often on the W—— ferry-boat." Well, I suppose marvels will never end! Who would not feel astonished? This gentleman was Captain Howe, late of Williamsburgh, to whom I had an introduction from Dr. Cooke, which was left in London, not thinking of returning to England by way of Havre. "What can I do for you?" O! what a power there was in those six short words, to a stranger in France! It is sympathy the heart craves. This I had. I was too much overcome to speak for some time. I told him I had travelled eight thousand miles, had seen all sorts of fortune, ascended many a hill Difficulty, and as the delectable hills of the Isle of Wight would soon appear, I needed nothing—absolutely nothing!

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Havre is not so large as I expected: the city lies chiefly in a valley at the mouth of the Seine. A romantic neighbouring hill affords a grand prospect of the sea; but the view of the city below is cut off, except by the gate-bars of the high wall which runs all along the hill covered with plantations.

On coming out of the steamship for Southampton, I was siezed by two gens d'armes. What could this rough handling mean? Ah! those ten francs you refused to pay the Minister in Paris! thought I. However, my courage rose with the emergency; yet I was provoked not a little, for I had done nothing. Observing them look at the pockets of my London cockney coat, I saw it was the necks of two bottles that interested them. No doubt they took me for an English smuggler. "What do you want?" said I, angrily, as I held up by the neck a bottle in each hand, with a warlike air. I felt like breaking a bottle over each of their heads at such houndish susptcion; but recollecting that republican France is not republican America, and wishing to select my own lodgings, I mastered my feelings as much as possible; for is not discretion valour? Besides, a shower-bath of café au lait and claret would hardly compensate me for the pleasure of seeing it fall gracefully over their ears like the fountain of Bacchus at Verseilles, for these bottles were all I had, and brought all the way from Paris, for a time of need. Looking in their faces with a feeling of honest indignation, I burst into a laugh at the odd idea of being seized as an English smuggler, under such a foolish suspicion. "Won't you take some?" said I, with mock politeness. Both of them looked as if they had been befooled; and one said with a mortified look, "He is an American—let him go!" Captain H—— advised me to go to the Prefecture of Police, where my passport would be signed gratis; and thus ended all fear of arrest for those ten francs which they tried to get, and could not!

At ten that night, I was off in the Royal Mail steamship for Southampton. Just before sailing, these gens d'armes

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went round to all the berths, examining the passports; and though the full moon shone down the cabin stairway near which I lay, they said nothing to me. The fare from Havre to Southampton or Portsmouth was fifteen English shillings, or $3.50. It is about a hundred and fifty miles across the channel at this point, and takes some ten hours.

Our ship was rocked about like a tub in a whirlpool; but the strong ironsided Warrior battled handsomely with the staggering waves, which were decidedly uproarious and uncivil, especially near the coast of old Gaul, where they are like the people whose shores they lash, always in wild, restless commotion. Mine was indeed

"A painful passage o'er a restless flood."

During one brief night I suffered the condensed horrors of a whole Atlantic voyage. The rocking of the ship made the moon seem to sweep to and fro over half the sky. The steward, a pert, waspish young snipper-snapper, told me to be quiet. He might as well have spoken to Ætna. "You are well paid for being kept awake!" I retorted. He got up in a fit of wrath, and went on deck for something. By and by he came down in a terrible hurry-scurry to escape a big wave that came swashing furiously over the ship, flooding the cabin. He yelled prodigiously, as he shook off the water, "My hat's overboard!" Sea-sickness made me careless, and I said in his own words, "Why don't you keep quiet?"

But the voyager can afford to encounter the chopping cross sea always prevailing between Boulogne and Havre, for such exalted pleasure as mine. At sunrise I was off Ryde, six miles opposite Portsmouth. The sea was now but gently ruffled by the natural motion of the tide. The transporting view on that glorious summer morning is painted on memory like the gorgeous bow of promise after a storm. On the left is Ryde, rising out of the sea in bold, arching outline, with luxurious gardens, white palaces, and bristling spires, all lit up at once by the big orb rising out of the deep sea!

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CHAPTER XVII.

Isle of Wight.

"A precious stone set in the silver sea."

After a slight examination of my luggage at Portsmouth, I crossed over to Ryde, six miles, by the opposition steam ferry, landing at the splendid pier that runs one-third of a mile into the sea. This magnificent town was thronged with wealth and fashion, attracted by the luxury of sea-bathing, and the strand was covered with baths on wheels. I pushed on without loss of time, by the most independent mode of travelling, a-foot, to explore the island, taking the left hand road to Brading. The clear summer sky, and the buoyant sea-breeze that fanned hill and valley of this "garden of England," were enough to create a fine flow of spirits, I may say ecstasy; for never, never, in my whole life, had I looked upon scenery so perfectly charming. The accounts I had read and heard in "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," were by no means overwrought, and never can be, till man "can paint like Nature." Alas for poor me! Mine will be little more than a faint outline in cold daguerreotype. Would that the reader could see it in all its living spirit and glowing freshness! One thing I know: those who have traversed the Isle of Wight will not charge me with exaggerated fancy flights, whatever others may think.

Crossing the bridge over a brook that slid along the valley opening out on the clear blue sea, the fine McAdam road led along many a romantic slope fringed with hedges, the goodly landscape beautifully variegated by hill and dale, clumps of trees, and smooth-mown meadows. Here you will see some of the handsomest farms in the world, dotted over with cottages in the old English style, with broad, shelving, thatched

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roofs, and adorned with shrubbery, flowers, and large shade trees. No pig-pens, or any of their villanous tenantry, are allowed to mar those almost unearthly pictures of rural felicity. After passing St. Helens, a little village of cottages sprinkled round a green spot near the sea, we come to a romantic up-hill curve of the road, where rises amid sylvan shades, the spire of the new stone Gothic church of St. John, a tasteful edifice indeed; but that old gray Norman church on the hill has nobler charms. Push on! The road winds along within a mile or two of the seacoast. Every now and then the traveller catches a sublime view of the wide, blue sea. I found myself on a commanding eminence, where a wide, majestic panorama of water and land opened around the horizon for an immense distance. It seemed as if creative skill had been taxed to produce a picture of such surpassing beauty, when the Almighty bade the dry land appear. This elevated plain was divided into fields of grain, meadows, and pastures, where cows were grazing and peacefully reposing. Hard by was an old-fashioned rural cottage with depending roof, straw-thatched—the only house to be seen. Across the lane on the velvet grass, lay the roller and harrow, resting from their labours, on which I also rested from mine, under the cool shade of big oaks and elms.

> "How airy and how light the graceful arch,
> Yet awful as the consecrated roof
> Re-echoing pious anthems! While beneath
> The checker'd earth seems restless as a flood
> Brush'd by the wind. So sportive is the light
> Shot through the boughs, it dances as they dance:
> Shadow and sunshine intermingling quick,
> And darkening and enlightening, as the leaves
> Play wanton, every moment, every spot."

Quiet loneliness gave the picture greater poetic beauty. Not the slightest sound was heard but the buzz of flies darting to and fro, and the chirping twitter of a little bird flitting from bough to bough. Across the harbour from Gosport and Portsmouth on the left, the eye takes a circular sweep of the

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horizon from the smoky hills of Sussex and the "towering spire of the Chichester cathedral" melting into the summer sky; and far away westward is the boundless Atlantic:

> "On her blue bosom glides the swelling sail
> From distant realms borne by the favouring gale."

Yonder is a farmer driving a stake to secure the fence. Ah! he is not like me! I feel more inclined to "pull up stakes," and come and live in the Isle of Wight! But this is a wayside dream. The Bay of Naples I never saw. The harbours of Leith and Newhaven, viewed from Salisbury Crags, are wonderful pictures; but what can surpass the land and sea view from the romantic heights of Brading?

Mistaking a private road for the Queen's highway caused me to get lost: thus I was thrown into scenes that few travellers turn aside to look at; but I cut "across lots," in rural phrase, and reached the road to Brading, part of which is fringed with greenwood, cool, sequestered, and still, while the dancing sunbeams "made a kind of checkered day and night." On emerging, if you want an umbrella, make one. How? Cut a smooth sapling, and lift your coat upon it! The stick will always be a pleasing remembrancer. If you are averse to foot travels, you will lose many a fine sight. Anybody can ride—if he has plenty of cash! But who wants to imitate the lazy, effeminate aristocracy? This I say, then—don't ride—especially, if you can't! Dashy-looking carriages will roll swiftly by now and then; and mighty tempting they will look. Consider them—sour grapes!

My homemade umbrella was a tolerable defence against the mid-day sun; and I jogged on, happy as a lord; yes, fifty times happier than the Duke of Montrose. No toll to pay! A few of Nature's nobility live here. O! I was too happy! As for sorrows, I left them all somewhere else—perhaps in the English Channel. If ever I was free and independent, it was while travelling Victoria's realms a-foot; for I could stop and ruralize, which the landau gentry could not do.

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Just before reaching Brading, I called at a roadside farm-house, to rest and reckon longitude. The family were at dinner. When they knew I was from America, they invited me to take a seat at the table; and no great persuasion was needed. If even a cup of water to the wayfarer will have a reward, many, many blessings shall be on the heads of the Christian brethren of Britain, for much higher hospitalities. I delight to tell them; for unimportant as they may appear,

"These little things are great to little man."

At one o'clock I reached Brading, the scene of Rev. Legh Richmond's labours, and of his Young Cottager, so famous in the annals of religious literature, often described by able pens. The antique church stands by the roadside, in the churchyard, which is entered by a stile. Passing up the diagonal footpath through the green mounds, a plain whitish gravestone at the corner of the church fixed my eye. Can it be I am standing at the grave of the Young Cottager? Even so. Sitting down on a green grave opposite I wept in silence like a child. How affecting the simple eloquence of that humble grave! I could not realize that I was reading her beautiful epitaph from the stone itself:

Sacred to the Memory of
"LITTLE JANE,"
Who died 30th January, 1799,
In the 15th year of her age.

Ye who the power of God delight to trace,
And mark with joy each monument of grace,
Tread lightly o'er this grave, as ye explore
'The short and simple annals of the poor.'
A child reposes underneath this sod,
A child to memory dear, and dear to God.
Rejoice, yet shed the sympathetic tear—
Jane, the 'Young Cottager,' lies buried here.

Several little girls, who act as guides on such occasions, gathered me, seeming to feel as much interest as I did, offering to show me the remarkable graves. One of them pointed to Mrs. Berry's gravestone, saying, with artless simplicity—

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BRADING CHURCH,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

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"There's the verses Little Jane read, when she came out into the churchyard, and liked them so well that she learned them." These fine verses have been set to music in England.

Forgive, blest shade! the tributary tear
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
And stay'd thy progress to the seats of bliss.

No more confined to grovelling scenes of night;
No more a tenant, pent in mortal clay,
Now should we rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day!

The sexton showed me the interior of the church, which he said was begun in 704—1148 years old! In the chancel is a stone effigy stretched over the tomb of a great personage who had been in the Holy War, if I understood the sexton. These effigies, in full armour, after the mode of feudal days, are strange looking enough. The Oglanders are buried here. The church is remarkable for what the Rev. Dr. Milnor (who visited it in 1830) calls "a helter-skelter arrangement of pews." He might have said disarrangement. They are high enough to bury their sitting occupants, and without one particle of paint, much less sumptuous purple cushions. Not a few of the ancient worshippers have made a good exchange from earthly pews to heavenly mansions. The neat organ was reared by the exertions of Mr. Richmond, "who was very fond of music," said the sexton. On asking him if the present incumbent was liked as well as Mr. Richmond, whom he had often heard, he only shook his head. The pulpit stands in the nave. "Can I go into it?" "Certainly you can," said he. Seeing is believing, but touching is knowing. I always had an feeling of satisfaction in standing on any remarkable spot, tangible sense being strongest. From this old pine pulpit once sounded out the voice of one of the most eloquent, faithful, and successful heralds of the cross in modern times. Though dead, he still speaketh, by the power of his exalted piety, and the wide-spread Annals of the

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Poor. Their healing leaves have been wafted forth in more than twenty languages of the earth to millions of mankind; but the number of "the sacramental host" guided to realms of upper day by this "light sown for the righteous," will not be known till the harvest of light on that day "when the Lord writeth up the people." The Emperor Alexander was so pleased with the Annals of the Poor presented to him by Mr. Richmond, that he sent him a superb ring as a testimonial.

On carefully comparing the surrounding scenery with Mr. Richmond's description, I found it beautifully true to nature; and the reader will be glad to look at a landscape painting by a master-hand. "Eastward of us extended a large river or lake of sea-water, (Brading Haven,) chiefly formed by the tide, and nearly inclosed by land. Beyond this was a fine bay and road for ships, filled with vessels of every size, from the small sloop or cutter to the first-rate man-of-war. On the right hand of the haven rose a hill of peculiarly beautiful form and considerable height. Its verdure was very rich, and many hundreds of sheep grazed upon its sides and summit. From the opposite shore of the same water, a large sloping extent of bank was diversified with fields, woods, hedges, and cottages. At its extremity stand, close to the edge of the sea itself, the remains of the tower of an ancient church, still preserved as a sea-mark. Far beyond the bay a very distant shore was observable, and land beyond it; trees, towns, and other buildings appeared, more especially when gilded by the reflected rays of the sun. To the south-westward of the garden was another down, covered also with flocks of sheep, and a portion of it fringed with trees. At the foot of this hill lay the village, a part of which gradually ascended to the rising ground on which the church stood. From the intermixture of houses with gardens, orchards, and trees, it presented a very pleasing aspect. Several fields adjoined the garden on the east and north, where a number of cattle were pasturing. My own little shrubberies and

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flower-beds variegated the view, and recompensed my toil in rearing them, as well by their beauty as their fragrance."

Here he sent the parish children out into the churchyard to learn epitaphs, which they eagerly learned from the numerous gravestones, and recited to him. Every tombstone was to him an edifying leaf in this book of instruction.

After resting awhile at a house near the churchyard, I left this spot of sacred interest, and journeyed a couple of miles down the vale to Sandown Bay and fort; but the heat and fatigue caused me to return to Brading. In an hour I found a carrier's van going from thence to Ventnor, about ten miles. The driver was an obliging man, but it was not his fault that he was not as intelligent. We had some free desultory talk about England, France, and the United States, during brief intervals of our ride over the steep romantic hills and thrifty vales. "But if, for instance," said he, "there should be war between England and France, would the States interfere?" "Surely not: what have we to do with neighbours' quarrels?" "Do you say so?" said he, with some surprise. "Well, that's what they all say." After a pause, he added, "Paris, I believe is in New-York?" I never had a heart to laugh at another's misfortune, especially when not self-entailed; but I was so taken by surprise, that my gravity was fairly upset by such a droll, stolid speech. I felt his mortification on seeing a lady passenger smile; and I had to bite my lips to suppress and punish a rising laugh.

The irregular circumference of the island is perhaps sixty miles, and was once covered with woods. It is rather undulating than hilly, though a range of hills, or "downs," as they are called, runs from east to west, a few of them of considerable height. Few woods are seen; but now and then we catch a view of a fine park, such as that of Appuldurcombe. The fields are inclosed with hedge-rows, along which is here and there a stately elm. A succession of the most pleasing and varied scenery delights, and often surprises the bewil-

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dered and astonished traveller. Imagination never tires, be the body never so weary. The excited mind wonders if all he sees before him are realities.

The south coast abounds in wild, rocky projections, deep ravines, and fearful chasms, sublime, picturesque, unique; with the grandest ocean views. Near Sandown Bay is the high down where Mr. Richmond found the African servant reading his bible, sitting in a recess of the perpendicular cliff jutting into the sea. Shanklin chine and village are the admiration of all travellers. Our van driver did not wish to stop, saying, "It's not worth seeing!" "Not worth seeing?" Really, Mr. Driver, you surely don't mean exactly what you say. If I should go home and tell my friends I did not see Shanklin chine, they would laugh at me!" "They shan't laugh at you on my account. I'll stop a bit for you." Along the slope are a few neat cottages. A path leads down through the chine, and back to the village. No one can view this scene without solemn wonder. A wild majestic rock fronts on the sea, with winding paths through the rugged chasm, and trees and a few cottages on the rugged sides and top of the romantic rock. The road winds along the steep ascent overlooking the promontory of Dunnose, and at the foot of Wroxall and the Shanklin Downs, over the heights of Luccomb, where there is another chine inferior to Shanklin. St. Boniface Down, over which we rode, is a very remarkable hill. From these downs (ups I should call them) may be seen the main land of Sussex, England. The driver was my chief source of information, and though he knew every point of the island, if he could not tell in which hemisphere Paris lies, yet I did not choose to rely on him so much after his ridiculous speech about Shanklin Chine. Sometimes the road bent along romantic hills, displaying from the top an immense panorama of mountain, valley, and ocean. The van being heavily laden, to relieve the horses I ascended the long, steep hill of St. Boniface. This majestic elevation seemed like

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the jumping-off place, for nothing was seen all around but sky and ocean; when the road would suddenly twist about and descend the other side of the hill in a most anomalous, freakish, round-about fashion, leaving me to wonder where I was going. At the side of this hill is Appuldurcombe Park and House, described by travellers in rapturous language. Here died Elizabeth Wallbridge's sister.

At Bonchurch village we stopped an hour. This is altogether the most astonishing spot I ever saw, combining the grand, romantic, diversified, and beautiful. That scene glows in a confusion of lovely images on my mind in all their light and shade, rocky steep, and green dell. Here are winding walks, through wild acclivities and ravines, groves, hills, and shelving rocks. Nothing can be much more crooked than the road leading to this picturesque scene by the sea-side. The very idea of descending this abrupt precipice causes the traveller to start back with dread, on beholding such a perfect chaos of rocky masses hanging midway from the summit. On turning the hill, a blaze of wonders bursts on the sight. The winding descent is attended by a tinkling brook, that spreads out at the bottom of the steep, forming a pellucid lake bordered by overhanging trees casting their luxuriant shadows upon this mirror. From this point the broad ocean is displayed before the enraptured view, and a landscape of green-tinted gold, glowing in the sunset.

At the side of the wild churchyard near the sea, is a little Norman church, a long stone edifice with a low roof. Looking in at a window at twilight hour afforded a very dim view. The walls are covered with moss and running ivy. We call a building of a hundred years antique. Here is a church eleven centuries old! I once thought Fairy Land existed only in imagination. Ah! I've found it! In the churchyard, costly stone effigies are stretched over many of the graves, giving an unearthly look to this sequestered dell. This is doubless the very finest of the island scenery.

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The van proceeding no farther than Ventnor, a beautiful thriving village on the slopes near the sea, I concluded to walk five miles that evening to Undercliff. What could be more romantic than traversing the sea-shore at night, alone, and three thousand miles from home! There was an awful solemnity in the sombre woods overhanging the path; a dreary lonesomeness in the dash and dying murmurs of the ocean. Byron's lines never seemed half so beautiful:

> There is a pleasure in the pathless woods;
> There is a music on the ocean shore;
> There is society where none intrudes.

The stars looked down on the gently-heaving ocean, and flung their encouraging rays through the trembling foliage, while a delicious aroma pervaded the air. The whole Undercliff for several miles is a series of terraces formed of rock, sandstone, and chalk, loosened from the overhanging cliffs, some of which are four to seven hundred feet above the sea, forming pictures of terrible majesty. This effect has been created by land-slides at different periods. An excellent road runs all along the cliffs in front of the sea. These rocky cliffs sometimes resemble the palisades on the Hudson, except that instead of perpendicular formations, they are in irregular, horizontal layers five to ten feet wide, in wavy stripes.

While passing these sublime solitudes, not far from Mirables, a barouche with one person came up and halted. The driver observing that I was weary, invited me to take a seat with him, and I had a delightful ride to the Buddle Inn, a neat cottage on a green slope beneath the cliff, and fronting the ocean several hundred feet below. In this charming retirement I remained over night. An agreeable gentleman and his lady at the cottage, cheered me till a late hour with their conversation. The moon sparkled in magic beauty on the sea, and some of the clear light trembled through the coppice and trellises in front of my window. The traveller who lodges at the Buddle Inn, Undercliff, can never forget it.

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Before sunrise I journeyed through Niton, where there is a famous chalybeate spring, containing a large amount of alum and iron. At the spring stands a neat cottage; but the inmates were not up, and descending the hill a little farther on, a finger-board points "To the Blackgang Chine," by a declivity of several hundred yards. When viewed from the seashore below, it is awfully grand. A chine is a breach or fissure in a ridge of rocks, cleft abruptly downward. Here I saw rude shelving rocks, five hundred feet high, down which descends a stream into the dark cavernous basin underneath the cliff, worn by the action of waves. On the narrow ledge of land near the highest side of this mighty precipice stands a hut, whose inmates have braved the storms of many years. The striped appearance of the rocky strata is very curious. A person may stand inside of this chasm, and admire all the rainbow hues formed by the spray trickling from above.

Between Blackgang Chine and Freshwater Bay, some ten miles westward, the coast scenery is less rugged, and a glimpse may be caught of the Needles at the far distant point of the island. These jagged, pointed rocks, rising out of the sea, are supposed to have been caused by land-slips from the stupendous masses of rock on the coast. Their present form may be owing to the action of the sea. At this distance they look like a fleet of large and small vessels, or so many icebergs; and have been aptly compared to "the jagged grinders of a stupendous jaw."

Having traversed all along the bold, south coast, I turned off to the north-eastward, at Chale. The landscape on the way to Newport is open and hilly; and though there are few trees, yet the uncommon beauty and fertily of the country near Chillerton, Shorwell, and Gatcombe, make up for this. Indeed, in every direction, the island is one universal Eden of fruitful vales and graceful hills, teeming with verdure. On the summit of many commanding hills, overlooking the country at an immense distance, were tall, white obelisks.

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Of these, the most imposing is Godshill, and its church on a romantic knoll, at the base of the hill. The only tavern for twelve miles was a very sorry one called the Star, where I stopped to breakfast, and got from the mistress thereof, a woman with a vinegar visage, a cup of execrable coffee; and though I had ample "grounds" of complaint, I "settled" for it peaceably. I recommend the Star as the meanest tavern in all England. At the next house a gentleman gave me in the kindest manner a diagram of all the roads, towns, and curiosities I should pass, which proved a needful help; for I soon came to a place where no less than five roads met.

Two miles from Newport lies the picturesque village of Carisbrook, with its famous castle. Turning with the road that skirts the castle-crowned hill, an antique gateway, once part of the outworks, but now isolated, first meets the view, and then the entrance of the castle between two round towers, graceful in their brown Norman architecture and rich green ivy. My mind beheld unhappy Charles roaming within these walls, in desponding negligence, mournfully musing on his fallen majesty, or vainly planning escapes from his grated window; and then his grief-stricken daughter, who died a prisoner here after his execution. There is a well here two hundred feet deep, and another of three hundred.

Newport the largest town in the island, has a population of less than five thousand. Knowing of nothing remarkable enough to delay me long here, I took an easterly route by Shide Mills and St. George's Down, to Arreton. From the top of these downs, the prospect is grand and far-reaching all around the smoky horizon. About three miles north of this is East Cowes, where the Queen was on a visit; but Arreton is nearer, and has more charms.

The road to Arreton is rather narrow, and the high hawthorn hedges fairly shut off the view for some distance; yet this is amply made up by its lonely quiet. The town is near the base of a hill. The church, like that of Brading, is in

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the middle of the graveyard by the road; but it is larger and more convenient. I climbed up and looked into the church where Elizabeth Wallbridge worshipped, and saw many monuments, and a handsome organ. I strayed around the churchyard amid the tall grass, where sleep the dead of old; yet only one among hundreds of graves had peculiar charms. While glancing at one and another of the headstones in search of "Elizabeth," a voice outside the churchyard wall startled me—"There's what you're looking for!" If a voice from the clouds had broke upon me, I should not have wondered more. Looking round, I saw only a man's head above the high wall, and one arm pointing to her grave. Such a scene at night would have frightened me from my propriety. Even in the daytime it was altogether romantic. But a truce to romance. We are dealing with sober realities. I sat down on a green mound to read the plain gravestone four feet high,

To the Memory of
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,
"The Dairyman's Daughter,"
Who died May 30, 1801, aged 31 years.

She being dead, yet speaketh.

Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He, who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, his truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest pleasures of his boundless love—
Faith, that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace, that not Hell's dark legions could destroy,
And Love, that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here.
Oh! happy saint! may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest!

"Stranger!" That stranger was me! I had read that epitaph a hundred times, but no copy was so deeply affecting as the one I took with my own pencil from the tomb itself.

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It would be senseless affectation not to place it here, though never so many millions have been published. I lay claim to no more sensibility than others; yet the force of circumstances often makes a wide difference, even in ourselves. Why does the aspen tremble, when the oak, sturdy and proud, is still? I know not! God maketh them to differ. I thank God I am like the aspen. A tear stole into my eye, while gazing on this picture of sublime moral beauty. I am sorry for any one who has no tears to shed on such a spot. My reverend friend in the north of England said I would see that he had cut out the moss which had clogged the letters; and I plainly observed his chisellings. Close to this grave is that of her sister.

The Dairyman's Cottage is at Spicers, a mile and a half from Arreton. It is a lovely and quiet dale, with here and there a cottage. On the way, I remarked the graphic beauty of the scenery depictured by Mr. Richmond. I stood, turned, and transferred it to memory. There it is. It may fade, but not die. The hill that re-echoed the voices of the singers, seeming to give faint replies, as the funeral procession of Elizabeth was on its way to the church, was part of Ashey Down, a long and graceful ridge, a mile from the cottage; and I was travelling the same road the procession did when "the funeral knell was distinctly heard from the tower." And now I see the thatched roof of the humble cottage, a little way from the road, and half hid by a few tall elms in front, beautified with shrubbery and flowers. "I remember the house where I was born;" but it would be as easy to forget it as the appearance of that unpretending cottage by the roadside in the sequestered vale of Spicers. I entered at the same old wicket-gate, and was courteously received by Mr. Joseph Wallbridge, the present occupant of the Dairyman's Cottage. He is a slender built man, of some fifty years, "brown with meridian toil," in manner, open and bland, with good conversational abilities; and withal, a pretty

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stringent Churchman. During an hour of intense interest, I picked up a number of little family excerpts such as never find their way into books, and which it would be a breach of confidence to blazon. Mr. W. said he was the last of the Wallbridge family, and I understood him to say he was the Dairyman's nephew. Here was Elizabeth's bible, a plain octavo, and in her own hand, "Elizabeth Wallbridge, her book, Sept. 1801." Several visiters' names were written in it, against the wishes of the family. Doubtless they thought by ingrafting their names therein they would go down to posterity with Elizabeth, the cottager; but instead of this, they will be more likely to inherit an immortality decidedly vulgar. For one to whittle his name on a church door, pew, or dining-table where he is a guest, would be pronounced a piece of stupid presumption. A book for visiters' names has been kept at the cottage for the last fifty years.

On expressing a wish to see the room where Elizabeth died, the kind lady of the cottage replied—

"We have for many years ceased to show that room."

"May I be so bold as to ask why, Madam?" inquired I.

"O Sir, such queer remarks are made by pride in silks!"

"That shows they have neither politeness nor common sense; but you know I have no sympathy with such people. If you could consent to break your rule in my case, it would gratify no idle curiosity."

"Well, there it is, Sir," said she, pointing to the door: "step up."

That oblong attic, with an Elizabethan gable window,

"Is privileged beyond the common walk."

It is the scene of as much thrilling interest as all the splendid palaces of Louis XIV. I had seen at Verseilles a week before; for the footsteps of angels have been here. I have visited the palaces and sat in the chairs in which the kings of England, Scotland, and France were crowned for centuries, with no such feeling as when I visited the Dairyman's

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cottage. The chair in which she died is at the American Tract House, New-York, having been presented to the institution. I may as well say I am no "worshipper of relics;" and am not aware of sustaining any injury from having sat in that old splinter-bottom chair with a calico cushion.

For half a crown I obtained a neat little engraving of the Dairyman's Cottage, sprinkled over with the fine brown of sand of that part of the island, which will serve as a curious memento. Mr. W. presented me a map of the Isle of Wight, with his autograph, "as a token of respect." He remarked that the Rev. Mr. Richmond of New-York, who spent a year in England, preached often at Arreton. The parish register contains an extended account of his ministerial services performed by request of the rector, in his absence. I saw many American names on the book of visiters, where, of course, I put mine.

The simple tale of the Dairyman's Daughter has been translated into twenty languages. "Their sound has gone out into all lands, and their words unto the ends of the world;" and will visit "every nation, and tongue, and kindred, and people."

On taking a most reluctant leave of this charming spot, I forgot, through excitement, (for I was half crazed with delight, and I don't care who knows it,) sundry letters of introduction, documents, and wayside pencillings, of little value to anybody but the owner thereof, and crossed the downs to Newchurch, by Kniton; reaching Ryde at dusk. I had performed that day a circuitous journey of full thirty miles, and half that number the day previous. At Ryde, who should I meet but the Rev. Mr. MacGuire of Manchester, by whom I had been so hospitably entertained.

The climate of the island is uncommonly healthy, and there is little or no winter. Houses and farms rent high and readily, and no one is anxious to sell.

Those were two glorious days I spent in the Isle of Wight!

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CHAPTER XVIII.

Going Home.

As he who travels far oft turns aside
To view some rugged rock or mouldering tower,
Which seen delights him not; then coming home,
Describes and prints it, that the world may know
How far he went for what was nothing worth.
The Task.

HAVING glanced at the Isle of Wight, that glorious garden of England, let us now hasten up to smoky old London. Crossing over to Portsmouth, while waiting for the up train at eleven, I had a good look at the famous old ship Victory, in which Lord Nelson was killed at the battle of Trafalgar, moored a little way from the land. Had time permitted, a visit to the world-renowned navy yard at Portsea, near Portsmouth would have been gratifying; but a still greater difficulty interposed. John Bull permits no foreigner to see his extensive apparatus for killing off mankind. An Englishman advised me to pass myself off as an old countryman; but I told him, though I had no objection to be mistaken for an Englishman, it was against my principles to assume the "front de bœuf." Besides, my friends at home would know I had "walked round the truth" pretty considerably; and I wish to keep up my reputation for veracity—never to be trifled with. And so I did not go in.

I am now gliding up to London. Every avenue to London from the most distant part of the kingdom, is called "up," the contrary, "down." The Winchester cathedral, a splendid Gothic structure, standing on the highest part of a smooth, extensive green, is a picture too fresh and bright to escape the admiration of the most careless beholder. All the way

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through Sussex, Hampshire, and Surrey, you see the same garden-like verdure, without a single unsightly object.

Early in the afternoon I am at London, after an absence of two weeks. A friend obtained a ticket to the debates at the House of Commons, and agreeable company increased the pleasure of the evening. One of the subjects under discussion was an appropriation for fitting up Holyrood Palace for her Majesty. Three hours' attendance afforded a tolerably good insight into British Parliamentary tactics. Many of the great leaders spoke, such as D'Israeli, Hume, and Lord John Russell. Mr. Hume jocosely replied to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who had spoken of the appropriation as a great convenience to her Majesty, so that she might sleep in her own house, (Holyrood Palace), on her way to the Highlands—that there were excellent hotels in Edinburgh, and as her Majesty spent but a few hours there every summer, he thought the expense needless. He said that £172,000 a-year was allowed for her Majesty's household, £131,000 for salaries of household servants, and £14,000 for the royal bounty. Lord John stuck to the measure through thick and thin, as Prime Minister in duty bound, and the measure was finally carried, and probably would have been if the amount had been twice that sum. The great difficulty in England seems to be, what is the largest possible amount that can be squandered on a given object. Nor does this apply to England alone. Another subject was Mr. Barry's contract for the House of Lords—whether he had fulfilled it or not. The debates of the evening were characterized by good-humour and brevity, most of the speeches being from five to fifteen minutes long. There was sharp-shooting, cross-firing, spicy and pithy repartees, but nothing coarse: no long-winded intellectual exhalations of vanity and conceit. I do not say there are not examples of this sort in Parliament; I am telling what I heard. With the exception of the gowns and wigs of the presiding officers, things were much as we have

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them in our Congress. No, no—I'm wrong. There were no pitch battles, collaring, seizing by the throat, firing pistols, and drawing bowie-knives!

But I must leave England! On the third of August, I took a reluctant leave of London and the Londoners. But I am going home! Kinder people I never hope to see. No wonder the amiable poet said of his country,

England, with all thy faults, I love thee still!

But I am thoroughly American, and love my country likewise. Enough has been said and printed in past years to inflame the deadly hatred which sprung chiefly from two wars. We won in both, for we were in the right But now, there no longer exists any cause why we should hate each other. People now begin to see this in the Old and New World. The spirit of war is the spirit of hell. It is hell!

"Silicia cannot show himself over kind to Bohemia. Since their more mature dignities and royal necessities made separation of their society, they have seemed to be together, though absent; shook hands as over a vast; and embraced, as it were, from the ends of opposed winds. The heavens continue their loves."

One thing struck me forcibly—the absence of vulgar prejudice, even among the middle and lower ranks. The American name insured respect, attention, and newly-awakened interest. At once they wanted to hear a hundred things about America. Any case of unkind feeling, or of gross ignorance of our country and its institutions, is no more than an exception, if it is that, inasmuch as this ignorance is often involuntary, and not wilful. Another thing: the great heart of the British nation cares or knows as little about those old quarrels as we seem to do about our injustice to the Indians. The English people at large had nothing to do with those disputes. It was the work of their government. And even when the British Ministry laboured for peace, it was George III. who refused, in spite of the eloquence of such great spirits as Pitt. True, this is an old story; but when overhauled and dusted, it is just as interesting as if new.

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The thought of going home brought a bright sky over the mind. And the outer day was equally joyous—cool, breezy, and bright, the last item a rather unusual one for England. Everything on the railway route from London to Liverpool looked as fresh and new as it did two months before.

The railway passes a dark tunnel of two miles under the city of Liverpool. The sudden transition from these regions of black despair—for they resemble nothing so much—into the blaze of city lamps and the brilliant splendour of the immense railway station, with its magnificent glass roof and long ranges of chandeliers, is absolutely bewildering. At Liverpool I staid two days, taking fresh glances at the lovely scenery across the Mersey, St. John's Park, Birkenhead, and other parts of Cheshire. No traveller should neglect to visit them. If he should, he will have one consolation—he cannot know his loss.

My last Sunday in England was spent in Liverpool. At St. George's Church the music was equal to any I heard in Europe; but I heard no sermons in Great Britain that could at all compare with those of Rev. Dr. McNeille, of Liverpool, and Rev. John Gregg, of Dublin. But I have not the slightest wish to praise them as if there were not many such.

On taking leave of George Wright, Esq. who befriended me in trouble on arriving in England, he inquired if I needed any money. I told him, extortion of the London and Liverpool packets had compelled me to write from Paris to a friend in Glasgow to secure a berth in the steamship City of Glasgow, and was on my way to Scotland the second time. The letter was just in time for the last berth. The fare was but twelve guineas, or $55, a third less than the London packets. You can afford to travel all the way from London, and view the glories of land and sea, and save cash besides. A new line of propellers has been established between Liverpool and New-York. Prices are destined to a still cheaper scale, and then we shall all view the glorious scenes of the Old World!

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A friend accompanied me to the steamship for Glasgow, and I was again a lonely stranger on the stormy deep for the fifth time. Old England, farewell! Never could I have dreamed that the last look at thy shores would give such pain!

The night was rainy and unpleasant; and what is worse, the berths were all engaged. However, one of the engineers gave me his bed for half a crown; and, notwithstanding the boisterous billows, Jonah-like, I went down into the sides of the ship, and fell asleep. It seemed as if the raging of the sea when the prophet fled to Tarshish could not have been more tempestuous. And it was natural I should be afraid, for a little while before, the Orion, of the same line, was lost in this channel, and a large number went to the bottom.

Before midnight we had passed the isles of Man, Arran, and Bute, and those remarkable elevations called the large and small Cummmaris.

Glasgow, which we reached in about twenty hours, looked more beautiful than ever. Acquaintance previously made gave a livelier interest to the second visit.

O Scotland! to-morrow I must leave thy green hills veiled in mist! thy milk-white mountain streams, and silver lakes. I have seen Scotland; and now leave it with a full heart. Farewell to the land of song!

Our steamship left the Clyde amid the cheers of twenty thousand. All Glasgow seemed assembled on the river banks. An immense number of boys followed the ship for miles. Every vessel was decked with signals. Salutes fired from the ship were followed by shout after shout from the multitudes, half concealed by a blue veil of cannon-smoke.

There is something extremely sublime and exhilarating in such a sight. To me it was a scene of wonderful interest.

Mr. Wright had favoured me with a line to Captain Mathews, although I discovered afterward that nothing of that sort, however agreeable in itself, was needful to insure his kindness. I shall take the liberty to call him a model

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captain. There was none of the consequential, blustering air about him; but the very reverse—modest, sociable, even-tempered, cheerful, with a liberal sprinkle of gayety. It was really delightful to sail under such a commander. Sometimes while silently sitting and making notes, he would come up behind me unawares, and striking me gently on the shoulder, say in a low voice, "Make a note that we have a very fine day!" When not showing attentions to the ship, or in giving orders, he was always ready to answer inquiries about the ten thousand wonders of the ocean. Passengers in the first and second cabin were allowed promiscuously to promenade the whole length of the long deck; and, apart from sea-sickness and storms, when all but the officers and crew generally keep below, there are few days in the voyage of life more agreeable than those sixteen days that we spent on the mighty deep. Coming in close, social contact as we did, the distinctions of wealth and fortune were measurably forgotten: every one sought his neighbour's comfort, and in this way unwittingly promoted his own. How great is the power of sympathy! A gentleman and lady walking the deck to and fro, often paused to inquire, "How do you get along, Sir? We are sorry to see you look so ill! You will soon be better!" Kind words like these did make me better. In fair weather, the passengers amused themselves on deck by reading, conversation, or playing shuffle-board; while I was chiefly occupied in contemplating the watery wastes of the Atlantic. During the first and latter part of the voyage, many a ship might be seen through a telescope, whitening the horizon.

On the third day out, when about three hundred miles from the north coast of Ireland, the sea became very boisterous, finally increasing to a perfect tempest which lasted two days. Up to this time, all the storms I had ever encountered were breezes in comparison. Often during that storm all hope of seeing my native land seemed ready to expire,

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The ship rolled fearfully; and when night shut in, all was wild confusion and huge uproar. The sea thumped against the ship like fifty whales smiting her at once. The huge billows roared and broke over the deck with tremendous swoop, sometimes rushing down through the hatches into the cabins although kept closed against all but needful egress. The masts and rigging creaked, timbers and every kind of movable were shifted to and fro with fearful noise and velocity. Stools, tables, and trunks were upset and knocked about the cabins; while, as a kind of graceful interlude in this grand concert of the ocean, kettles and tin pans rattled, agreeably varied by the shrill sound of a whole raft of crockery let loose from their moorings in the buttery, and the treble ching of tumblers, rightly so called. It was just as if a whole crockery-store were falling piecemeal. In this way it continued with variations, for two days and nights. O! that was a storm to be remembered! Yet, during all this time, the officers were as cool and steady as an iceberg. They were, indeed, the only objects not moveable. As for me, I lay on my back almost insensible, for thirty-six hours, meditating on sharks and sea-monsters, and the caverns in the ocean depths; for, people may moralize as much as they please, these horrors will seize upon poor human nature at such times.

Sunday morning, when the captain came round to see how the passengers got along, he remarked that we had had a very trying time last night, and in answer to many eager inquiries about the safety of the ship, told us the wind would have its blow out. One gentleman had his life-preserver ready before him. Mine was down in the hold covered with a ton of baggage! Of what use is a life-preserver in such a tempest? A man might live perhaps fifteen minutes. At night the sky was black as Erebus. In the daytime, it was about the colour of ink, with a feeble glimmer on the white waves boiling like a pot. When the sun's place could be

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seen, to use a comparison of another, it looked like a boiled turnip. The breakfast table was deserted, or rather, few or none could creep to it; and if they could, what good would it do? Talk of eating!

When the sky cleared away, the ocean was a scene of terrible majesty. It takes a long time for the waves to cease their war, even after the winds "forget their furious force." Our black pilgrim of the seas moves right onward in proud disdain, and graceful dignity, like a thing of life, breasting the billows that strike her bosom, and then, parting to right and left, turn over and die in an ecstasy of disappointed fury. She moves, night after night, day after day, along the blue bosom of the watery vast, belching a spiral cloud of pitchy smoke that trails over the sky; and though the waves often "roar and toss themselves, yet can they not prevail." She answers every buffet with calm disdain, like some heroic Christian pursued by persecuting scorn. Her prow points always in the same direction—to the New World—"the land that is very far off" beyond the setting sun. There is my Home!

On the second Sunday, it was a sublime sight to witness one hundred and fifty souls assembled to offer prayer and praise to the "high and mighty Ruler of the universe," "who holds the winds in his fists, and the waters in the hollow of his hand." The blue canopy of heaven overhung the great deep. What a temple wherein to worship the Almighty Majesty of Heaven! There were five clergymen on board. The sermon by an American divine, was beautifully appropriate. In the afternoon, Captain Mathews read the service of the Church of England, and a minister of the Free Church of Scotland preached an impressive off-hand discourse.

When within two days' sail of New-York, the passengers were speculating on the probability of meeting the steamship Pacific, being aware of the hour she would leave New-York; and the various telescopes were in constant use during the

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afternoon. At last a blackish speck was discovered, which grew bigger and bigger. "That's her!—that's her!" cried a dozen at once. "She is slipping along like grease!" cried another. When near enough to make assurance doubly sure, the captain, trumpet in hand, stood on his platform elevated a dozen feet above the deck, and prepared to salute this monster of the deep. The British flag was run up, and the big gun loaded. "All hands stand by for three cheers!" When the Pacific, which passed within quarter of a mile, came nearly opposite, a red blaze rushed from the cannon's mouth, accompanied by a terrific peal of British thunder, followed by three deafening shouts, almost loud enough to make the ship spring a leak. When the smoke cleared off we had a fine broadside view of this noble ship. Most of the passengers were British, and many of them having never seen an American steamship, expressed their admiration at her huge size and beautiful proportions. "We spoiled their dinner that time!" cried one, as the passengers crowded the deck of the Pacific. We had taken them by surprise, which will account for their not returning our salute.

There is no sublimer sight than a ship at sea. Elsewhere, the most wonderful works of man seem insignificant beside the majestic objects of nature; but here, the very littleness of a vessel, alone, on the boundless ocean, gives her indescribable grandeur. To me, this meeting was unspeakably sublime. At the hour when about once more to see my native shores, with a heart overflowing with gratitude to HIM who had guided me through all my wanderings, and restored me to health and home—then I fancied the giant Pacific, sailing away toward the land where I had found so many kind Christian friends, and received such unbounded delight, was like Jacob's ladder, connecting heaven with earth. For the memory of that old and venerable land, even now, hung around me like a dream of heaven; while the well-remembered shores of America were the dearest spot of earth. I felt

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that the words of Jacob's God might apply to me: "And behold, I am with thee, and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee." Pride for my noble country, mingled with a crowd of delightful emotions, swelled my bosom while watching the rapidly disappearing ship; and then I descended to my cabin to prepare for home.

END.

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